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BATES STUDENT.

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EDITORS FROM CLASS OF 1897.

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STORY FROM THE SEA.

BY RICHARD B. STANLEY, '97.

T was the first day of week and year, a Sabbath New-Year's day, and a blustering one it was, too. If, as some say, Sunday and New Year omen future weather, the week and year following this day must have been rough indeed. Straight from the northwest blew the gale, tossing up the mad white-caps and sending the "merrymen" rolling in over the beach stretches or dashing and pounding on cliff and reef. Merchantmen and fishing crafts turning, fled before it, and lucky the vessel

that could drop anchor in some sheltering harbor. Thus driven before the gale came the Mary Hendricksen (named after the captain's wife), a fugitive from the sea, into the spacious harbor of a little forsaken town on our Maine coast.

Captain Hendricksen breathed a sigh of relief as his ship stood steady under him. "It isn't, boys, that we've been in very much danger; we don't care for that. I've been pulled out of the grip of death such as would have taken the life out of most men, and you know, boys, who I say did it. Sometimes God

doesn't steer us as near the breakers, without tacking, as he does others." You would know Captain Hendricksen was a good man, a kind husband and father, and a master whom his crew would love, obey, and respect, to look in his honest old Swede face. Once he must have been tall and square, his hair and beard fair, and his complexion smooth and ruddy. He was tall now, but his shoulders were slightly rounded, his hair was white and his face scarred and seamed. But the sunny smile, with white teeth and twinkling eyes, was there yet. A jollier old sea-dog never trod ship's deck. There may have been rough places in his life, however.

On shore the wind blew no less fiercely, but the billows were wanting underneath, and the sun shone brightly or stars twinkled merrily overhead, so the landsmen said it was a good blow and put their hats on tighter, that was all. One man on shore, though, thought of the wind more than onee. For among other of its sportful doings it loosened one of the closed blinds of Deacon Israel Bingham's bedroom window and sent it bang against the side of the house. Deacon Israel Bingham, formerly known as Captain, known as Deacon now from gathered age, dignity, and ehurch position, retired sea captain, widower, sixtyeight years old, and living on the interest of his money, awoke with a start and leaped from bed. Was it the sudden erash or the howling wind that made the Deaeon's cheek white, his lip to tremble, his hand uncertain, and his movements hasty as if to escape a dreaded presence? Or had the Deacon been dreaming? Perhaps he had. A

dream of past and present grotesquely mixed, his own children playing with their children and with those of his boyhood and himself among them, playing on shipboard, and then the ship driving before the gale toward the breakers; then this crash, himself unable to move, a captain now, and his wife, long dead, to save. It might have been some such dream as this, for a dream is a weird thing, full of strange unrealities which seem too real, and there was that in the Deacon's look and talk to show that his waking had been from troubled sleep.

Deacon Bingham was talking to himself, incoherently at times, but evidently of days long past brought vividly to mind. "I thought God had forgiven me that crime and I thought I had made myself forget it. I am sure I have not thought of it for years. How many times have I asked God to blot it out of my remembrance! And I have stood a friend with hand and purse all my life long since that fearful night, to every man who sails the sea. But even now I see that night as if it were this I have just slept through, and that crash was when our fishing craft struck the reef at the Banks and there was shrieking and crying like that of the wind I hear now. Ah, it was an awful night. I shall never, never forget it.

After breakfast, when the meeting with those of his household had somewhat quieted him, the Deacon went back to his room and purposely reviewed the horrors of that night so many years ago, for try as he would they stuck in his mind and he could fight them best this way. "I was only twenty then and it was my first fishing cruise. For

my father said I must learn the sea, and my first lesson was in the schoolroom before the mast from the rope's end of a rough old fisherman from New Bedford. Strange that, in all my life at sea, from common sailor to the captain and owner of ships, in this first voyage I should have done my only wrong to a fellow-seaman. God knows that I have done my best to atone that wrong. To every means that can lighten the lives of those who go to sea, to every sailor who has asked of me, I have been gen-God has erous beyond my means. accepted this in His name and in the name of that man, and has not forgiven me. Let me see. We were driving before the gale up at the Banks somewhere in the darkest night, I think, I ever remember. We had lost two of our boats and one man overboard, our sails were ribbons, and the water came in through the strained seams of the ship's hull and washed in over the sides; then we struck the sunken reef that ends so many a good craft. We had been dazed by fear of the darkness and storm; we were frantic madmen now in the added fear of certain death. Shrieking and cursing and praying, we rushed madly for that one boat the waves had left us, each man for himself against all the others. Somehow we got it launched and the men tumbled in any way till I and one more were left each struggling with the other, for the boat would hold but one and the men were pushing off. Then in my fury I snatched an iron pin from the deck and struck him down, leaped into the boat and left him there. He was not stunned, and rising up, hurled curses after us

till we were out of hearing and his cries had blended and disappeared in the harmonies of the winds. I have never ceased to hear those cries, and, for all I know, in everlasting fires even now he may be calling me down to perdition. He was a surly fellow, an infidel to all appearances; and I think from somewhere in Scandinavia, though he was so sullen none of us knew. But I have prayed God for him, I have caused his name to be remembered by generous gifts, I have even caused masses to be sung for his soul. I have lived alone with this haunting vision, for the sailors did not see my blow. I shall not answer for it here, and—" The Deacon rose and paced the room.

All day long the Deacon paced, back and forth. As he passed the window he would look out over the harbor and see the Mary Hendricksen lying safe at her anchorage, and no small wonder would drift into his thoughts. For one might stand at that window for weeks and months and watch the white sails, glorious in the sun or dark in cloud or mist, pass and repass, homeward or outward bound, and yet never see one enter that harbor. The Deacon stayed away from church this morning, and every one of the little congregation inquired, "Where's the Deacon?" as they would have if the pulpit or organ or gilded chandelier of lamps were missing, for the Deacon was a fixture. As it grew dark, however, he put on his great.coat to go to the evening prayer-meeting. "I am a whited sepulchre," he muttered as he went out.

On the Mary Hendricksen the sailors had been busy since she dropped her

anchors, and when darkness fell she was tight and ship-shape. The Captain had omitted the Sabbath services he was usually so punctilious about, and now, as the men gathered in the forecastle, he stepped in among them. "What say, boys, if we go ashore to-night to the church up yonder?" And every man said, "Aye, aye, sir, we'll go." "Then draw lots for watch," said the Captain, "and the rest clear away the boat. Every man look his best, too." Swiftly and silently as a thought in the mind the boat left the ship's side with a low good-bye to the lonely guard. Up to the slimy, timeworn landing it glided, and quietly the men marched to the white church. It was still blowing hard and very dark when they entered the door.

It was a plain country prayer-meeting; a simple gathering together of friends and neighbors, where parson and elder might speak the words of grace, unconsciously perhaps repeating like automatons week in and week out the same prayer and same bit of testimony. Deacon Bingham had his prayer with the rest, and prayed it to-night as usual. Then he spoke his customary stint, vaguely alluding to past sins; the Deacon had quieted down, though, since morning, and avoided particularizing. In fact it was a meeting in no way out of the ordinary except for the little knot of sailor strangers gathered in the back seats, with Captain Hendricksen's white head in their midst.

Last of all to speak was Captain Hendricksen, rising up in the place among his crew. Every one in the little room listened. There was a slight accent

in his voice of the Swedish of his boyhood. "You see me, friends, in here to-night, and it isn't a very common sight either to see a captain right from his ship stand up in a meeting like this. But though a stranger here, it isn't a new thing for me. What I'm going to tell you I've told many a time, and many a sailor's braced up and been a man for the hearing of it." Then Captain Hendricksen went on over a story very similar to the Deacon's in the morning, only the "I" of the Captain was that man left to go down with a fated ship, unfit to die, cursing God and cursing man. "You blame me! Why, friends, I was an infidel; I never believed in God; I never believed any good of man, and was there that in seeing one's comrades desert him there to make me look away at that tossing boat kindly? But I was fond of life, savagely fond of it. I made myself a float as I could, and when the ship broke, it bore me up. Ah, that night, and the wind and rain and darkness and giant waves! I clung desperately to my only hope, but my courage was going fast. Then I thought, 'If there is a God,' and I thought of mission sermons I had heard; then I remembered an old sailor I never took much stock in, saying as how he was in a like fix once and God had rescued him. Thus I thought it out and decided to ask Him. I didn't know what to say, I don't know as I said anything, for it don't make much difference; you can feel a prayer as well as you can say or think one. Maybe that felt prayer didn't have anything to do with it; some men have laughed at me for saying it had; but I was picked up after riding that dreadful night out. When I saw that ship that took me in, I knew that there was a God and that He had forgiven me all and taken me out of the sea as Christ did one of his own wayward followers who was something like me, I think. Those men who left me with the ship were forgiven, too; for if I could do it, who could not? They must have gone down, for I never have seen or heard of one of them since."

Deacon Bingham may have been white in the morning, but he was rosy then to his pallor now. He rose mechanically, and walking to the back of the room, grasped the seaman's arm. A stillness was in the room. "Do you know me, Hendricksen? It was I who struck you down, and you say after years I am forgiven. My God, is it possible? Captain Hendricksen rose and placed his rough hand on the Deacon's shoulder. "Remember you!" he said, "Yes. And I have said that as I forgave you, so God has tenfold. It has haunted me that that boat went down under my curse. Thank God that you know in life that I take it away."

The simple benediction had a new significance to two men that evening. And when these two like brothers left the church together, the wind had gone down and the night was flooded with moonlight. "It is a beautiful New-Year's night," said the Deacon. "Beautiful," responded the Captain.

One-sixteenth of the college students in the country are studying for the ministry.

MY PROFESSOR.

A SKETCH.

BY SADIE MAY BRACKETT, '98.

HEN I first saw my Professor he was walking along the village street, a slight figure, head bent, eyes looking down. He seemed always to be thinking, thinking. One could pass him many times without his knowledge. I regarded him with fear, he was so wise and silent; but one day, suddenly recognizing me, his blue eyes brightened and his face lighted up with a smile, as he said: "So this is the little girl." After that we were very good friends.

In the winter, I came to live in the same house with him. On pleasant mornings, he took me over the shining crust, up the hills, into the very heart of the country. It was then, away from all narrowing, depressing influences, that he was at his best. Sometimes he walked silently, absorbed in his thoughts; at others he told me wonderful stories of the Gray Women and of Pandora and the magic box, or drew from me my childish fancies and listened patiently to all my grievances and joys. It was this sympathy and personal interest which attracted me, and drew the best that was in me to him.

One day, standing on a hill-side, under the shadow of the pine trees, he showed me a beautiful vision. In the valley below was the little town, half buried in the snow-drifts. Beyond were scattered low farm-houses, clinging to ranges of hills, rising one behind the other. Clumps of dark green fir and pine trees stood out against the glistening white. Behind all, the blue peaks

of Tararattle, Hurricane, and Tom seemed to float with the clouds. I had seen this landscape many times; but now it sprang to life, became a part of me.

Under the gentle influence of my Professor, a thousand things took shape and beauty, the pine cones, the old trees and gray rocks, the frost pictures on the window panes—common things which in my careless childhood I did not see until he gave me eyes.

We used to sit in the twilight listening while he repeated the pretty, jingling "One-Horse Shay" and other bits from his favorite poets. In the long winter evenings we read aloud "The Princess," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Old Mortality."

He never told me to read a particular book, but touched them lovingly, and thus roused my curiosity in them.

Our school was small, and our schoolroom was the Professor's library, a corner room with large windows opening upon a wide piazza. One side of the room was lined with many books upon rough, unpainted shelves. An open fire gave a warm home look to the room.

Here on wild winter days the small school gathered. The big boys, fitting for college, came tramping in, and carelessly shaking the snow from their great coats, settled at once to work. The girls, wrapped in shawls and buffaloes, came with the jingle of bells; and the thoughtless, mischievous little boys, laughing and scuffling, sometimes tumbling quite out of sight in the big drifts.

We had always great freedom in our school-room, and plenty of chance for

individual development. Instead of Geography we read the foreign news in the *London Times* and similar papers, looking up in an atlas the places mentioned. We studied physiology from simple talks, pictures, and stories. The one lesson in composition was to write, write, write.

There were no rigid rules, no stated methods; but those of us who wished to study found our lessons easy and attractive. It was an ideal school except those naughty small boys. How they wearied the heart of the gentle teacher! He would not punish them, and they knew no other law.

One of the sacred memory pictures of my childhood is of that quiet library. The young men soberly bending over their work, at the long table in front of the south-east windows; the girls in different parts of the room, reading with earnest, sympathetic faces; and in a corner, the rosy-checked small boys, in eager whispers plotting hidden mischief. In a chair before the open fire, his head bent forward and his dreamy eyes wandering past his pupils out, far out, into the unknown—my Professor!

We none of us understood or appreciated my Professor; but we loved him, and learned, unconsciously, some of the wisest and deepest truths; and when he went away, the memory of him clung about our choicest books and thoughts.

There is a growing interest in America over the Olympic games which are to be held at Athens. It is hoped that an American team will contend for the olive wreaths, which are the prizes.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF YOUTH.

By GERTRUDE LOUISE MILLER, '96.

THE period of childhood is passive; its growth unconscious. We see in the child, as in the budding flower, day by day new faculties unconsciously unfolded, new capabilities developed. But there comes a time when individual responsibility becomes a factor in every life.

Behold the youth who has left the golden days of childhood, as he stands on the threshold of a new life. Individual responsibility first presents itself to him in the form of a definite purpose.

A ship setting out for sea has its course already mapped out, and sails directly for its destination. Shall any young person starting out on the ocean of life do less than this, and without thought as to his course and destination, become simply driftwood on the river of Time?

As the youth enters the arena of life individual responsibility comes slowly toward him with the choice of his life work. He must needs ask himself: "What am I best fitted to do?" In this choice the individual is aided by his own nature. He has special aims and special aptitudes; but it is his duty to choose the highest work of which he is capable.

"A world of Chance!" the dreamer says. But let the dreamer awake, let him behold the mystery, the solemnity, the grandeur of existence. Everywhere let him behold the hand of the Great Architect. Then will he realize that life is governed by fixed laws. Every flower, every leaf, has its place.

So, in the divine plan, each has a particular place for which he is responsible. "Know Thyself" was the maxim of Thales, the old Greek realist.

Not only the object, but the duty of man, is to grow. We are all acquainted with the parable of the talents. Every faculty that we possess is a talent for which we are responsible. It must be improved or lost. It is not by sitting still and dreaming that the prizes in life are won. The goddess of fortune has placed the best things in life beyond the reach of indolence. That which is worth having is worth working for. Let the youth remember that success is not attained by great deeds, but by constant endeavor. Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor what he had done to remedy defects in a certain statue. "But these are only trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

Behold individual responsibility in the garb of habit. Day by day youth is unconsciously forming habits whose iron chains will become harder and harder to break. So, the question comes pressing upon each one: What sort of habits am I forming? Will they bring to me honor or shame?

Again, individual responsibility appears to the youth in the use of time. The progress of time! What is more mysterious, and yet, what more common. The Past! The Present! Eternity—countless ages loom up before us. Our minds are lost in labyrinths of confusion as we try to fathom the beginning and end of time. Let the

youth remember that he can live only once. What is done, is done forever. The record which he is to-day writing on life's tablet can never be changed or erased.

The world is to-day calling for men who can think. But youth seems afraid of individual responsibility in thought. It is afraid to leave the old, well-beaten paths. Public opinion is its conscience. But he who would be true to himself must be true to his convictions. What would have been the result if Luther, George Fox, John Wesley, had not heeded the voice of their consciences?

But not only is the youth responsible for the use he makes of his own life, but he is, in part, responsible for the lives of those around him. There is something solemn and fearful in the thought that every act, every word, leaves an impression which not even the waves of the sea could wipe out.

Finally, youth is responsible to the world, for the civilization of the world is the civilization of the individual.

Let the youth be not easily satisfied. Let him heed that voice which is constantly urging him forward, bidding him advance higher and higher until, finally, having passed through the valleys of sorrow and defeat, he stands on the pinnacle of the truest success.

Are you rich in the years of bright gold, Yet untold? Do they leisurely go Like a dream that is fair, Or a prayer?

Oh, be wise; use them well!
You shall know
How the years, growing shorter, with good can
increase,

And a life at the end be Transfigured with peace.

EARTH'S BATTLE FIELDS.

BY OLIVER F. CUTTS, '96.

BEHOLD a crescent-shaped plain, rugged mountains surrounding its rugged mountains surrounding its outer edge and extending close down to the water at the horns of the bay. Upon this plain are encamped the Persian hosts; in the mountains above watches the courageous band of Athenians. The power of giving battle lies with the Greeks, as the Persians dare not attempt to storm the heights. At length the Athenian generals resolve upon an attack, and Miltiades leads the dauntless patriots against their surprised yet contemptuous foe. Behold the desperation, the madness of handto-hand conflict. Hear the sharp crack of the broken spear and javelin, the crash of the short sword and battleaxe, the yells of the frenzied combatants, the agonizing groans of the dying. The struggle is for freedom, home, and native land, and the little band of eleven thousand patriots are victorious over an invading host of nearly ten times their number.

Passing over an interval of fifteen hundred fifty years, again view the scene of a famous battle. On the Sussex coast of England, the Norman and Saxon armies struggle fiercely for the mastery. Skill in generalship, discipline, and superiority in troops decide the result, and England rapidly advances in civilization and prosperity under the rule of the Normans.

The years glide away until there are seen the military powers of Europe combined to crush the gigantic designs of that wonderful "man of destiny." Fate and chance combine against their

former king, and amid the glorious radiance of the setting sun, the disordered, hopeless ranks of Napoleon's magnificent army flee, panic-stricken, before the victorious forces of the allies.

Imperishable are the lessons of these hard-fought, representative battles; world-wide their results. Marathon is synonymous with courage and patriotism fighting in defense of liberty. Hastings made possible the English-speaking race. Waterloo established the law that no one man can rule the world, and demonstrated that human affairs are guided by the continual balancing of power.

Military battles have always been lost or won before a blow was struck or a shot was fired. Napoleon's victories were achieved on the eve of battle, when his brain was the battle-ground, his thoughts the combatants. In all contests of a like nature the actual struggle occurred, not upon the green carpet of Mother Earth, under the cheering rays of a glowing sun, but in the prolific brain of some inflexible, unconquerable leader of men.

Grand is the fairly-fought, hard-won victory of physical courage and endurance, when even the passive spectator is aroused by the thrill of enthusiastic life, until the hot blood leaps and surges through his veins, and his straining eye and hushed breath bear witness to his deep concern; infinitely more grand is the self-sacrificing triumph of intellect over matter, of good over evil, of life over death. The fame of such victories never dies. Contemporaries may sneer, may oppose, may

throw themselves, frenzied, beneath the remorseless wheels of truth's advancing chariot, but civilization still rolls on-The brain of Martin Luther was a battle field where reason contended with habit, and where freedom of thought and abhorrence of evil obtained a victory over ignorance and superstition. Such a contest required vastly more courage than do the united efforts of trained bodies of troops. Luther opposed the convictions of his soul and the fertility of his brain against the long-established and tyrannical rule of the Pope. History awaited the outcome of the struggle. Upon it depended the English nation, English puritanism, Parliament, the French Revolution, the American Constitution, American freedom, and the civilization of to-day. Was it not one of the great battles of the world?

There are other familiar examples of mind battles. Doubt struggled with conviction, arguments by platoons, by companies, by regiments were hurled against the fortress of justice and freedom, before the Emancipation Proclamation announced to the world that a mighty battle had been fought and won in the brain of history's great liberator. All are familiar with the results of this silent victory; all are proud of the brain that achieved it, and rejoice in the freedom of a downtrodden race.

Although bitterly opposed by their countrymen, Newton and Copernicus won a victory over doubt, ignorance, and bigotry, and revealed to mankind the marvelous laws of gravitation and the divine plan of the solar system. Originating in the brain of Charles

Darwin, the contest for the truths of evolution has constantly widened, until now the world is its battle-ground, and the triumph of the truth is assured.

These peaceful battles are not fought out during any one period or in any one country; they have been waged throughout the ages and are still being fiercely contested. Wherever a radical change in customs or manners has occurred, it has been effected only after a long struggle. The tendency of mankind is to move along contentedly in the old ruts, and it is only by severe exertion and contention that old-fogvism is transformed to genius. Parliamentary floors, congresses, and state houses are the battle fields of to-day. Here are fought battles similar to those Demosthenes and Cicero waged against the enemies of their country. It was in the halls of Parliament that the manly and gentle spirit, the powerful intellect, the brilliant oratory, and the masterly statesmanship of Richard Cobden achieved a world-famous victory for the poor people of England, greatly benefited his country by the commercial relations which he negotiated with France, and conferred a blessing upon humanity by their embodiment in his own unselfish, patriotic life.

These are the battle fields of the past; they are familiar to all. of the battle-fields of the future? The days of war are over, and no longer shall flesh be torn and blood be spilled to settle differences of the mind. Industry shall advance; arts shall flourish. The poet shall sing; the artist, inspire; the orator, arouse; the statesman, direct. There shall be faultless unity and peace. Nation shall not rise up against nation, nor kingdom against kingdom, but differences shall be settled in peace, even as they arise in peace, and civilization shall yet witness the great victory which the peoples of the earth shall achieve over selfish prejudice and international feuds.

Rates Verse.

SUNRISE.

The golden sunbeams deck the sky
Where not long since, in sorrow,
The pale moon wept with circled eye,
As fearing for the morrow.

The rosy cloudlets greet the morn And usher in the day; And sparkling in the early dawn The dew-drops gem the way.

Behold, behold, on yonder hill The stately tree-tops tower! While happy little songsters trill Sweet music from their bower.

And glistening spires gleam tall and fair 'Gainst purple-tinted sky, While lofty roofs of structures rare Rise proudly up on high. _____, '99,

THE SNOW-STORM.

Through the hushed air, thickly falling, The snow floats gently down, And a slow, white film is creeping Over meadows, waste and brown.

The glory of Spring and the Summer, And Autumn's golden light Seem fading away forever, As a dream fades into night.

From the cold gray twilight stealing, I hear a whispered breath Of wonderful sad compassion,— The voice of the Angel of Death.

"The joy of life," he murmurs,
"The beauty of life doth cease;
And I fold Earth's weary children
Beneath my wings of peace."

O'er my soul a gentle sadness Drifts down with the flakes of snow, Till my life seems a frozen garden Where the sun shone long ago.

-G. M. C., '93.

WAS IT ALL A DREAM?

"Was it all a dream? Was it all a dream?" I said as I woke from slumber deep, And thought of the vision, so strangely real, That had filled my mind in my hours of sleep.

'Twas a dream I had often dreamed before-Sleeping or waking, 'tis all the same-Day-dreams and night-dreams, they haunt me

Leaving a longing no tongue can name.

So all through life, as we turn and look On the hopes that once so bright did seem, We ask ourselves in the same old way, "Was it all a dream? Was it all a dream?" -L'Ecrivailleur, '9-.

A TWILIGHT THOUGHT.

The hills were wrapped in twilight's veil, The Face * was lit with glory, The lake and Notch I'll not describe, The place is old in story.

I know not why I sought the rock, Where outward flows the water In slender thread from Profile Lake, The White Hills' fairest daughter.

Old Man of the Mountain, Franconia Notch,

The sombre shades came softly down, No sound save ripples playing Upon the rim of golden sand O'er which my feet were straying.

The tree-toad struck his dismal note. The hills their light were losing, The brooklet's life was in my mind, And thus I fell to musing:

- "In haste this pure stream leaves its home For many miles of roaming, Impatient beats the moss-capped rocks And flecks the pools with foaming.
- "Each town through which its waters flow Defiles its hill-born sweetness, It meets the sea at end of life Bereft of all its meetness.
- "O can this pure outgoing stream, In shortened leaps so nimble, This dew distilled from mountain air, Of childhood be the symbol?
- "And when my skiff shall cross the bar Of Time's Eternal Ocean, Will it be freighted as this stream With life's driftwood in motion?
- "Is this the lesson I'm to learn From Nature's work around me. Will breath of life depart this clay Far worse than when it found me?"

-W. S. C. R., '95.

Locals.

She gave him the mitten at half-past ten, And he tore his hair and cried in pain; But just as the bells, with clash and din, Ushered the morn of the Leap-Year in, She respectfully asked it back again.

Are you using the "Harvard" notebook?

The Class of '99 is glad to welcome Miss White, ex-'96, and Miss Berry, ex-'97, as members.

Students who passed the vacation in town welcomed the New Year at Cheney Hall as guests, by surprise, of Miss Mary Buzzell, '97.

Burt W. Carr, ex-'97, now Dartmouth, '97, paid a flying visit to the college during vacation.

----son, '98, keeps up the musical reputation of his tuneful antecedent; and Parker Hall reaches for its javelin.

Among the improvements which Instructor Bolster will introduce in the gym this winter is apparatus for basket ball and hand polo.

The Juniors are quite agreed that, if the politician belongs anywhere in the industrial order, it is to the commercial class.

The New Year was ushered in by a merry party of students at the home of Miss Hewins, on the evening of December 31st.

In the Zoo. Professor—How can an animal who has not the power of locomotion get food? Bright Senior— Has it brought to him.

The young ladies in the Political Economy Class were somewhat at a loss to define the economic man. How would they define the economic woman?

A beautiful carbon crayon of Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple" adorns the reception room of Cheney Hall, the gift of the alumnæ of the college.

We heartily welcome back to college Thompson, '96, our popular base-ball manager. Mr. Thompson was dangerously sick most of last term with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Lincoln, of cook-book fame, enlightened Bates co-eds and otherwise on the uses and misuses of the chafing-dish in a lecture in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, January 10th.

Work in the gym began promptly on Thursday of the first week. The hours for the various classes are as follows: Ladies, 1.30-2.30; Sophomores, 2.45-3.30; Juniors, 3.40-4.20; Freshmen, 4.30-5.15.

The executive committee of the local debating league recently formed, in conjunction with the Faculty, have selected A. B. Howard, J. S. Durkee,

and C. E. Milliken to represent Bates in the discussion with Colby.

Bates co-eds received Christmas greetings from Colby sisters in the form of an owl in cap and gown. Very typical, young ladies, of your monopoly in wisdom, in these two colleges at least.

The students of the College and Divinity School listened to an entertaining lecture on the afternoon of the 10th inst. by Rev. Dr. H. S. Burrage of Portland, editor of Zion's Advocate, on "The Famous Orators whom I have heard." Sumner, Webster, Lincoln, Choate, Everett, Phillips, and Curtis were discussed at some length.

The union meeting of the two literary societies at the beginning of the winter term has become an established thing. The two societies came together in large numbers the first Friday evening of the present term and an unusually interesting literary and musical programme was carried out. An informal social followed. Such occasions cannot fail to check the growth of that undesirable feature of college life—society feeling.

We are glad to learn that Professor Stanton is to be relieved of over-work in the class-room. Mr. John Edward Dinsmore of Auburn has been engaged as assistant in Greek. Mr. Dinsmore graduated from Bowdoin in 1883. He served as assistant at Hallowell Classical Institute for three years and has since been principal of Fryeburg and Lincoln Academies. He comes well prepared for his work, having spent a year at the American School in Athens.

At the union meeting of the literary societies opportunity was taken to present the matter of having a drama this winter, similar to the one a year ago, under the auspices of the two societies and for the benefit of the athletic association. It seemed to be unanimous that under wise management the undertaking could be made a success. A motion was carried that two committees, one from each society with the presidents of the societies as chairmen, have the entire management in charge.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, December 27th, it was decided to hold the parliamentary debating contests between Bates and Colby February 27th, at Lewiston. The question for discussion is: "Resolved, That the free and unlimited coinage of 'silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, should be the financial policy of our country." Bates has the negative. The winner of this contest will meet Tufts College April 16th. Wesleyan University and Boston University will break lances on the same date as the Bates-Colby event.

> Quondam things have gone for good; Committees sit no more; Drop your 'scuse in the box of wood That hangs on the library door.

Cheney Hall was filled with a merry company on the evening of the 13th inst., the occasion being the midwinter social of the Main Street A. F. C. E. Society. It was the first time that the hall has been open to the public since its occupancy by the young ladies, and the majority of the students took advan-

tage of the opportunity. Though the company was large, the young ladies proved genial and efficient hostesses. The refreshments were unique, consisting of pop-corn, molasses candy, and apples. Everybody carried away a dainty souvenir, the work of the Cheney Hall artist. The local editors have overheard many of the "eds" express the fervent wish that like occasions may be of frequent occurrence in the future.

Wo gehen sie mein Schöne magd? Ich gehe an das "gym" Sie sagt. Gehe ich mit dear mein schöne magd? Nicht auf dem Leben, Herr, sie sagt.

President Chase has been fortunate in securing as instructor in history and economics for the winter term, Mr. Frederick J. Allen. Mr. Allen graduated from Dartmouth in 1889 with honors in economics, which is his favorite study. Since graduation he has been employed in teaching and postgraduate work at Dartmouth. His work, especially in the department of history in Limerick Academy and Milford High School, has been highly original and satisfactory. He has himself prepared a valuable text-book on the study of United States History. Mr. Allen comes to Bates with highest recommendations from President Tucker of Dartmouth. His work consists of European history with the Seniors, Political Economy with the Juniors, and United States History with the Sophomores.

Around the Editors' Table.

NEW era of progress has undoubtedly dawned for Bates College. One feels it as he walks over the campus. The newspaper reports and magazine articles appearing for the past year, have all noted the fact.

"Boom, Bates, boom," the students have lustily shouted at public meetings, upon the campus, and as victors upon many a well-fought field of athletic sports. Of course these feelings must find vent in the college magazine. It must be in the van of all progress.

With this issue, the new board of editors take up the work. Hopefully we look into the editorial year. That the Student has been a leader among the college magazines of its class, is a record we hope to maintain. With this end in view, we have arranged for some new features to appear in our magazine during the year. To avoid repetition and a feeling of sameness, we have changed the make-up and arrangement of the STUDENT. We think this will appear to all its friends as an improvement. We hope to introduce a series of symposia upon interesting topics, to which some of the prominent men and women of New England shall contribute. Our desire is to inspire each student with the grand opportunities he enjoys in college life, and seek to make each issue a stepping-stone to nobler purposes.

In this rushing, whirling age of specialties, each of us must have some definite aim in life, and putting our whole strength into that work, press forward with all the enthusiasm of

youth. So the STUDENT shall have one aim, through the whole editorial year, and that aim shall be to bring to each reader, each month, something of real benefit.

We heartily respond to the greetings of our exchanges. May success crown their efforts. We reach out our hand to the alumni, hoping to be welcomed by them.

While the Junior Class is mainly responsible for the success of the magazine, and to the co-operation of our classmates we look for much of our success, yet all the classes are responsible, all the alumni and friends of the college are responsible, and in our greeting, we welcome you as fellow-laborers.

NOTHER Yule-Tide has come and gone with its thousands of glad carols and its wondrous bursts of melody from the chorus choir. As we look back upon this musical season we reflect how marvelously susceptible is the human mind to the enchantments of this divine art called music, how magically its charm controls, how pleasantly and how often too the strain of some sweet song heard returns to the mind to bless again.

Thus it is with the sound of the Christmas carol still ringing in our memories and our love of music kindled anew, that we return to the duties and pleasures of college life more deeply regretting than ever that Bates has no distinctively musical life. We believe music should be made a prominent and

attractive feature in such an institution as the college, for not only is it in itself one of the greatest of educators and refiners, but it is needed to give warmth and cheer to student life, which oftentimes becomes over-serious under the strain of constant application.

We hope sometime to see the musical interests of Bates under the charge of a competent director, but for the present they remain entirely in the hands of the students, who seem to lack somewhat in enthusiasm in this respect. There is much musical talent in the college at present, enough, we believe, to support some good musical clubs, and enough too to warrant a successful season for the college band if it could be revived.

The offer made last year by the College Club for Bates songs was not well responded to, and it is to be regretted that the song for which the prize was awarded has not been placed before the students. However, the offer of the club has been renewed this year, and we hope that the students will show themselves interested in college music by responding with a large number of loyal Bates songs.

MONG the functions of a college course, none is obviously more important than the development of what is termed a "public spirit," and it is being well emphasized at the present. Surely no more despicable person is met with than that cautious individual whom the spectre of the too-many-irons-in-the-fire idea haunts day and night, and who consequently pursues

the even tenor of his way along the path of the college curriculum.

Yet much as the lack of public spirit is to be deprecated, its over-cultivation is equally bad. Nothing in college life is more to be discouraged than the tendency of many students, eager to touch the life of the college at every point, to assume responsibilities, aside from studies, beyond their power to meet. Inevitably their best energies are frittered away, the work is feebly and only half done; the student suffers, the organizations which he represents suffer. It is a tendency which creeps in so insidiously that it is hard to check; and it is greatly enhanced, for obvious reasons, in a college like Bates. The remark, commonly made in its defense, as to the secondary nature of studies, rarely conveys the truth it contains. A recent book by President Thwing of Western Reserve refutes by statistics the trite assertion that eminent men, as a rule, ranked low in scholarship while in college. Facts go to prove that an overplus of public spirit, acquired in college days, clings to one in after years, and decrees a mediocrity of success.

The writer is aware that in delivering himself thus, he will be blamed by many as criticising a condition which does not exist; and in support of their statement, they will point to the work of the different organizations languishing oft-times for lack of willing lend-a-hands. Yet the unprofitable drone thrives never so much as when he can shift his share of the work upon an uncomplaining, over-worked individual. It is folly and worse, in our zeal to conserve the

organism, to lose sight of the individuals who compose it.

DNTIL recently, contests between the smaller New England colleges have been, for the most part, on the athletic field. Comparisons between the different colleges have been made largely from an athletic standpoint. Each has its definite position as shown by the records of the track, the diamond, and the gridiron.

But with the formation of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, a new standard of comparison is introduced. The strength of Bates as a debating college will hereafter be known as definitely as her athletic strength. We shall probably have regular annual debating contests in some form, and it is for us as loyal Bates students to make every effort in preparation, not merely for contests in the immediate future but also for those in coming years. Our strength in debating depends and will depend very largely upon the literary societies. They are to forensic contests what the gymnasium is to athletic sports. The athlete is not developed merely by studying Physiology, nor is the debater trained by class-room work alone. Actual practice upon the floor of the society room is the best road to successful debating.

Let us then regard our literary societies as fitting schools for intercollegiate debates. Aside from the priceless opportunities which these societies have to offer us in other ways, they are worthy of our earnest and loyal support simply as the means by which to secure for

Bates a high position in future debating contests.

ERHAPS no department of the modern magazine meets with more thoughtless criticism than that allotted to advertising. We are sure, however, that advertising as it is now carried on is a perfectly legitimate part of periodical publications; for they enable a distinetly higher level to be reached than subscription receipts could possibly allow. Advertisements attractively put seldom fail to catch the eye of even a chance reader, and must be productive of results, if we may judge from the persistent advertising of men admittedly owing their success to this very thing. Magazines reach a distinct class of people, oftentimes the only class to whom a business may look for support. Without discussing the direct or indirect returns of advertising it may be asserted safely that non-representation in a general business directory lessens a firm's prestige. We believe it should be, and in a measure is, a fact that as the standard of a publication is, so should be the standard of its advertising. In the case of our own magazine we have tried to present a list of advertisers up to the past, and we hope the future standing of the Student worthy the patronage of our subscribers. In every case we are personally acquainted with the firms represented and bespeak for them the attention of all our readers.

E, as students of Bates, have many reasons to be proud of her, and not the least among these are the signs of healthful life and progress she shows.

In the past year we have had occasion to rejoice over improved facilities for study, fresh religious interest and successes on the athletic field. The large Freshman Class, the President's house tastily fitted up as a hall for the young ladies, the occupation of Roger Williams Hall, a finely trained gymnastic instructor for all the young men, an efficient librarian and the promise of a well-arranged library, the crowded Y. M. C. A. room every Wednesday evening, improvement in the chapel music, and healthful interest in the literary societies, all these things should encourage us. But best of all have been the spirit of good-will between the classes and between teachers and students, and the general desire for scholarship which pervades our institution.

We feel that all these successes are due to the fidelity of our college to her mission, and to the hearty support of her alumni, students, and friends. And if we would have her prosperity continued, instead of blindly aping after the customs of other older colleges of which they would gladly rid themselves we as students should be loyal to the spirit of Bates, and should be proud of her individuality.

The death of John P. Spaulding, the well-known Boston merchant, Bates has lost a staunch and loyal friend. Although not an alumnus, he ever maintained a lively interest in the welfare of the college. By his financial aid, by his influence, and by his words of encouragement at critical periods in her history, he helped to make possible the Bates College of to-day. He

carried this interest to the close of life, and one of his last acts was a subscription toward the endowment of a chair of History.

Few of us perhaps know how much we owe to him, for his philanthropy was never ostentatious. But the influence of his life cannot fail to inspire us as students, and we join with the host of others whom he has helped, in mourning the loss of a good man.

E have often wondered why it was that college boys everywhere invariably attach some nickname to professors or instructors. Taken, perhaps, from some peculiar characteristic or expression, they descend from class to class, from the youngest undergraduate to the oldest alumnus. Spoken kindly by the boys in college and reverently by each graduate, they are the names we shall always know them by. We say we have wondered and often framed answers for ourselves, but we found the true answer the other day in the opening chapter of Maclaren's beautiful "Bonnie Briar Bush": "Domsie [as] we called the school-master behind his back in Dumtochty, because we loved him."

The Lasell Leaves makes the following announcement: "The Leaves will award a prize of \$15 for the best original story between 1,500 and 2,000 words in length, to be contributed before April 10, 1896, by the students who are resident members of any school or college." Second and third prizes are also offered, and the merit of the stories will be judged by Louise Chandler Moulton.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

A PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

THE brief life of Walter A. Morton, M.D., but recently sketched in the STUDENT, has been to me of tender and peculiar interest. Circumstances favored me with an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Morton, and I cannot forbear giving utterance to the impressions that his somewhat pathetic career has made upon my mind. He was a man of rare qualities of character. Even a slight acquaintance with him revealed this. There was a refinement in his nature which appeared in all that he said and did. It was manifest in his dress, his manners, the tones of his voice, his movements, and, above all, in the purity of his language and his life. It is impossible to associate anything rude or thoughtless with the memory of a man who had a quick sense of propriety in whatever relations he might be placed. His excellent taste, his sense of fitness, made him everywhere a gentleman, even in the conventional meaning of the term. He was endowed by nature with what others often acquire only by embarrassing experience.

Nor did his good taste have any affinity with that affectation and overnicety to which mere surface men are prone. He was no less remarkable for his high purpose—his aspirations. He aimed to exemplify the best in whatever he undertook. He was never content with hasty work, whether in study, in composition, or in the practice of

his profession. He was appreciative of excellence and emulated true worth equally in his life as a man, a student, and a physician. Although the means for pursuing his college and professional studies were obtained only by toil and struggle, he never lowered the standard for the sake of avoiding painful effort. His goal was invariably the best, the highest. The end once clearly conceived, he gave all his energies to the means. He deliberately chose the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons as the proper place for pursuing his medical studies, because he earnestly believed that it would best help him to realize his ideal of a thoroughly educated physician. That cherished ideal made this finely-organized and sensitive man superior to the prejudices, the opposition, the ill-will that threatened to wreck his dearest hopes. In his victories and his defeats he was steadily true to a great life purpose—a purpose that included not merely his own personal prosperity but the wellbeing of his people with whom he would gladly choose to suffer affliction, if only he might, in some measure, be their deliverer from the tyranny of civil and social bondage.

A more loyal man I never knew. He was loyal to his friends, to his race, to his ideals. He could not do enough for those who loved him. He returned every favor tenfold. Bates had no more devoted alumnus. Honor to his Alma Mater was a motive that never

lost its spur, however he might be assailed by ill-health, disappointment, or temporary defeat.

And he had the courage of his convictions and his aspirations,—courage to contend with a hostile climate, adverse circumstances, and bad men. For none of these did he ever lower his standard. Born in the "sunny South" and never robust, he welcomed our rigorous Maine climate because it did not frown upon his cherished hope of a liberal education.

Such a man cannot but respect himself and command the respect of others. A gentleman himself, he exacted with the proud spirit of a noble nature the rights that are due to manhood and citizenship. Never courting strife, he could, if constrained by duty to self or to others, teach the bully a wholesome prudence. He had, in unusual degree, the qualities that make friends and that win position and leadership. In a word, he was in impulse, purpose, and action a man.

To the traits already named add deep religious feeling, sincere reverence for God, and a consistent Christian character with all that it implies of helpfulness in the home, in society, and in professional life,—and we can see that our college has good reason to mourn the early death of a loyal and tenderly loved son.

G. C. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

EWIS ABRAM BURR, A.M., son of Rev. David C. and Jane (Metcalf) Burr, was born in Freeport, Me., June 6, 1849, and died in Malden, Mass.,

December 19, 1895. Mr. Burr had been confined to his home for a few days, and was thought to be rapidly recovering, when pneumonia suddenly developed with fatal results. funeral services were held December 22d, at his home, and the remains were taken to Lexington, Mass., for interment. He was naturally a student, and acquired an excellent common school education before he determined upon a college course. His success as a teacher, then, and his love for that profession caused him to select that calling for his life work. With that object in view, he entered Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me., and was graduated from the college preparatory course in the Class of 1873. He entered Bates that fall in the Class of 1877. It was my good fortune to be associated with him during his entire college He was one that quickly impressed upon all his individuality. Quick in thought, and quick to act, it seemed no exertion for him to decide at once what his course would be. His decision once made was final. I do not mean that he was obtrusive in his manner, for he was always courteous, and respected the opinion of his classmates, yet his views were always expressed in so decided and direct a manner as to leave no doubt as to his position. All respected his honesty and good judgment. Very few have been graduated from Bates who have exerted a greater influence over their associates than he, and it was always exerted for the right. He worked hard in college, and aimed to thoroughly understand whatever subject he

was pursuing. His intended profession required exactness. Although compelled to be out of college considerably teaching, he ranked high in his class. After graduating, Prof. Burr taught in Lisbon, Me., for a few terms, and then was principal of a private school in Johnstown, Pa., until 1883. He was then elected sub-principal of the Malden, Mass., High School, and was connected with the Malden schools until 1890, when he was elected principal of a Grammar School in Chelsea, Mass., which position he held at the time of his death. Prof. Burr ranked high in his profession, and was considered one of the best-equipped teachers in the state. He had been honored by being elected President of the Middlesex County Teachers' Institute.

September 7, 1878, he married Miss Lizzie A. Dunning of Lexington, Mass., who, with a daughter, survives him. To them and to the aged father, who looked with a fond pride upon the success of his son, the sympathies of all will go in their sad bereavement. dutiful son, an affectionate husband and a loving father has passed away. His life work is done, and well done. His example, his influence, and the remembrance of his many virtues will live on. While his relatives and immediate friends will long and tenderly mourn his early departure, his college classmates feel that another tie has been broken, another one of their little band has crossed the dark river, but the remembrance of the many virtues of their departed classmate will linger with them as long as life shall last.

GARDINER, January 7, 1896.

[The following communication has been received by President Chase.]

LEWISTON, ME., December 14, 1895.

President G. C. Chase, D.D., LL.D.:

The Alumnæ Association of Bates College begs leave to present through you, to the young women of the institution, a carbon photograph of Hoffmann's "Christ in the Temple," the same to be placed in some public room of the College. May the picture cultivate a truly artistic taste among the students, and also serve as the nucleus of a future art collection for Bates.

Respectfully,

MISS MARY FRANCES ANGELL, MRS. J. H. RAND, MISS NELLIE B. JORDAN.

Executive Committee Alumnæ Association.

OSSIBLY a word of explanation is due the Alumnæ Association as to the course its committee has taken in purchasing the above-mentioned picture.

At the meeting of the Alumnæ Association, held last June, it was voted that its funds be expended towards furnishing a reading-room for the young women of the college. At that time Cheney Hall as a dormitory for the young women was not in existence, but during the summer vacation it was decided to devote it to that purpose, and a general reading-room and reception-room were equipped with all necessary furnishings. The desired reading-room being provided and furnished without any assistance on the part of the Alumnæ Association, it was thought best by the committee to use the Alumnæ funds for purchasing books of reference for the readingroom; but a request from the young women of the College themselves that, since they had no pictures whatever in either reading or reception-room of Cheney Hall, and since they already had a few books in the library, and could also have access to the College Library, we would contribute some work of art rather than books for the reading-room, led the committee to believe that it was wisdom to grant their request, and the result is the exquisite photograph of Hoffmann's "Christ in the Temple" that now graces Cheney Hall.

It has been suggested, and it is hoped, that the young women of the College will themselves form a reading-room association, with a small membership fee, the proceeds of which shall be expended to secure current periodicals for the reading-room and books for its library.

HE Twelfth Annual Banquet of the Alumni of the College in Boston and vicinity occurred at Young's Hotel, December 20, 1895. There were fifty-three alumni and alumnæ present, and the wives and lady friends brought the number up to seventy-two. This was the largest attendance in the history of the association.

The presence of Professor Stanton, as the guest of the occasion, was a sufficient warrant for the crowded tables. The main dining-room assigned us was quickly filled, and an overflow meeting was held in an adjoining room. Many new faces were seen in the assembly, among them Haskell, '81, recently elected principal of the Jersey City High School; W. H. Adams, '76, and Holden, '84, both well known and rising physicians in their respective fields of labor; Woodman, '87, of

Portland, Me., one of the prominent lawyers of that city; and Woodrow, '88, recently called to the pastorate of one of the large churches at Providence, R. I.

When Professor Stanton arose to speak, at the close of the dinner, he was received with great enthusiasm. His remarks were altogether characteristic of the man, and showed that the passage of years had not dulled or changed that active mind and generous nature, which never fail to leave their impress on the students of Bates College.

The speech-making of the evening was of an informal nature and in a happy vein, reminiscent and otherwise, and the closing hour was devoted to social intercourse and the renewal of college ties. A shade of sadness was also upon the assembly, as the morning papers had brought to many, news of the sudden death of Lewis A. Burr, '77, a former president of the association.

Dr. Collins, '76, offered appropriate resolutions upon his death, and the same were adopted by a rising vote.

W. F. Garcelon, '90, was elected president of the association for the ensuing year; E. C. Adams, '76, vice-president; and the writer, secretary.

C. C. SMITH, '88.

THE prominent position which Bates alumni hold in the educational affairs of Maine was well shown at the annual convention of the Maine Pedagogical Society, recently held in Bangor. Papers were presented by Professor

Hartshorn, '86, and Professor O. H. Drake, '81. I. C. Phillips, '76, is president of the society for the ensuing year; Professor J. R. Dunton, '87, is vice-president; President G. C. Chase, '68, is chairman of the Advisory Board.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath, D.D., was president for the year 1895 of the Passumpsic Congregational Club of Vermont.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood of Bath, who has just made an extensive tour of Egypt, Palestine, and Asia Minor, has prepared a series of lectures, to be illustrated by 400 stereopticon views.

'73.—Professor J. P. Marston, for several years principal of the Biddeford High School, has been elected principal of the Ipswich, Mass., High School with a large increase of salary.

'74.—W. H. Ham, of Jackson, Wash., has been re-elected county representative to the State Legislature. Hr. Ham is a ready speaker and has considerable influence in the political affairs of his state.

'74.—" Littleton, N. H.—For the better promotion of the interests of his church, Rev. J. H. Hoffman, the pastor, has begun the publication of *The Inkhorn*, a monthly, for the dissemination of such information as may be needed to acquaint his congregation with matters of essential importance in regard to the general work of the parish."—Congregationalist.

'75.—Lewis M. Palmer, M.D., has sailed for Europe, where he will spend six months in study and travel.

'76.—I. C. Phillips, formerly superintendent of schools at Bath, Me., has been elected superintendent of the Lewiston schools.

'77.—Rev. J. A. Chase is pastor of the Unitarian Church at Houlton, Me.

'79.—E. W. Given, of the Newark, N. J., Academy, lately read a paper on "Certificates for Admission to College" before the New York School-masters' Club.

'81.—Rev. Charles W. Williams is pastor of the Baptist Church in Harrison, Mass.

'81.—We quote the following from the Bismarck (North Dakota) Daily Tribune: "Superintendent W. T. Perkins, of this city, was yesterday elected president of the State Educational Association, which has been in session at Grand Forks for the past few days. Mr. Perkins has for some years been an active member of the association, and for the past year has been chairman of the executive committee. His election as president is a deserved recognition of the interest he has taken in educational matters, and his fitness for the position as head of the association."

'82.—William V. Twaddle, LL.B., is practicing law in El Paso, Texas.

'84.—Mrs. Ella Knowles Haskell lectured in the Woman's Building at the Atlanta Exposition on the subject, "Women in the Professions." January 27th, Mrs. Haskell will speak on "The Environments of Women as Related to their Progress," before the National Convention of the North American Women's Suffrage Association at Washington.

'86.—A daughter (Vida Edwina), was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Stevens, September 13th.

'87.—Rev. Jesse Bailey is still in very poor health, and is living for the present at Buffalo Creek, Col.

'87.—Miss Lura S. Stevens has entered the training school of the Y. W. C. A. in Boston.

'88.—C. C. Smith, Esq., has purchased a beautiful new residence in Everett, Mass.

'88.—'Westerly, R. I.—A fellowship meeting with all the Congregational churches within twenty miles, was held here recently. There was a good attendance, the subject being Family Reading. At his last two sermons the pastor, Rev. S. H. Woodrow, preached to a erowded house, and at his farewell reception the parlors were overflowed.''—Congregationalist.

On December 4th, Rev. Mr. Woodrow was installed as pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, Providence, R. I. Since the beginning of his pastorate, the parishioners have decided to build a new church edifice.

'89.—John J. Hutehinson has received the degree of Ph.D. from Chi-

cago University. His thesis was "On the Reduction of Hyperelliptic Functions to Elliptic Functions by a Transformation of the Second Degree." Mr. Hutchinson now holds a position as instructor in Mathematics in Cornell University.

'90.—Miss Jennie L. Pratt is in the Christian Training School at Springfield, Mass.

'90.—H. J. Piper is in the Theological School at Andover.

'91.—On Thursday, November 28th, at Brockton, Mass., F. W. Larrabee of Auburn was married to Miss Bertha L. Wood of Brockton. Mr. Larrabee has been appointed junior house officer at the Hitchcock Hospital, connected with Dartmouth College. He is a student at Dartmouth and the office referred to is a competitive position having many applicants.

'94.—F. C. Thompson is principal of the Sanford High School.

'95.—J. N. B. Robertson is teaching at Acushnet, Mass.

'95.—Hamilton, Miss Nash, and Miss Wright were in attendance at the Rhode Island Educational Convention, recently held in Providence.

College Exchanges.

" It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."—Disraeli.

PECEMBER exchanges furnish much pleasant reading. They show, however, such marked similarity in two general respects that the pen of the reviewer at once traces out the words "foot-ball" and "Christmas literature." These topics are in their sea-

son and very interesting, yet, even at the close of an exciting foot-ball season, it is somewhat disappointing to pick up a college magazine, typographically pleasing, and find the subject of athletics treated almost to the exclusion of all else. To the Christmas literature, which comprises much good fiction and verse, are due many words of praise. We feel sure that the Muse of poesy did faithfully her annual duty of inspiring all the young bards to write of the Nativity, of the mistletoe, too, we might add.

Among the exchanges which are especially attractive this month is the Dartmouth Lit, which is full of interesting matter, and maintains a very high literary standard.

The short story seems to be in great favor, and we notice that several of our leading college magazines offer prizes to be competed for in this line of work. A few worthy representatives of the college fiction of the current issue are "Tangent" in the Harvard Monthly, "Rack Marvin" and "A Financial Error" in the Brown Magazine, and "Cupid at Basket Ball" in the Sibul.

In the Williams Lit the remarks on criticism under "Collegiate Press" are very able and deserve a careful reading.

We clip the following verses:

THE SEVENTH WAVE.

[A Sonnet.]

As when one wandering on the surf-washed strand

Looks o'er the restless, surging waves and near

Sees each succeeding wave roll in a sheer And massy wall, that wonderfully grand Booms like low thunder on the quivering sand,

And sees beyond the sixth a seventh appear, Its creeping, crest-like flash of sword or spear,

Fierce hurling 'gainst the cliff its mighty hand, And leaping, crashing, grinding 'gainst its base Recede into the caverns of the deep:

So in our lives ofttimes there wells a wave That floods the soul with memories of days Long passed, and from life's commonplace we leap,

As flotsam on the tide, to heights we crave. —Dartmouth Lit.

A SKATING SONG.

The sound of the bugle over the hill-Ho! lads, ho!

The twang of the bowstring, silvery shrill, Across the waste of snow.

Then busk ye, all my merry men, And arm ve for the fight. There's many a heart now whole, I ken, Will helpless lie this night— For who can brave a maiden's glance Or ward her dear device— What time the moonbeams are adance Along the diamond ice?

The gallant rush as the squadrons wheel-Away! lads, away! The rollicking call and the ring of steel—Ah! but the world is gay.

So, merry men, lay down your arms And quit a vanquished field. For we are bound by stronger charms Than Baron Frost can wield. The icy chains of doughty Jack Must vanish at a breath, But these foud ties we wear, alack! Shall hold us to the death.

Dan Cupid's bow is never still-And like a bell Sounds Love's light laughter over the hill-A sweet farewell. -Nassau Lit.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A tuneless theme, a soulless strain, A striving for lost chords in vain; Death's prelude ever shall remain A throbbing threnody.

A thrilling theme, a spiritual strain, Attainment of life's efforts vain: Death's advent will ever contain dvent will ever con.
A master's melody.
—Brunonian.

BEYOND THE MUSIC.

When moved by music there is something more, Beyond the art than what the artists sing: Along the wood and string the voices ring Melodiously, and open many a door Of sweet access and glad along the score My spirit flies for entrance—lo, the wing of fantasy is stayed, and may not bring
To perfect light the eager soul it bore!
I traveled through the lives of many men,
Seeking the gleam of their far isles of gold; I sought the elfinland of book and song, That smilingly retreated from my ken; But still behind the harmonies unrolled, Fair portals open to a glorious throng -Bachelor of Arts.

REMEMBER.

One faded flower I kept for aye; In mem'ry's book 'tis laid away Between the leaves!

No token from a loved one's hand, No treasure from a foreign land, Yet 'round it weaves

A spell beneath whose power my heart Becomes of those faint ashes part.

My blind thoughts grope

Far backward to the buried day I plucked it from the grave where lay My fondest hope! —Polytechnian.

Our Book-Shelf.

N this shelf it is our purpose to keep interesting new books of all kinds and on all subjects. From month to month we shall tell you of the new features of our Book-Shelf and shall call your attention to the most valuable works recently published. No dust-covered, musty, time-worn works, bearing the imprint of the ages, shall have a place on our shelf. For all such works, we advise you to seek out some antiquarian. This little corner shall be devoted solely to books whose exterior and date, at least, give them the title of modern.

For our first book we have chosen a very attractive one. We are charmed with the little volume of Lyrics,1 written by T. B. Aldrich. It consists of about fifty short poems made up of touches from nature, thoughts from foreign travels, songs, fanciful pictures, moods described, and tributes to great men. The music of the verses is very pretty and is well suited to the subjects. We particularly noticed the melody in The Voices of the Sea and On Lynn Terrace. The thoughts throughout the book are delicate, fanciful, and refined. In many of the poems there is an undertone of subdued melancholy, perhaps most prominent in Broken Music. And yet in others we are delighted with the halfplayful, almost mischievous spirit of the verses, as in A Serenade, Insomnia, and Comedy. The style of the poems is always graceful and pleasing, and the language is choice. After examining this dainty little volume, so artistically arranged and so prettily bound, we feel that we have had only a glimpse of something beautiful, and are unwilling to listen to the author's parting words, as he says:

> If my best wines mislike thy taste, And my best service win thy frown, Then tarry not, I bid thee haste, There's many another inn in town.

Another valuable work and one thoroughly practical is the book by Washington Gladden, entitled Ruling Ideas of the Present Age.² It is a clearly written and forcible presentation of the problems of the day from a Christian standpoint, and furnishes much food for thought. The author makes us feel the personal responsibility of each one toward his fellow-beings in society, in business relations, and as a citizen. He impresses upon us our duty to be interested in whatever is of concern to those about us, and he discusses many interesting problems.

Mr. Gladden has very decided views about charity. He believes that indiscriminate giving is bad, and he despises a generosity prompted by a desire for fame. His chapter on The One and The Many, showing the relation of the individual to society, is written in a very concrete style, which adds much to its interest. We are glad to see that the author is a patriotic American, and that he considers it not only the privilege but the duty of every citizen to exercise his civic rights. The chapter on Public Opinion is strong and He carefully distinguishes between public opinion and "public passion." The book as a whole is energetic and sensible.

Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago³ arouses our curiosity by its title. It is an interpretation of the book of Solomon, as a love-story. According to this author's views, the principal characters are a shepherd and a shepherdess who have formed a mutual attachment. Through the agency of the maiden's brothers and certain other characters, she is taken to Solomon's court, where she is urged to become one of his wives, of whom he already has sixty. She, however, deaf to all entreaty, remains faithful to her shepherd lover, who soon appears and takes her back to her home. This explanation, as you see, is clever and rather unique.

Another book in reference to the Old Testament is entitled *The Prophets of Israel*.⁴ Its author is a German professor, and the book is a critical, carefully written work, showing the function of the Israelitish prophets in their connection with Jewish history. The author considers Jeremiah the greatest of the prophets and Isaiah the most eloquent. The book certainly shows deep research and an extensive knowledge of Hebrew and of Jewish history. It would prove valuable as a reference book to be used in connection with the study of the Prophetic Books of the Bible.

¹ Later Lyrics. By T. B. Aldrich. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.)

² Ruling Ideas of the Present Age. By Washington Gladden. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.25.)

³ Two Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago. By Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D.D. (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago; \$0.50.)

⁴The Prophets of Israel. By Carl Heinrich Cornill. Translated by Sutton F. Cockran. (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.)

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A FOOT-BALL PLAYER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies my flesh and broken bones,
Never again in this world to wake,
And over my fate my sad soul mourns,
I died for the want of more bones to break.

—The Unit.

In the beginning, man was created with a funny-bone, and to this day he laughs up his sleeve. He is the only animal that laughs except the woman, who at present laughs more than man, perhaps on account of the size of her sleeves!—Ex.

Under an ancient elm she stood,
A fairy form in grey—
Her eyes were bright as the stars at night
And she merrily trilled a lay.
I stood in the shadow and watched her face,
It was eerie and passing fair,
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang

On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul—
Ne'er heard I a voice like that,
And I threw all I owned at her very feet,
For she was my neighbor's cat.

_Ex.

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"Hast thou a lover?" asked he,
"Oh maiden of the Rhine?"
She blushed in sweet confusion,
And softly faltered, "nein."

He felt rebuffed and knew not What best to say, and then A sudden thought came to him, He pleaded, "Make it ten."

"What makes the boys leave college so?"
The thoughtless preps inquire;
The adage will the reason show—
"Where there's smoke there's fire."—Colby Echo.

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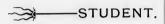


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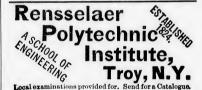
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BATES STUDENT.

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THE HUMILIATION OF A FOOT-BALL CAPTAIN.

NDREW HARMON was a tall, handsome youth, the pride of his class, who attended one of the bestknown colleges in New England. His long, unmanageable locks and bandaged arm betrayed his skill at football. He was a remarkable player for one so young, and captain of the team. As the term was over, and the boys were going to their homes, Jim Chadwick, whose father was one of the leading men in the small town in which he lived, had invited Andrew to spend a week or two of his vacation with him. One of the chief attractions was Jim's pretty sister, who was famous among the boys for her beauty, her wit, and her dancing. Many of the boys, feeling a trifle envious of Andrew's good fortune, having withdrawn to Hal Standish's room to condole with one another and to feast on peanuts, were surprised to see Andrew enter in great haste. "Say, boys, would you have your hair cut or not?" "Don't," shouted several of the boys in horror, "you look ever so much nicer with it long." "It gives you kind of a courageous, interesting appearance which women admire," said. John Minton. "It don't neither," piped up Peter Shrimp, whom every one detested. "My sister said you were a perfect guy, the last time she saw you." That settled the question. If Peter Shrimp's sister did not like his hair long, long it should remain. After sharing the peanuts and bidding his friends farewell, the joyful youth departed to collect his baggage and find Jim.

Later, the boys watched their more fortunate companion hastening down the street beside Jim Chadwick. "We shall have to hurry," said Andrew, looking at his watch, "it lacks ten minutes of train time." So they changed their brisk walk into a run, arriving at the station just in time for the train.

A rather seedy-looking man ocenpied the seat in front of them. He was accompanied by his small son, who took great interest in all that was going on. The boys listened with amusement to the conversation. "Say, pa, what makes the engine go?" "Steam," grunted the father, who was in the depths of a newspaper. Soon the youngster broke forth again, "Pa, is it steam that makes Uncle Moses' horse go?" "No, you silly," said his father, gruffly. "What does make him go?" queried the torment. "Because he's alive," said the weary man. "Well, ain't the engine alive?" "No." "Do horses go with steam when they are dead?" "Of course not," said the father. "Oh, pa, do you s'pose Aunt

Sally knows we're coming?" "Yes, I wrote." "Will she make some pie for us?" "Yes." "How do you know?" "I don't know," groaned the unhappy man. "Tom, will you keep still?"

For some time the youngster was quiet, much to the disappointment of Jim and Andrew. However, a few minutes before they reached their destination, he began again. "Say, pa, did you see the fellows behind us?" "No." "One of them plays football." "How do you know?" "He looks so funny. I'm going to play foot-ball when I get big." "You'll get killed." "Did the boy behind as get killed?"

Before Andrew could ascertain whether this calamity had befallen him, the conductor called, "Barton," and the boys were forced to leave the train. They found Miss Chadwick waiting for them with a cosy little sleigh. After greetings had been exchanged the party started for Jim's home. It was situated rather more than a mile from the station, overlooking a small pond, a charming place in summer, but rather noisy during the skating season.

Jim took care of the reins, while his sister and Mr. Harmon enjoyed the back seat. The scenery along the road was very beautiful, as there were numerous hills, pure and white with the glistening snow. "Miss Chadwick," ventured Mr. Harmon, "it has been some time since I have seen you." Do you think I have changed much?" inquired the fair one. "Not a bit," replied Andrew, "unless you look a trifle older." "How shocking! We

can't be friends if you say such impolite things. Jim, turn round a minute; do I look any older?" "You certainly don't act any older, Lettie," answered her sagacious brother. So they rode on, while the patient steed leisurely climbed each rounding slope. After an uneventful ride, they reached the house, a large, new-fashioned, brown building. Guarding the spacious entrance reclined a small watch dog, while a number of hens strolled about the yard.

So, at last, Andrew's visit, towards which he had looked forward with such anticipation, had arrived. Mrs. Chadwick was a dignified, spiritual looking lady, whose hair was very white. Chadwick was a portly, middle-aged gentleman with a genial air which seemed to diffuse a warmth all around him. The three young people enjoyed themselves immensely that evening. Miss Chadwick sang, and played upon the piano, Jim made all sorts of funny remarks, and Andrew applauded or laughed as the occasion demanded. So the evening vanished away and the family retired.

Andrew was soon blissfully dreaming of Peter Shrimp's sister adorned with his hair. About the middle of the night, for some unaccountable reason, he awoke. The rays of the moon fell across the floor and through the window he could see one gleaming star. He felt a little nervous and creepy, as if something were about to happen. Even from his childhood, although most courageous in other respects, he had a secret fear of ghosts. Suddenly turning his head, he beheld a sight that made his nerves crawl and his

trembling heart thump. Two bright and shining eyes, with an unearthly and a wicked appearance, were staring straight at him. In the darkness he could distinguish nothing more. Terrified, he closed his lids, as quickly opening them, but the apparition had vanished, and he strove to assuage his fear with the art of reason. Truly it could have been naught but his imagination. Only half reassured he lay awake for a long time. The next morning he was a trifle pale from loss of sleep, but that was all. The forenoon, spent in riding about the village, proved one of profitable enjoyment to our young friends. The diversion of the afternoon was skating, in which art Miss Chadwick excelled. Consequently Andrew enjoyed himself exceedingly. But all good things come to an end, and the dreaded evening approached. Mr. Harmon began to feel a trifle nervous as the time wore on, and sat up as long as possible. He could not remain up all night and was finally forced to retire. However, he soon fell asleep, but not for long. Suddenly our hero awoke with a start, as if there were something present in the room. The wind, now in the distance softly calling, now rushing past with a violent roar, seemed a fitting prelude to the appearance of the stealthy spectre. Gazing cautiously around with apprehensive terror, Andrew spied those dreadful eyes in the corner of the room. Trembling from head to foot, while the cold chills wandered over him, the poor fellow put his head under the coverlet, expecting every moment to feel the grip of bony

fingers and the icy embrace of a ghost. With a supreme effort he raised his head to find that those gleaming orbs had vanished. As on the previous night, he tried to calm himself by calling the apparition some wild creation of his fancy; but it was a hard task, and little sleep came to him. At breakfast the family noticed his wan and sickly appearance, apprehending that he might be ill. He managed to pass it off by saying, he guessed he ate too much cake for supper.

Our young people spent the day in wandering over the town, but it passed all too soon. With actual suffering Andrew went to his room again. At first he meditated keeping watch all night, but finally his better judgment prevailed, and he was soon in This was not to last, dreamland. however. At the usual hour he awoke to see those strange and horrible eyes glaring at him. It was as if he had a violent attack of the ague. before had he felt such fear. Scarcely daring to breathe, he gazed enchanted at those spectral eyes. They were soon invisible, moreover, and Andrew was left in a sad state of exhaustion and fear. He slept no more, but with wild longing, waited till the faint tints of dawn should appear in the sky, and the gleams of light should come over the hills, the only effectual weapons against the supernatural power of ghosts. How sad it is to picture the sufferings of so noble a youth!

He could eat but little that morning, although an elaborate table was set. At other times his epicurean appetite would have reveled in those palatable

dainties, but now they had no power to move him. Poor Miss Chadwick was very much concerned, and took great pains to cheer him. She was so very entertaining and pretty that for a time Andrew forgot his nightly visitant, and really enjoyed himself. But as the forenoon wore on, he determined to return home the next day, thus escaping all possible danger from the phantom of the dark. So he began to devise means for gently breaking his resolve to the Chadwicks. Suddenly it dawned upon him that a cousin from New Orleans was visiting at his home, and that if he should not return the next day he would fail to see her.

Under ordinary circumstances this fact would have had no weight, as his cousin was an awkward, uninteresting person. But now he felt it his duty to see her before she departed. Jim and Lettie were popping corn over the open fire, when Andrew summoned sufficient courage to mention his resolve. "Oh, by the way, Jim, circumstances, over which I have no control, will compel me to go home to-morrow." "What, so soon?" asked Jim. "You really can't mean it," suggested Miss Chadwick, in consternation. "Yes, I am very sorry, I have enjoyed these days with you extremely, but Miss Marshall, my cousin from New Orleans, is visiting us, and if I do not go home to-morrow, I shall fail to see her." Finally the afternoon drew to a close, and the beautiful sunset warned Andrew of the approaching night. Tiny clouds of rose and purple mingled with one mass of gold, while higher the blue was softly fading. Thus the twilight drew near and the stealthy shadows stole over hill and valley, secure in the friendly darkness. The whole family sat up very late that evening, that they might show due respect to their worthy guest. At last the unwelcome stroke of the ancient time-piece announced the lateness of the hour, and all departed to their rooms.

Poor Andrew was in the depths of misery and despair. He was so nervous he could scarcely contain himself. His fine blue eyes, which were accustomed to gleam with mirth and joy, now were large with terror. Gazing at the moon and silent stars, his fear grew apace, the mystic awe, inspired by those distant realms, acting as a fuse to his kindled imagination. Andrew kept turning his head in every direction, expecting to see his unwelcome visitor at any moment. But finally, with his neck lamed from unusual exercise, with his eyes strained by long watching, and with his heart beating violently, he gained courage to close his eyes. He was dreaming of a hideous monster with huge claws, which was speedily drawing him into its dark cave, when he awoke. With quaking apprehension he gazed about the room. Yes, the eyes were there. Shining with an unnatural brightness, they seemed to look straight through him. Our valiant foot-ball captain could have screamed with fright. He dared not stir while he gazed upon those uncanny eyes. Suddenly they began to move about the room; first they were here, then there; disappearing for an

instant, with increased vividness they glared at him. In the meantime, stealthy motions sounded, just like the footsteps of ghosts which his imagination had conjectured in his early youth. At last, directly from the corner of the room, they began to approach the bed. The strangest thing about them was that they remained within a foot of the floor.

Poor Andrew wondered if the ghost were walking on his head. Nearer and nearer drew those awful eyes. The unfortunate young man thought now his hour of doom was surely at hand. In an instant more that terrible spectre would have reached him, but with the courage of desperation, he seized his boot and with great force hurled it with unsteady aim. Whizzing through the air it crashed through the window. and fell with a thud into the snow. Then, with breathless suspense, he awaited the result. That phantom had vanished and silence prevailed. Andrew's nerves were all unstrung and he had the hysterics, first bursting into hilarious laughter and then into fits of violent weeping. After a long time he managed to control himself, but he wished he were any one except Andrew Harmon. When he thought how he should explain the broken window he was greatly agitated. He certainly had seen something supernatural, but would his friends believe it? It would be cruel to relate further the poor fellow's sufferings. Suffice it to say that the next morning found him almost used up. Looking through the broken pane he could discover no trace of his unlucky boot, so he was forced to

appear at the breakfast table in some bright worsted slippers, a present from his aunt. As he expected, the family were much concerned about the great noise which occurred in the night, especially as Miss Chadwick, having taken an early morning walk, had noticed his broken window. For one moment everything began to grow dim, and Andrew thought he was about to faint, but this feeling passed away and he was forced to speak. Unable to frame any plausible excuse, and honest by nature, he determined to tell the truth. "I broke the window," he said. "Night after night there has certainly been a ghost in my room, and last night I fired my boot at him and it went through the window."

The family gazed at him as if he were insane, till finally Mrs. Chadwick gasped, "How did the creature look?" "All I saw," groaned the unhappy boy, "was a pair of gleaming eyes." Suddenly Miss Chadwick began to laugh merrily. "I believe I can solve the mystery," she exclaimed. "Did you leave your window open, Mr. Harmon?" "Y-e-s." "Well, it must have been the cat. He has a habit of climbing the trellis and getting in at that window. Jim used to whip him if he found him in the morning, so he does not dare to stay till it gets to be light." Never did Andrew experience a greater feeling of humiliation. He humbly offered to pay for the broken Miss Chadwick disappeared, only to return with the missing boot, which she had picked up that morning when she went for her walk. It is too painful to speak of the remainder of Andrew's stay. I will leave it to the reader's imagination.

He looked so pale and ill that people on the train regarded him with anxiety, and one old lady offered him her smelling-salts. He heard an old gentleman, pointing at him, remark, "See how foot-ball has used him up!" After reaching home Andrew had a serious attack of nervous prostration. As he carefully concealed his humiliation at the Chadwicks, no one knew the cause of his illness. The doctor laid it to foot-ball.

Late in the next term, Andrew, languid, emaciated, and melancholy, rejoined his class. Since Jim never betrayed his friend, the boys wondered what had broken down the strong constitution of their captain.

MURIEL E. CHASE, '99.

A TALE OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

[An extract from "The Romance of Coon Glen."]

T was a beautiful night in the latter part of June, and Clear-water Pond lay motionless in the moonlight. Hardly a ripple moved on its surface, and the stars looked up from its depths like a million eyes. All around it was the forest—the great friendly forest, with its dark shadows, save here and there, where the moonlight erept down through the interlacing branches.

From among the dark shadows came out an old man, bent with age and leaning on a heavy staff. A tattered hat rested upon his head. "It is the same place," he muttered in a feeble voice, and seated himself on a large

stone down by the pond-shore, close to the edge of the water. Then from his head he took off the old hat and let the coolness of the evening touch his forchead. The day had been so hot, and now he was back where years before as a child he had played in the water and gathered lilies, with no thought of the future.

"It is just the same," he muttered again; and the water, as if recognizing one whom it had not seen for years. commenced to murmur on the shore. and one or two little waves danced in the moonlight. Leaning his head on his hand the old man sat for a long time and looked out over the pond. A gentle breeze had sprung up and fondled his gray hair tenderly. How beautiful the night was, and what an enchanting loneliness pervaded the whole region! Every little while from some tree came the song of the hermit thrush, and far away in the forest's depths sounded distinctly the lonesome call of the whip-poor-will. man's thoughts went back over the years that had passed, and the present was forgotten. He had seen the hopes that he had cherished the most fondly fade and die like the flowers his feet had trod upon as he passed through the woodland.

The moon had sunk nearly to the tops of the pines on the other side of the pond now, and a silvery path seemed to lead across the water to where the old man sat with half-closed eyes. Was he dreaming? It must be. He rubbed his eyes to awake himself; but still he saw coming toward him over the quiet water, right along the path which

the moonlight made, a little boat and some one standing up in it beekoning to him. The old man rubbed his eyes again and gazed earnestly in the direction of the boat. The one who stood within it had an oar in his hand that shone like silver. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and the old man moved his hand over his forehead and muttered to himself; and still the pine trees whispered to him tales that he had heard years before. The boat came up to the shore, and the boatman within beckoned to the old man again.

"Come," he said, "the boat is ready, and they are waiting for you."

"Where will you take me?" asked the old man, brushing back his gray locks.

"Home," replied the boatman.

"Home?" repeated the old man musingly, "home—I used to have one years ago—years ago; but that is past now," and a sad, wishful look came into his eyes, while a tear rolled down his cheek.

"Come," said the boatman again, and beckoned to him. Slowly the old man rose from the rock, leaving his tattered hat upon the ground.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "going home—home!" and he stepped into the boat. The countless stars looked up from the water, and the voices of the pines whispered to him.

The next morning a hunter coming down to the edge of the pond found an old hat lying beside a large rock, and noticed foot-prints leading down to the pond. But the waters washed idly against the sandy shore and told him no tales.

L. D. Tibbetts, '96.

A REVERIE.

fully, as from a clear sky he descended towards the west; the warm rays kissed the trees, and the leaves swayed and rustled in their glee; they touched the lake with their tiny fingers, and the waters reflected a thousand gems.

Rattling through the rocky hills, dashing across the open valleys, and skirting the river banks, went the evening express. On it rushed, the seeming to clack, wheels very faster, faster. Far in the distance loomed the mountains. Certainly they cannot be passed. How shall the traveller be furthered on his journey? Away dashed the train, pointing directly for the base of the highest ridge. They will surely slow up! But at the very moment when it would seem as if the train must be wrecked, massive gates or doors are swung back, and the train is enveloped in darkness. Yet on it rushes, until equally ponderous doors are opened at the farther end of the way, and the train is once more in the sunlight, speeding away as if no obstacle had been in its pathway.

Thoughts of life naturally crowd upon the mind, and a voice asks: "Has man ever thus faced difficulties, sped on through the darkness of despair but into the light of triumph?" History is filled with examples.

Watch that man as he strikes the chains of slavery from the wrists of over 4,000,000 downtrodden ones and says to them, "Liberty." Ah! watch him, as, grasping with both hands the

helm of the old ship of state, he never allows her to swerve to the right or to the left, although a mighty nation is struggling in the embrace of death, and party strife and contention has already set the elements on fire; and "as from a hundred volcanoes the red-hot stones of revolution fly whizzing through the gloom, streaking the darkness, and a great nation stands torn and bleeding" as if swept by a storm of iron sleet, hurled by both hands of avenging deity, yet that grand, exalted man stands at his post through sleepless nights and careworn days, while all the furies seem to combine, and Hell to gather her forces for battle, and the gods of the seas and the gods of the tempests to mass their embattled lines in one grand charge for victory.

But, thank God, Abraham Lincoln lived to see the Union saved and the dawn of peace and the shout of victory and the star-spangled banner wave in triumph from sea-board to sea-board, from national capitol to humblest home.

Was supernatural strength given him to swing the doors of triumph and success? Why opened those doors to him? Was it not a fixed purpose to attain?

I will was written across the banners of Hannibal. I will sounded in Casar's ear as he led his army across the Rubicon. I will was the unseen force that caused Lee to hand his broken sword to the northern general. What door can remain closed to a man thus impelled? What can he not do? Is he not king of all? Did not the forests wait his coming? Did not

the winds blow wild across the seas until he bound them to his flying ships or elashing mills? Were not the oceans barriers to nations until he made them paths for commerce? Did not the lightnings flash athwart the sky in their wild freedom until he lashed them to his rushing ear or bound them to his tiny wires which speak his eommands across hemispheres? All suecess eomes to the man of will, all doors swing open to him. History reveals many instances where men of brightest intellects and rarest gifts have utterly failed on the voyage of life because they took the heart for a rudder instead of the will.

A retrospect in every life is of the highest benefit, and no time seems so pregnant with holy thoughts or aspirations as when we stand by the deathbed of a day. It is then the doors of the future seem to swing wide to the dreamer. When the day is done "and the drooping sun upgathers his spent shafts and puts them back into his golden quiver," and the evening time has eome, then the signal guns seem to be fired from some unseen rampart, and all the clouds hasten to the evening burial at sea. Wateh, as he sinks lower upon his golden eoueh, while all those floating sentinels of the sky stand around, and with invisible hands lower him into his watery grave. pauses for a moment as if in sympathy with the dreamer. The shadows gather quietly and fall from the sky. birds twitter feebly in the branches. and are still. The bells tinkle once again, and are hushed. Unseen hands draw back the curtains of evening, pin-

ning them with the stars. There sits night upon her dusky throne, her sable mantle drawn around her form, and a rich diadem of sparkling jewels glistening upon her forehead. Hush; it is evening! Shadows have fallen! Twilight has deepened! Night reigns alone. In such an hour how desires for future success and memories of past failures crowd around. Along the dimly-lighted corridor of time we have come. One by one the doors of opportunity have elosed behind, and elosed forever. The halls ring with the noise of shutting doors, great blessings lost, great opportunities wasted. We have passed by doors which, if entered, would have disclosed gilded stairways leading up to higher attainment, nobler achievement. But the doors have closed behind us, and elosed forever. The future only remains. All along the corridor of the years are placed open doorsdoors of success, doors of great achievement, doors of noble living. Onward presses the restless throng of humanity. pushing, rushing, hurrying by the very doors of their only suecess. Yet ever by the side of each flies that guardian angel of mankind, Truth, whispering softly, "Enter, enter, the noblest ways," for there is written over the portals of each swinging door, "Enter all ye who will."

J. STANLEY DURKEE, '97.

Harvard and Princeton have arranged a series of five base-ball games for next spring. Two will be played at Cambridge, two at Princeton, and the fifth, in case of a tie, on neutral grounds.

DOMINION OF MYSTERY.

THE poet has truly said, "Mystery rules the world." Every peculiar quality of nature, every property of science, every attribute of an individual exerts a powerful influence upon the movements and progress of the human race. From infancy to manhood mystery holds boundless sway. Every living creature and all inanimate objects are subservient to the laws of the mysterious, whether found in nature or in the achievements of man.

Nature abounds in mystery. Nay, the universe itself is one vast mystery. When we stand under the dome of the sky at night and observe the moon and stars, we face a mystery; when we ramble through the field and forest and see the different forms of vegetation, we face a mystery. Indeed from the growth of the tiniest flower on the hill-side to the structure of the loftiest mountain-peak are furnished alike materials for thought and investigation.

On account of these mysteries in the universe mankind has ever been seized with a restless spirit which would not be quieted, but kept striving to dispel the darkness and obscurity. Thus with heroic zeal such men as Kepler, Galileo, Herschel, Linnæus, and Newton have devoted their entire lives to the examination of the mysterious, thereby presenting to the world for study and thought our various sciences.

Mystery, likewise, has supreme dominion over all inventions and discoveries. Inquiring minds are continually searching into the mysteries of nature and art, and from the secrets revealed to them have been made use-

ful inventions, broadening civilization and enlightening the world. .

Columbus was forcibly impressed with the idea that an unknown land lay beyond the seas. Shrouded in mystery, indeed, it was, like a fairy-land, but by his efforts he pierced the veil and exposed to the world this country. Mystery should claim the reward. The land of mystery charms and fascinates us. Without obscurity there would be no search for knowledge, therefore no progress would be made.

When we enter the domain of mesmerism and electricity, we invade the most secret labyrinths of mystery. How marvelous are their results and how mysterious their workings! By mere will-power strong men are rendered obedient to the slightest wish, while by electricity lifeless objects around us are apparently endowed with the power of motion.

From the time of the teachings of the ancient Druids to that of the secret plans of the present Free Masons there has been wielded by all societies of a mysterious nature a sceptre more powerful than that of kings. Governments have been thrown into confusion and proud men who stood fearless in the face of danger and death have tremblingly bowed in obedience to the laws of a secret assembly. By the aid of mystery men of a refined and superior intellect held in subjection the rude and unlearned, who were incapable of ruling wisely.

The mystery of sentiment and of will induced the Crusaders to leave their homes and loved ones and endure privations of the severest kind. Fanciful pictures of mystery lay before them, urging them to an unseen goal; but, as "the darkest hour is just before dawn," so following these dark scenes shone forth the light and wisdom of the Renaissance. And as a result of the power of mystery over rude and barbaric minds, the towers of Feudalism were hurled to the ground and the enlightening customs of the East took deep root in all Europe.

To the realm of the unknown belongs our very existence. Death also is one great mystery; but the mystery of our individuality has the most direct tendency in moulding our characters and fashioning the course of our lives. Shakespeare might have said as truly, "There is a mystery which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will." Every person, oftentimes unconsciously, reasons within himself as follows,—"I am myself. Nothing can avail to change my personality. The success of my life work depends upon my own

individual nature. I know not how great my capabilities are nor to how lofty a height I may ascend, till I have put forth my utmost exertions."

The homage rendered to our Creator, ay, the reason of our worship and adoration, is due to the mystery of the Supreme God. A Being whose workings are so mysterious and unknown fills us with awe and reverence, and we cannot fail to bow our heads in humble obedience before our Maker, who creates worlds so shrouded in mystery and who fills them with inhabitants, the very existence of whom is as great a mystery as the worlds themselves.

Then let us not fear this omnipotent mystery, this bright bow of promise spanning the world's horizon, but yield to its charm, believing that in future ages it will become a halo of light encircling the brows of nations, when all people shall rejoice in the full tide of prosperity and happiness.

INA M. PARSONS, '96.

Bates Verse.

THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL LAND BEYOND THE SKIES.

There's a beautiful land beyond the skies
Where the soul of the saved one never dies;
And those who are sick with toil and care
Find the sweetest of resting-places there.

A beautiful land where the mother finds
The children she lost long years ago;
Like flowers they budded and drooped and died,
And she saw them buried beneath the snow.

She wept, and the world seemed lonesome there,

And the burdens of life seemed hard to bear, But she knew that when God called her home She should find her darlings waiting there; And when I reach life's twilight gray
What is it to me if my body dies?
For I know I shall find a welcome there,
In that beautiful land beyond the skies.

—L. D. T., '96,

SUNSET.

See the golden clouds of sunset
Tint the western sky,
Where they meet the prim old pine trees
Rising up on high.

Here and there a group of children Merry at their play, Laughing gaily in the twilight Of the closing day. Now and then the lovely music
Of a lonely bird,
Calling to some feathered playmate,
In the distance heard.

IDA'S ISLE.*

O barren island lone Of sea-washed basalt stone, Fringed high with kelp and skeins of tangled weed,

What story thou couldst tell Of him who loved so well

The lowlands of the Teviot and the Tweed.

When storms are raging high The gulls then hither fly

To plume themselves where cliffs afford a lee;

Upon thy rocky beach Beyond the water's reach

The seal is roughly hurled by foaming sea.

No other life is found Within thy flinty bound,

A single trace of human hand is here;
You ruins old and gray,
Stuccoed with time's decay,

The cell where lived Northumbria's holy seer.

When Ecgfrith's nobles fell,
Was rung Northumbria's knell,
The mournful sound reached Ida's dismal
isle;

At closing of the day,
The monk there dying lay
And o'er his face was spread a doleful

The years of toil and pain Were lived by him again;

smile.

The hope of youth and manhood's brighter day

In vision passed before The mind's wide open door,

E'er yet his soul burst from the prison clay.

This rugged storm-lashed isle For monumental pile

Is better far than marble dearly bought;
While it resists the sea
His influence shall be

A force to mould the form of English thought.

-W. S. C. R, '95.

* The hermit home of St. Cuthbert.

TWO THIEVES.

A pedagogue in a way-back town Sat as the sun sank low, While before him stood an urchin small, With a look of deepest woe.

And he talked to the tow-head urchin

Of the error of his way,

For the urchin had stolen the master's knife

From the master's desk that day.

Another day as the sun went down
The master waited there;
This time he was keeping after school

And he thought, as he gazed in her smiling eyes,

And looked at her golden curls, That she with her grace And her pretty face Was "not like other girls."

A maiden, sweet and fair;

And he talked to the maiden of diverse things,

~. '96.

As he held her on his knee.
For the maiden fair,
With the golden hair,
Had stolen his heart, you see.

The University of Chicago is again fortunate in being the recipient of a handsome gift. This time it is the sum of \$1,000,000 from Miss Ellen Culver of Chicago.

Students at Yale Art School are competing for the William Wirt Winchester Fellowship prize of \$1,500, to be awarded June 1, 1897, to the painter of the best picture in oils of a given subject.

The Chicago Tribune says that the total donations by will and gift in this country from January to June, 1895, were \$10,434,000, and that of this amount colleges and universities received \$4,075,000.

Heard About the Campus.

Wildly through the crowded streets he raveth, Up the narrow, crooked stairs he staveth, Pompously the sanctum of the editor he craveth,

And in his haggard face his verses waveth: Such is our enemy, the spring-time poet.

The editor a rearward doorway showeth,

The straight and narrow way each muse-struck
knoweth.

And while prosaic imprecations from the longhaired floweth.

He calmly out thereat this poet toeth

The quickest, surest way to make him go it.

A social would not come amiss just now.

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow.

Were you remembered with a valentine?

Why can't the city snow ploughs run up across the campus?

We wish some one would get the reading-room into gear.

Tobien, '97, taught the last four weeks of a term of school in Minot.

Bruce, '98, is back with us again after a short sickness at the hospital.

Prof.—"Who will draw a good eye on the board?" Responsive T.—"I!"

Evening work in pyramids and trick work has commenced in the gymnasium.

Cunningham, '97, will look after the business interests of the athletic exhibition.

Mr. H. W. Hopkins, '88, spent a few days at the college, the first of the month.

Knapp, '96, was called home recently by the sad news of the death of his brother.

The Eurosophian Society has placed

an adequate insurance over its room furnishings.

Professor Anthony occupied the Main Street pulpit on Sunday morning, January 26th.

The Freshmen report a good time and no casualties at their January evening skating party.

The series of Gale revival meetings in Auburn is creating a deep interest among the students.

Miss Andrews, '97, is teaching a special class in New Testament Greek, at the Divinity School.

Though the Faculty mills grind slowly Yet they grind amazing small. They minimize our number of cuts Till we have no leisure at all.

We were all out to see the great fire in Pingree's lumber yard, all but the local editor, who had gone to bed.

Wright, '97, recently conducted a party of Juniors through the Bates Mill in their study of Political Economy.

The reading of a modern Greek newspaper is a promised innovation in the Freshman study of that language.

Competitive class drills for the cup offered by the College Club will be a feature of the winter athletic exhibition.

Mr. Smith, Bates, '91, who is at present attending the Bowdoin Medical School, spent a few days at the college recently.

Many of the students attended the Yaw concert on the evening of February 19th. The concert was under the management of Thompson and Eaton, '96.

A large number of the students have attended the evangelistic services in Auburn, conducted by Mr. H. W. Gale of Boston.

Several Bates representatives are to have papers at the Y. W. C. A. convention at Colby on the 21st and 22d of this month.

The third volume of Poole's Index, and an "Index to General Literature," by W. R. Fletcher, have been received lately in the library.

If through the snowy woods the livelong day, HE roam,

In vain a bird of winter to espy,—
As overhead the moon sails high and dry,
HE then doth many a chickadee so Gay
See home. '

Thompson, '96, was recently locked into the laboratory, but escaped by way of the turret in a way that would have been creditable to Jean Valjean.

The gymnasium is open to the Latin School boys from 11 to 12 a.m. Johnson, L. S., '96, is class leader. We notice Belyea as a very promising man.

The text read, "Several Quakers were killed or hung around Boston." Student in history class, confidently—"Seven Quakers were killed for hanging round Boston."

Fourteen of the Sophomores braved the raging elements on the night of the 6th inst., and visited their classmate, Landman, at Turner, who held a very successful exhibition at the close of his school.

The following vivid description of snake-locomotion by one of the Zoölogy class, is the latest contribution to the literature of that science: He throws his head to one side, takes a brace, and then throws his body to the other side.

The gym. is a busy place these afternoons. Active preparations are going on for the athletic exhibition at the close of the term. The young ladies are practicing three drills, a club, wand, and Delsarte. The Juniors are using broadswords; the Sophomores, barbells; and the Freshmen, clubs.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S SOLILOQUY.
Back from plying the rule of three,
Back from the joyous country "bee,"
Back to the work that's lagged behind,
Back to the mill for a few weeks' grind.

The chapel of Roger Williams Hall was filled by an attentive audience on the afternoon of January 31st, when a scholarly lecture was delivered by Dr. Dalton of Portland, on the Venezuelan question. The speaker said it was not worth our while, and intimated that we had no occasion, to go to war with England.

Captain Douglass exhibits daily his menageric of wild base-ballists in the cage under Parker Hall. The following perform regularly: Berryman, Douglass, Gerrish, Hilton, Purinton, '96; Slattery, Burrill, '97; Bennett, Hinkley, Landman, Sprague, '98; Calhoun, Mason, Tetley, Pulsifer, '99. We shall have the greatest show on earth by spring, says Captain Douglass.

The Shakespearian drama, mentioned in our last issue, is sure to materialize. "The Merchant of Venice" has been decided upon. The parts have been assigned, and Miss Marie W. Laughton of Boston has been engaged to stage the play. A feature of the production will probably be a handsome souvenir programme. The joint committee of the two societies having the matter in charge consists of Thomas and Thomp-

son, '96; Stanley, '97; Miss Bonney, '96; and Miss Leader, '98.

The vote stood ten to two, But most present voted "nit;" While Terry tried to juggle it Professor nearly split.

The Freshmen have been divided into divisions for their debates which take place next fall. Owing to the large size of the class, six divisions were rendered necessary. Following are the questions to be debated:

First Division.—Ought the United States Government to build and own the Nicaragua canal?

Second Division.—Ought the Turkish Government to be suppressed and its territory be divided and distributed among the nations of Europe?

Third Division.—Ought the United States to annex Cuba?

Fourth Division.—Will Columbus be a greater historical character than Livingstone? Fifth Division.—Do young men now have equal opportunities for entering upon a successful career with those of a generation ago? Sixth Division.—Was the protectorate of

Cromwell beneficial to England?

This year Bates fell into line with the rest of the colleges, and observed Thursday, January 30th, as the Day of Prayer for Colleges. All recitations were as usual suspended. Immediately after chapel exercises a prayer-meeting was held, led by Professor Jordan. In the afternoon the customary exercises took place in the chapel. Rev. G. L. White of New Hampton, N. H., of the Class of '76, was the preacher. His theme was, "The Development of Christian Character a Product of Divine Grace." Without divine grace Paul's declaration to be all things to all men would have resulted in his becoming nothing to anybody. The same holds true to-day. Many place before themselves ideals in life that make Christ's life and death and Pentecost unnecessary. The college, while

emphasizing its specialty, must recognize its mission a broad one. The sermon was at once scholarly and helpful. Good music was furnished for the occasion by a double mixed quartette, consisting of Misses Buzzell, Cox, Roberts, and Blake, and Messrs. Eaton, Fuller, Roberts, and Stickney. Professor Howe conducted the prayermeeting in the evening, at which the subject of "Decision in Life" was considered.

On Sunday evening, February 9th, Dr. Summerbell began his second course of lectures on the Reformation period, his subject being, "John Calvin and the Swiss Reformers." The rest of the course will be delivered on successive Sunday nights. Following are the subjects:

February 16.—France and her Huguenots (first half).

February 23.—France and her Huguenots (second half).

March 1.—The Birth of Reform in the Netherlands.

March 8.—Protestant Heroism in the Netherlands.

March 15.—The Dawn of the English Reformation.

A meeting of the base-ball managers of the Maine colleges was recently held in Bangor. Bates sent Captain Douglass as her representative. No definite agreement was reached. Bates stood out that no Bowdoin Medics should play during their first year, and that no man should play more than four years. Bowdoin acceded to the latter condition, but declined to consider the former. The matter is now before the athletic association as to whether Bates shall enter the league as the matter now stands. Two schedules were arranged, one including Bates and the other excluding her.

Around the Editors' Valle.

M ODERN literature, like everything else of the present day, has a distinct tendency. England and the United States, but lately passed from a semi-golden literary age, are even now evincing characteristics which are certain to be developed towards Departing from classic perfection. models our writers are evolving the realistic and socialistic novel, the short story, and quiet pen-picture; even a new style of historical novel is in vogue. It is along these lines that a modern author achieves success, and along which we in college must discuss, teach, and perhaps ourselves write. certainly true that men are thinking to-day through the medium of fiction; however, in excessive readability we are apt to lose sight of underlying principles and purposes. Therefore it is highly essential that, while studying the aspects of every past age of literature, we should also carefully study our own. We notice that this is recognized abroad, and that a course of lectures in this very branch is going on this winter at Yale. We do not enter into the advisability of such a course at Bates; we may study such a subject individually as well as collectively in class. We may, however, suggest that we regulate alike our reading of the older and newer classics. Thus to us the literary phase will not be least in the great movement of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

LONG with the recognition of fiction as a field for study comes a broadened view of its scope, occasioned by the advent of the short story. While the De Coverley papers of Addison, and Poe's Tales, have achieved a popularity that will never wane, the short story, heretofore, has been a field little cultivated, and its importance less appreciated; to-day, however, it is at the flood tide of popularity, and must be reckoned with in any estimate of fiction.

This favor is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the college publications. The short story is characteristic, just now, of every college magazine of standing, and fittingly so.

We venture to say that it affords more valuable schooling to the college student in the power to use his vernacular than does any other class of writing. In its demand upon the inventive faculties, in its call for a versatile style, and in its opportunity for literary finish it is unrivaled. Hence it foretokens a higher standard of literary excellence among undergraduates.

Moreover the short story, in a way, cannot fail to give tone to the magazine. It is invariably written for publication, and thus makes the latter indispensible. College essays and, in a larger sense, college orations, are prepared for definite occasions, and with the passing of that occasion have, in most cases, served their purpose. To use the college paper as a second-hand store is to degrade it.

It is fair to presume that in so comparatively unworked a field much latent talent exists in our own midst; and it lies with the individual to discover it. We intend for the Student to maintain its rank among contemporaries by giving due prominence to this line of writing, and invite your cooperation. In view of the fact that contributions count towards the required work in rhetoricals, the request should meet with a good response.

WO students were recently talking of life's work, and what the future may have in store for each. One said, "I'm afraid I can't attain to that," speaking of the coveted educational position. The other replied, "You have no right to reckon with the force of fear in the struggle: you can attain to it." This conversation led the writer to think of the "power of purpose" and its effects in every-day life—especially in the life of a student.

How many men, down through the ages, have missed the mark of their truest success, because of a fear to strike out for that success. How many brilliant talents have lost their lustre, and finally been buried, simply because the possessor was afraid of trying. Music has lost many a Mozart, Oratory many a Webster, Poetry many a Tennyson, because the purpose of winning was not sufficiently strong to keep them to duty and cause them to put their all into the venture.

In speaking of Marlow, Mr. Pancoast in his English Literature, writes these touching words: "Before he is thirty he is stabbed with his own dagger in a low tavern at Deptford. The touch of the unknown, which he thirsted for, like his own 'Faustus,' stops him in the

midst of his doubts, his passionate longings, his defiance, his love-making, and his fame—and at length he is quiet." Here is a man who might have rivaled Shakespeare, falling, dying, because the purpose of his life was not sufficiently strong.

The same thought comes as we think of the life of Coleridge. He was ever planning to write some great poem, yet ever delayed the beginning for trivial things, until death claimed him, and the world of literature lost what might have been an epic. Surely we have no right to reckon with this hesitating, fearing force. Rather shall we lay our plans, measure our strength, and go boldly forward—

"Heart within and God o'erhead."

It has been the steady purpose which has always won. Purpose steadies the action; Purpose tires the Fates; Purpose wins the day. "I will or die," muttered between closed teeth, is most often answered with the victory of will. Though the gods try us with the slowly passing years, yet they will reward our toil.

NE of the easiest and most natural ways to judge of the culture of a man is by the language he uses. The savage can express his ideas in a few simple words, but the educated man requires both a vast vocabulary and a careful discrimination in the choice of his terms. The power to express the most delicate shades of thought precisely, is an art few acquire. Our language is, as it were, the frame in which we place the pictures of our mind. By their fitness or inadequacy we beautify

or disfigure these mind pictures. How often we leave our best thoughts unsaid because our command of language is insufficient to express them!

In our forms of expression we are controlled largely by habit. A misuse of grammar learned in our childhood always clings to us, and we find ourselves using the same phrases and turns of expression over and over. Those who, for the sake of good-fellowship or out of carelessness, adopt the colloquial phrases and cultivate the habit of exaggeration, appear awkward and out of place in refined, critical society. If we used good language every day we should find it far easier to express ourselves, when we have an essay to write. Then, not out of an over-nicety or primness, but from a sincere desire to be true to our higher selves and to be faithful to our own individuality, we should take pains with our words. If we do this, before long we shall unconsciously use the right word in the right place, thereby increasing our influence and power.

THE Junior Promenade, the great annual midwinter social event in many of our colleges, so gains in favor as to occupy in its way almost as conspicuous a place on the college calendar as Ivy or Class Day. Accounts of the recent "Yale Prom." show it to have been an affair of unusual elegance and dignity, and in many other eastern colleges the custom has been followed this season, although with less display. One of the pleasant features in the character of the "prom."

is that it always gathers a goodly number of alumni, friends of the college, and guests of the students. It is the one center of social interest of the season, and altogether a stately and beautiful affair. Its benefits are farreaching, for it helps prepare the student for the social world, where he will find ease and elegance of manner indispensable.

We have often heard a desire expressed among students for more society, and we believe that such an annual event at Bates as the Junior Promenade would be looked forward to with the keenest pleasure and expectation, and have ultimately a highly elevating and beneficial influence.

HE death of Rufus Deering of Portland is a severe blow to Bates College. For many years as Trustee, member of the Executive Committee and in various ways he has been closely connected with the college. He was always deeply interested in young people and especially in those who were striving for an education. In a quiet, unassuming way, his whole life was devoted to the good of others.

To all who knew him Mr. Deering's death comes as a personal loss. No one ever came within the circle of his influence without being made better. He has left to his friends a priceless legacy—the record of a noble life which will remain as an example and an inspiration to the young men of to-day.

A sketch of Mr. Deering's life will be published in the March number of the STUDENT.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. CHARLES HADLEY.

"Strange that Death should seek such victim At the brightest, happiest hour, 'Mid the fairest hopes of promise And the gilded dream of power.'

TRANGE indeed that a life of so great usefulness should be so short. Mysterious beyond solution that one of immeasurable influence in uplifting mankind should be permitted so few years of activity. These are the thoughts that come with much force as we learn of the death of our beloved classmate, Rev. Charles Hadley, which occurred in Lewiston, December 21st. An able scholar, a noble Christian clergyman, and a foreign missionary of rare power has gone to his reward.

Mr. Hadley, son of Horace and Sarah Hobart (Hayes) Hadley, was born in Lewiston, August 5, 1864. He fitted for college in Lewiston High School, graduating in 1882 as salutatorian of his class. He entered Bates College the same year and graduated in 1886 at the head of his class. As a scholar he was keen, logical, and accurate. As a man he was sensible, of even disposition and good judgment. was modest and yet conscious of his real worth. There was, however, no conceit in his make-up. He was popular not because of striking peculiarities, but rather on account of his frank, generous nature and high standards of living.

But his real nobility was soon to more clearly assert itself. The winter following his graduation he united with the Bates Street Baptist Church in Lewiston. Soon after, he decided to study for the ministry, and in the fall of 1887 he entered the Newton Theological School. In a class letter, written while at this institution, he says: "I am enjoying my chosen profession perfectly and am confident that I am where God designed me to be."

While in college weakness of the lungs developed, which caused his friends much anxiety, and so we were much pleased to read in this same letter, "the state of my health you will be interested in. I never was better physically in my life than at present."

It was during his third and last year at Newton that he became deeply interested in foreign missions and decided to devote his life to that work. It seemed to him that as a Christian worker he should go where the need was greatest. Accordingly he offered his services to the American Baptist Missionary Union. He was accepted and assigned to an important position in Madras, India. He graduated from the Theological School in May, 1890, and in the following July he was ordained at Lewiston. September he was married to Miss Lena M. Walls, who with two children, a girl of four and a half and a boy of three years, survive him. On October

4th he and his wife sailed from Boston for Liverpool. After a stay of two weeks in England they continued their journey, arriving at Madras, November 27, 1890.

With unusual fidelity and great efficiency he at once entered upon his life work. His first task was to learn the Telugu language, which for him was not difficult. He had full charge of the work of the Telugu Mission, which was mainly the training and superintending of the efforts of native preachers. To some extent he engaged in street preaching and touring in the country districts. In all this work he took great pleasure. In his class letter of May, 1891, he says: "To have a personal part in lifting up a people from the depths of heathenism to the position of 'sons of God' I believe to be the grandest opportunity that could be given a young man in this generation. There is a sacrifice in the work of the foreign missionary in leaving home and native land, but my experience leads me to think that everything good and great lies along the path of self-sacrifice. If men will leave home and native land for the sake of earthly wealth and honor, it is not strange that one should be willing to do the same for heavenly riches."

Thus he worked for three years and more, succeeding as few men can. But the torrid and pestilential climate, combined with his all too arduous duties, was more than he could long endure. In February, 1894, his health was so seriously impaired that his physician ordered him to leave India at

once. This was a severe blow to him, not so much because of ill health as because he must give up his beloved work. Soon after leaving he suffered hemorrhages from the lungs and was so dangerously ill that on reaching Naples he was taken to the hospital, where he remained three months. Contrary to all expectations, he rallied, and they continued their journey, arriving in New York the last of June. On his way to Lewiston he stopped with friends at Merrimae, Mass., intending to make a short visit, but he was again prostrated and continued dangerously ill all summer. In early fall he so far recovered that he went to Southern Pines, N. C., to spend the winter, but no improvement resulted, in fact, the disease gained great headway. June, 1895, he returned to his home in Lewiston to pass the remainder of his days. A little later he tried the openair treatment for consumptives under Dr. Carpenter of New York, who had a sanitarium about two miles north of Lewiston. Under this treatment for a time he seemed to improve, but with the coming of cold weather he rapidly declined in health until the end came.

By his death the foreign mission field loses an efficient laborer at the very beginning of a career of much promise, the college loses one of her noblest graduates, the Class of '86 a most loyal and loving member, and wife, children, sisters, and parents, their most devoted and dearest friend. May we all be as worthy of Heaven as he.

C. E. S., '86.

PERSONALS.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes is so much improved in health as to be able to preach again. He is now paster of the Congregational Church at Manitou, Col.

'87.—H. E. Cushman, A.M., has been elected instructor in Philosophy in Tufts College.

'76.—Rev. George L. White has accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church at Pittsfield, Maine.

'76.—In his new book, "In the Path of Light Around the World," Rev. T. H. Stacy gives an account of his observations and experiences on his recent missionary journey. The book deals principally with Japan, China, India, Egypt, and Palestine. The customs of the various nations and the incidents of the journey are vividly described from the standpoint of a missionary. Especial attention is given to the Free Baptist mission field in India.

'93.—F. L. Hoffman has been dangerously ill with typhoid fever, but is now slowly recovering.

'93.—E. C. Perkins has entered the Maine Medical School at Brunswick.

'93.—E. L. Haynes is principal of the Kennebunkport High School.

'84.—C. A. Chase is the author of a beautiful poem, entitled "The Great Stone Face." The poem is printed with an engraving of the Lewiston Falls, and forms a very attractive souvenir.

'68.—The only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Emery died January 11th of diphtheria, at the age of ten years. Mr. and Mrs. Emery have the sympathy of their many friends in this sad bereavement.

'92.—H. E. Walter, teacher of Biology in one of the Chicago high schools, was in Lewiston a few weeks ago.

'73.—N. W. Harris is the Republican candidate for Mayor of Auburn.

'89.—F. J. Daggett, who is practicing law in Boston, is counsel for the defense in an important will case.

'94.—Miss E. I. Cummings is meeting with good success as assistant in the Lewiston High School.

'78.—We have received a very pleasant greeting from C. E. Brockway, superintendent of schools at North Dartmouth, Mass.

College Exchanges.

"As soon

Seek roses in December—ice in June,
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics."—-Byron.

HE above lines from the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" we have often seen cited as giving an estimate of the faith of the general

reader in editors' criticisms. Perhaps the general reader has long since ceased to read them; we would invite his attention to the selections we quote, on which he may pass his own criticism. But what is the use of the editor's criticism, after all? Why does he monthly peruse a huge pile of exchanges and occupy an allotted space in criticising

them? This task, pleasant in some respects, irksome in others, brings mutual benefits.

Words of praise carefully bestowed on unusually good work, and censure kindly passed on hasty and unmeritorious productions, do much to keep a high standard of college journalism. Through the eye of this department the student may see himself, not a member of one literary institution, but of the college world, and his contribution to his own college magazine, a contribution to the college magazine literature of the day. We know this general interest in college journalism might be increased if our exchanges were kept on file where all who wished might look them over, or, better still, if the idea of an intercollegiate press association could be realized.

This month there is very little on our table which deserves to be termed "waste-basket literature;" much that bears the stamp of being up-to-date and treats of important issues in the collegiate world; and much also that is worthy of being classed as "scrapbook literature," owing to its own intrinsic worth.

The Red and Blue starts the new year with an excellent number. Its story, "A Colonial Secretary," is well plotted and sustains an unusual interest to the close. "A Question in Modern Art" shows an intelligent handling of a difficult subject.

The Brown Magazine ranks among the most interesting. "The Bible Among College Studies" deserves a very careful reading. "Etchings," as usual, is a pleasing department. Education, a monthly magazine which now comes to us regularly, although not a college publication, should not be overlooked in our notices. It is of special interest to all who contemplate teaching as a profession, for each number contains instructive and valuable discussions on educational topics.

We make the following selections of verse this month:

THE GEODE.

Poor stone, unshapely, despised and rough, Deemed to be not good enough

To bear the fling of the steed's rude heel;
'Tis thrown aside by the paver's care,
And lo! on the heap as it falls there—
It breaks—and a crystal heart reveals.

Oft in unseemly mould of clay,
Despised throughout life's little day,
There lives a soul, whose worth obscure
Is naught to the cold, hard world rough-shod:
But the body broken—the soul with God
Reveals a life lovely and pure.

-C. M. G., in Brunonian.

PEACE.

Past the meadow and over the hill,
Beyond the wood and the lake,
Beyond the grove where the fairies sleep,
Beyond the utmost wave of the deep,
Past the vale where breezes wake,
There is a land of joy and ease,
The god-kissed home of sweet, sweet Peace.

Time will stand on the brink of the grave,
Eternity will grow old,
Hope will perish in the human breast,
All men will seek their last sad rest
In the earth, so damp and cold,
Ere that land be found of blissful ease,
The distant home of sweet, sweet Peace.
—Alfred Almond, in Southern Collegian.

TURNING THE LEAF.

A year page—filled with sombre thought, As I read in the cycle's evening glow; Andscarcely a change has the long year brought. I wonder why it is so.

Have I dozed while glancing the backward track,

That nothing of difference I can see?

Has the breath of my sighs blown the pages back?

I wonder how it can be.

For me in doing, or in deeds undone

Does the secret of ill-success ne'er lie.

Thoughts—sombre thoughts, slow moving on,

Have kept my soul awry.

O, the cheer of a cheerful thought! Ah! bright

Will the letters upon the year page glow, If thoughts be lofty and heart be light:—

I wonder if 'twill be so.

The year page—knew I my last 'twould be,
At the close would the record clearer grow?
Would the end of the volume be fairer to see?
I wonder if 'twould be so.

-Clarence Mason Gallup, in Brown Magazine.

Our Book-Shelf.

As the month has rolled on, changes have taken place in our Book-Shelf. It is adorned by the fresh covers and pretty bindings of new books, which have all the charm of the unknown. We eagerly look within and strive to disclose their hidden treasures.

The first book we take down is from the pen of one of Boston's most gifted men. The Christ of To-Day, 1 by Dr. G. A. Gordon, is a work remarkable for its depth of conviction, for its striking originality, and for the beauty, strength, and purity of its thought. The main idea of the book is that God as revealed in Christ is the everlasting pattern for mankind. In a striking way the author shows that as man is related to Christ, so man is related to He is hopeful for the human race on account of this kinship with He believes the only way to interpret the Divine purpose is by a consciousness of Christ within man, a consciousness "at its highest in prayer, in adoration, in absolute trust." Even the Scriptures must be interpreted and tested by this consciousness, for the writers of the Bible did not fully comprehend Christ. Through applying this

test the author finds in God a God of love and compassion, showing mercy toward all humanity. He tells us that our need to-day is to feel afresh the personality of God as revealed in Christ and as interpreted by history. The book shows great scholarship and intellectual power as well as spirituality and sympathy with mankind. Even those most opposed to the author's conclusions must respect his breadth and generosity.

From Dreamland Sent² is a volume of sweet and tender verses. The poetry is musical and flowing, and the style is simple and direct. The poems are mostly emotional, with nature in the different seasons, or with festival days for their background. Their tone is frequently sad, since many of them treat of death. Yet in them all we find a beautiful trust in God. From one of the prettiest poems, In the Morning, we quote a stanza:

"Intimations throng upon us,
By these presences unseen,
Of that spirit world which lieth
Nearer than we sometimes dream.
And the days take on new meanings;
Finer forces seem to rise;
Life, transfigured, gains new vision,
Sees the gleam of fairer skies."

Another volume of pretty verses is entitled *The Singing Shepherd and Other Poems.*³ Some of these are rife with national spirit, roused by the Civil War. Some find their subjects in classic lore. Again, a number deal with poetry and the poet. But perhaps the author is most successful in treating of nature. The flowers and trees, the singing of the birds, the blue of the sky, and the rippling of the river, all are characteristic of the poems. Here is a stanza from *The Cricket*:

"By and by the birds are still,
By and by the herds withdrawn,
Summer bees have drunk their fill,
Autumn winds the flowers have strewn;
Then the crickets have their will;
Now, we say, is summer done,
Now the crickets have begun."

The variety in the poems and their general cheerfulness are especially pleasing.

A book of essays on American life next takes our attention. Types of American Character, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., is written in an easy conversational style. The book shows marked individuality and broad reading. It

consists of seven essays, dealing with the American as pessimist, idealist, epicurean, philanthropist, literary man, observer of nature, and as scholar. The author considers the philanthropist the most characteristic type of America. He thinks the man of letters beset by many difficulties, and his most promising field that of humor. In glowing terms he paints the great humorist of the future who "will come a true son of Aristophanes and Rabelais and Cervantes, who will prick the bubble of our vast self-satisfaction." While disagreeing with many of the author's opinions, we find his book original and entertaining. In portions of it the style is somewhat faulty.

¹The Christ of To-Day. By George A. Gordon. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.00.)

² From Dreamland Sent. By Lillian Whiting. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

³The Singing Shepherd and Other Poems. By Annie Fields. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.00.)

⁴Types of American Character. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. (Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York; \$0.75.)

College Notes.

Punch was forbidden at class suppers for the first time at Harvard last year.

Henry Irving recently lectured before the students of Columbia on "Macbeth."

Yale has received only two defeats in foot-ball since 1883, and has never played a tie game until the recent Brown game. University of Pennsylvania now gives degrees to women.

Vassar has a collection of birds worth \$30,000.

Yale has a new symphony orchestra, the first organized in an American university. It is backed by the Faculty with an appropriation of \$1,500, and is intended to be azpermanent organization.

The Faculty of the University of Wisconsin has a tennis association.

Northwestern University is said to have the largest attendance of any college in the country after Harvard and Michigan.

Two hundred and forty-six Yale men hold professorships in American institutions.

The new Yale course in modern novels has proved the most popular course given at Yale and is taken by 258 students. Dr. Phellps, who has charge of it, maintains that the novel is at present the most important form of literary art, and that the best literary thought of the day is going into it.

John D. Rockefeller has given the University of Chicago \$1,000,000 outright, and he intends to give \$2,000,-000 more, provided the trustees of the

University raise a like sum. His last gift is the largest single sum ever given to an educational institution.

One of the requirements of a man seeking honors at Amherst is that his college expenses during the past year shall not have exceeded \$500.

The style of last year's commencement exercises at Yale gave so much satisfaction generally, that it will be carried out again this year. It greatly simplifies the closing exercises, as the valedictory and addresses of all kinds by the students are omitted.

University of Pennsylvania is erecting dormitories which, it is claimed, will be the finest and most convenient possessed by any university. The yard will be enclosed by one grand structure formed by forty-four connected buildings.

Clippings.

"He loved his Dinah dearly,
And he sighed to her one night—
"Dinah, could you love me?"
And she whispered, 'Dinah might."

"They were married in the autumn,
When she blows him up at night,
He realizes what it meant
When she whispered 'Dynamite.'"—Ex.

Who wrote the most, Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."—Ex.

Is Cupid a good Archer?

Though oft his arrow hisses,
And all his aims seem fairly true,
He's always making Mrs.

—University Courier.

Puer et puella Ambulant together Magna suq umbrella Vocant de the weather. Very slippery via, Pedes slides from under, Puer non upholds her. Triste, triste blunder! Cadit on the ground, Sees a lot of stellæ. Adolescens hastens To aid of his puellæ. "Rustic!" exclamat, "Relinque me alone! Nunquam dic mihi Til von for this atone!" Non diutius do they Ambulant together,

Nunquam speak as they pass by Non etiam de the weather. -Ex.

Once a Freshman was wrecked on an African coast,

Where a cannibal monarch held sway;

And they served up the Freshman in slices on
toast,

On the eve of that very same day.

But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,

And before the next moon was seen, By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked, For that Freshman was dreadfully green.

Prof. to Arithmetic class—"How many in a family consisting of husband, wife, and child?" Smart Prep.—"Two and one to carry."—Ex.

She grasped the bar, arranged her skirts With dainty little tucks and flirts, Posed on the saddle, felt the tread Of the pedals, and "I'm off," she said.

A whirl of wheels, a swerve and sway,
And from the roadbed where she lay
She realized in full degree
The climax of her prophecy."
—Southern Collegian.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES SAID.

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning sad and low?

'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow. -Ex.

A Professor of Systematic Divinity being unable to hear his class, the following notice was given: "The Professor, being ill, requests me to say the Seniors can keep on through Purgatory, and the middle class continue the Descent into Hell, until further notice from the Professor."—Ex.

QUERY.

Did you ever notice this:
When a fellow steals a kiss
From a righteous little maiden calm and meek,
How her scriptural training shows
In not turning up her nose,
But in simply turning round the other cheek?

AN ALL-ROUND MAN.

In the class-room while students More brilliant are known, He finds no great hardship In holding his own.

On the gridiron and diamond With victories sown There too he is in it And holding his own.

And now in the evening
When daylight has flown,
But words are too feeble,
He's holding his own.

-Ex.

A daring exchange declares that the following set of rules is enforced at a certain Texas college: 1. The use of fire-arms in the President's room is strictly prohibited. 2. Saddles and bridles must not be hung on the chandeliers. 3. The Glee Club must prac-

EXCHANGES.

tice behind the barn,—Ex.

The editor with gladsome cry Exclaims, "My work is done." The manager with weary sigh Complains, "My work is dun." —College Life.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,

"You must set this matter right;

What time did the Sophomore leave,

Who sent in his card last night?

"His work was pressing, father dear, And his love for it was great; He took his leave and went away Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye
And her dimples deeper grew,
"Tis surely no sin to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

—The Boudoin Orient.

HIS FOUNDATION.

"If K O H on red litmus I pour
I'll get blue litmus instead.
Have I any foundation for this?" he asked,
"At least you've a base," she said.

—Vassar Miscellany.

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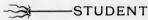
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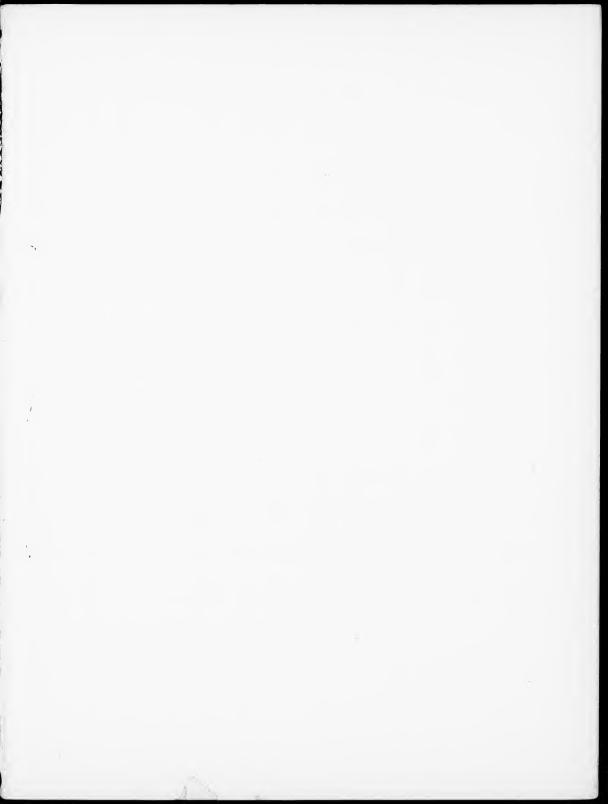
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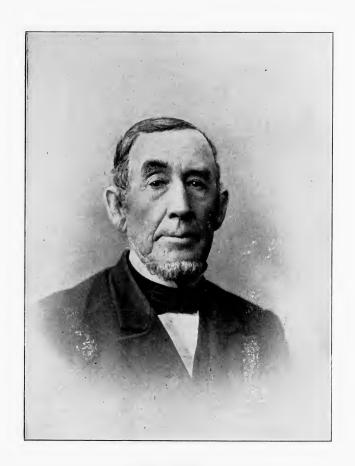
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Vol. XXIV.

MARCH, 1896.

No. 3.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF RUFUS DEERING.

Portland, Maine, has removed from the Free Baptist denomination one of its most earnest and devoted workers, one of its most wise and sagacious counsellors, one of its most loyal friends and generous benefactors. For many years he has been closely connected with all its different interests, and has devoted a great deal of time out of a busy life to the promotion of their welfare. He was born in the town of Scarborough, near Portland, on the 16th day of April, A.D. 1818. His parents were Christian people, and

from their precepts and example, more particularly from the wise teaching of a loving mother, sound moral and Christian principles were deeply fixed in the young boy's mind.

He was thrown upon his own resources at an early age, and at once begun to educate himself as well as his limited opportunity and means would allow, using a large part of his first months' wages of about five dollars in the purchase of books. In spite of the unfavorable circumstances in which he was placed, he was able to obtain a good education, and by keeping up the habit of study and reading which he early acquired, his mind was broad-

ened and strengthened. He took a deep interest in all that was transpiring about him, and was remarkably well informed on all the topics of the day.

At the age of seventeen years he went to West Buxton, where he worked as a carpenter and school teacher, at the same time keeping books. In 1840 he went to Georgia to engage in lumbering, and here he was surrounded by great temptations to intemperance and other vices, but he came out of the trial uninjured, and in fact strengthened by his experience. He was ever after an unflinching enemy of the rum traffic, and an earnest, consistent believer and worker in the temperance cause.

In 1843 he was married to Miss Deborah Eastman of Limerick, Maine, and they soon joined the Free Will Baptist Church at West Buxton. Thus early in their married life they established that true Christian home which afterwards was so influential upon their children, and shed a bright light into many other hearts and lives. Their children were most carefully and lovingly trained, were early taught the precepts of the Bible, and one by one at an early age were led to accept the faith which they had seen exemplified in the lives of their parents. In 1854 they removed to Portland and Mr. Deering went into the lumber business on Commercial Street, where he continued till his death. He was faithful, industrious, and persevering in his business and was very successful, building up a large and profitable trade.

To the First Free Baptist Church of Portland, which he joined soon after removing to that city, he was an invaluable ally, serving most acceptably as treasurer of the parish for twenty-eight years and as a deacon for thirty-two years. He was ever cheerful and hopeful, even in times of darkness and adversity. Constantly planning advanced work and better accommodations for his church, he was willing also to give liberally of his time and money. He was ever among the foremost in evangelical work, ever thoughtful of the aged and infirm, and ever reaching out a helping hand to the young and inexperienced convert. That church is to-day more largely indebted to his untiring labor, foresight, and liberality for its present standing and church home than to any other one person. His home was ever open to the ministers and other workers of the denomination, and many have enjoyed his hospitality while seeking his advice and encouragement.

He was always one of the foremost workers in the Sunday-school and was its efficient superintendent for many years. He was teacher of a class when not acting as superintendent, and to the members of his class he was most helpful. He was a close student of the Bible, and never appeared before his class without a careful preparation of the lesson.

As might be expected of a man who was so deeply interested in his own church, he extended his efforts to the benevolent and educational work of the denomination. For three years he was President of the Home Mission Society; for twenty-five years treasurer of the State society; many times a

delegate to the General Conference; and for many years, up to the time of his death, a member of the Conference Board. He was deeply interested also in foreign mission work and was ever giving liberally to its aid. He erected a building for the Bible School in Midnapore, India, and in his will gave the sum of two thousand dollars to aid in carrying on this work.

Although he did not have the opportunity and means to procure a liberal education for himself, he was anxious to aid the young in every way to obtain the best education possible. For thirteen years he was one of the trustees of Bates College, most of that time serving on the Executive Board. He gave liberally of his means to the college, Cobb Divinity School, and other institutions. He was one of the charter members of the Ocean Park Association, which was formed in 1880, and one of the first to erect a cottage on its grounds. He was a member of the Board of Directors from its organization to his death, and for ten years its honored president. The success which has attended this association in furnishing a quiet and enjoyable summer home at this lovely beach is largely due to his inspiring, unwearied efforts.

Of his private work and benevolences we can not give any particulars, but we know that he was a very generous man, giving to many public benevolent causes in his own city most liberally, and ever seeking an opportunity to assist the needy about him. His giving was systematic, a certain amount being set aside each year to be used in this way.

Mr. Deering was one of the finest types of the true Christian gentleman. It has been the pleasant privilege of the writer to be associated with him in many ways, to be in his company under many different circumstances, at home and abroad, on business and on pleasure trips, and he never saw Mr. Deering in act or word inconsistent with his profession as a follower of Christ. He was courteous to all, shedding joy and gladness wherever he went. He thoroughly enjoyed life, was a most agreeable companion, was ever ready to join the young in any proper amusement, but he never lowered his colors or allowed any improper action or language in his presence to go unrebuked either by word or look.

A true life has ended here below, but we are assured that he has entered into the rest that has been prepared for the faithful, which he looked forward to with such confidence.

His first wife died in 1885. In 1886 he was married to Mrs. Abby T. Thissell, who survives him. His surviving children are Mrs. Emily D. Jordan of Limerick, Me.; Miss Hattie A. Deering, a Professor in Hillsdale College, Mich.; Mr. Charles E. Deering, and Mrs. W. J. Orr, of Portland.

L. M. W., '70.

THE MINISTER'S STORY.

[Following the "Funny Man's Story," which appeared in the December STUDENT.]

of his remarkable production he seemed to be deeply affected, and was obliged to pause several times to wipe his eyes. It was easy to see, however, that the Minister was not listening. Apparently oblivious of everything around him, he was leaning back in

his chair, with his hands clasped before him, evidently engaged in deep meditation. The Drummer was obliged to speak to him several times before he was made to realize that his turn had come to furnish a story.

"How strange a thing is life," he exclaimed, half to himself. "While some laugh, others are sad; the bush from which one plucks beautiful flowers has for another only thorns. Yet, blessed thought! those that weep now shall be comforted.

"Gentlemen, there is a village about a dozen miles from here, up on this railroad, called Rosevale, where I commenced to preach fifteen years It was a quiet country village then which seemed to be shut out from the world by the mountains that rose all around it, as if God would hide it away from all harm. When I first began to preach there I became acquainted, among others of my flock, with a young couple who had just been married, and before whom seemed to be a life of happiness. They lived in a little house up on the side of the mountain. I used to love to take long walks in those days, for there was something in the loneliness of the forests that seemed to bring me nearer to God. I remember of often coming down the mountain side as the summer day was drawing to a close, and finding this young man at work in his garden. I would stop and speak to him about the joys of a Christian life. He would lean on his hoe and talk earnestly with me, but I couldn't help feeling, as I went away, that my words had been in vain. There seemed to be something about him which I could not understand—something that puzzled me and caused an involuntary shudder to pass through me. Why, I knew not. While I was talking with this young man I could hear his wife singing in the house, and often she would come out, with a pleasant smile on her face; for she seemed to be happy all the time in those days.

"In my talks with the people of my flock I came to know all the past life of this young couple, and found that her parents lived over on the other side of the mountain, while it was said by those who seemed to know that his father was a man of considerable wealth in New York. It seems that this young man, having plenty of money, had spent a summer vacation hunting and fishing among these mountains and had thus seen the girl who afterwards became his wife. Charming her with his fluent talk and easy manners, he had quickly won her heart, and they were married. She loved him; whether he loved her or not, God alone knows. I will say here that his name was John Benton and her name was Margaret-or Maggie, as the folks all called her.

"Well, it seems that when his father heard of this he sent him an angry letter, disowning him and telling him that he should never have a cent of his wealth. The young man had then, with what money he had with him, bought the little place over on the side of the mountain near Rosevale, and he and his young and trusting wife had commenced their married life there in what seemed to be happiness.

"Every Sunday they came to church, she looking as sweet as an angel, while he—well, as I said before, I could not understand him, and whenever I looked at him I felt that there was something lacking in his character. Yet there was something that seemed to draw me to him, and often in preparing my sermons the thought of him was in my mind, and I prayed that my words might in some way help him.

"I had spent two years of pleasant, happy work in that little village, and had brought many souls into closer relations with Christ, I trust, when one day my wife and I went over to call upon this young couple, as we had done very frequently, for we had become very much interested in them. During these two years there had, apparently, been nothing to mar their happiness. Although inexperienced in farming, he had worked hard, and God had A little one had prospered them. come to bless their home—a boy that had the very features of his father. On this day of which I am speaking the young man was preparing to go away, and he told me that he had just received word that his father was very sick and desired to see him. I knew not why it was, but while he was speaking to me the idea went through my mind that he was thinking more of his father's money than of his father. He was to take the train at the nearest station, which was then about three miles away. As he left the house his wife went with him to the gate, with the baby in her arms. He kissed them both and, hurrying away, was soon hid from sight by a

turn in the road. The wife came back into the house with a look of sadness on her face that I shall never forget, and clasping her little one more tightly in her arms, burst into tears. cause had she for weeping? Her husband would be gone only a few days. Was it a premonition of some evilthe shadow of a great darkness that was to come to her? I could not understand. My wife tried to soothe her, and she was soon smiling through her tears. Laying the little one, who had gone to sleep, in its cradle, she went with us into the yard, showed us the roses that were just beginning to open their buds, and plucked off one that seemed almost ready to spring into full bloom; but as she raised it in her hand it fell to pieces, and the petals fluttered to the ground. She started and turned pale, and as I went away I noticed the same sad look on her face that I had seen before.

"After two or three weeks had passed, the village gossips began to say that John Benton was staying away a good while, and the postmistress whispered to her intimate friends, of whom she had many, that no letters had come from him to his wife, and that, although she had come to the post-office every day, she had gone away each time disappointed, and people began to notice that her cheeks were growing a little thinner and paler. The weeks slipped away, and the roses in the front yard of that little house one after another bloomed and faded. July and August came and passed, and still John Benton did not come back, nor, to the knowledge of the postmistress, had any letters

come from him. The people of the village shook their heads, and felt that there was a great mystery somewhere; but as Mrs. Benton went about silently, telling her troubles to no one, the mystery remained a mystery. She did not come to church now, because she must stay at home with her child, but my good wife, who had learned to love her, would often go over there, finding her almost always kneeling in prayer.

"Three more years passed away, and still things seemed about the same. John had not returned, but his wife still lived in the little cottage with her child. Why she did not go back to her father's to live, no one knew, and, indeed, no one seemed to know much about her now.

"Five years had passed away since I began my work in that pleasant village, and God seemed to call me to a new field of labor. It was with many feelings of regret that I left Rosevale, for the people had become dear to me, and they seemed to like me; but our ways are not always God's ways, and however much I should have enjoyed staying in the little village among the hills, I felt that my duty now lay elsewhere. I and my wife said good-bye to our friends there, and riding over the dusty roads to the railroad station, were soon speeding away to our new field of labor. Often, in the months that followed, we spoke of the little house on the mountain side, and prayed for that woman into whose life so much trouble had come, and whom we felt that God alone could comfort. Occasionally letters came from our friends there, from which we learned that Mrs.

Benton still lived alone with the little child, and that nothing had been heard from her husband.

"When I had been gone from Rosevale five years, I had a longing to see my friends there once more, and so, writing to the pastor at that place, I made arrangements for an exchange with him for one Sunday. It was a pleasant Saturday in April when I went there, and as I neared the village I found that many changes had taken place during the few years of my absence. The railroad now ran through the village, and several new streets had been laid out. Everything seemed to be active. As I got off the train one of my first questions was in regard to Mrs. Benton. I found that she still lived in the same house, but the little child, which had seemed to be all that was left to her, was dead now, and I could not help feeling that there were many things in life that I could not understand. Why do some have so much grief, while others see nothing but joy and sunshine? I almost felt like complaining against God who could allow it. And yet He knows best.

"I was to stop that night with one who had helped me in many ways during my pastorate there, and that evening, as we sat talking about things of the past, there was a rap at the door. My host opened it and a woman, with her hair all loose, and with a wild look in her eyes, stood there. It was Mrs. Benton; but her hair, which had been brown only five years before, was now snowy white. I afterward learned that it had become so since her child died. She looked in and saw me, and then,

clasping her hands together, exclaimed, 'Come, for God's sake, come!' I could see that there was some more trouble, and I followed her out into the night.

""She is crazy,' my host whispered to me as I went out. She said not a word to me as we walked along the street and up the side of the mountain toward the house, but often she would raise her hands to her face, and moaning piteously would say, as if involuntarily, 'O God, why hast thou forsaken me?' When we reached the house she motioned me to go in, and I did so. She, following me, locked the door, and then, pointing to another room, exclaimed, 'She is dying in there. Go in, but don't let me see her again. O, why did God bring her here?'

"I went into the room indicated, and there lay a woman over whom the Angel of Death seemed already hovering. My first thought was that a physician ought to be summoned, but as I glanced in her face I saw that anything of that kind would be useless now, and that all that could be done was to commend her soul to God. Her eyes were closed as I went in, but she opened them. I took my Bible from my pocket to read to her, but she motioned for me to stop, and I could see that there was some great burden upon her mind. With a strength that seemed remarkable in one who was evidently so near the end of life, she commenced to talk hurriedly, as if she had much to say before she went. I will not repeat the words that she said, but her talk pertained to John Benton, and his life after he had left Rosevale, eight years before.

"Arriving in New York, he had found his father already dead, and also found, contrary to his expectations, that he had changed his mind and left all his money to him. The woman who now lay dying before me had been acquainted with him ever since they were children, and when she found that he had come into possession of his father's property she determined to win him to herself. She knew that he was already married, but with the glitter of gold before her she had used all her wiles so successfully that he, devil that he was, had married her, putting out from his heart whatever love he had for the true woman waiting for him at Rosevale. They had left New York together and traveled for two years in Europe. Thinking that their money would last forever, they had spent it lavishly until, in a few years, it was gone.

"When the woman had reached this part of her story she seemed to weaken fast. Her breath came in gasps, and she had to stop speaking for a few moments. "Where is John Benton now?" I asked when she seemed to be able to speak again.

"'I don't know,' she answered with difficulty; 'when the money gave out I left him, for money was everything to me then—but it won't save me now though!' she exclaimed bitterly after a pause. She remained silent for a moment, and I thought that she would never speak again. But, suddenly starting up, she stared toward the door through which I had entered the room.

"'Who is that woman?' she asked in frightened tones, pointing in the direction toward which her eyes were

I looked around and saw Mrs. Benton standing there and gazing toward the dying woman, with eyes from which gleamed the light of insanity, mingled with a look of intense hatred. From that sad sight I turned my eyes back again to the woman before me. Her gaze was still directed toward the door where Mrs. Benton stood, and speaking to me again, this time in a feeble whisper, she asked, 'Who is she? Who is she?' Then breaking off, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Don't ask God to forgive me, for I don't deserve it.' These were her last words. In a few moments her soul had taken its flight. I then turned around and looked toward the door, but Mrs. Benton had disappeared as noiselessly as she had entered. The poor woman who had just died had carried a part of her secrets with her. How she happened to be at Rosevale I did not know. Neither did I know how she happened to be at that particular house. All that I could learn was that she had called there just at nightfall, cold and sick, and that Mrs. Benton had taken her in and had heard from her a part of her story before she came for me."

The Minister now stopped to get a drink of water from a pail that stood near. As he did so he noticed, for the first time, that the Tramp had risen from his chair and was now on the other side of the room, looking out of the window into the night. But the man lying on the settee in the corner whom, for obvious reasons, we will call the Silent Man, had seen more than this. He noticed that when the Min-

ister had first commenced his story the Tramp had moved uneasily in his chair, and then had pulled his ragged hat down lower over his face. As the story proceeded he had gotten up and walked to the further side of the room where the light was dim, and pressing his face against the window, had remained motionless, peering out into the darkness. Once or twice the Silent Man thought that he heard a stifled groan come from his lips. But it was so faint that it might have been the result of imagination. The Minister held the dipper of water to his lips for a long time, with his eyes still fixed upon the Tramp, and then setting it down, he began to go on with his story. He had spoken only a few words when a rumble was heard, which told that the train was approaching. In an instant the Tramp opened the door and stepped out into the darkness.

The Minister, stopping in the midst of a sentence, rose from his chair, and striding toward the door, opened it and stood looking out. Almost immediately the approaching train thundered up to the station and stopped. As it did so the Funny Man, the Drummer, and the Silent Man, gathering up their baggage, prepared to leave, forgetting for a moment the Minister's unfinished story in their wonder at the strange actions of the Tramp and the Minister himself. When they reached the door and looked out they saw the conductor and some more of the train men lifting from between the wheels of the engine what seemed to be the lifeless body of a man.

"Another dead tramp," the con-

ductor said with a careless laugh, and as they bore him into the depot, where the light shone full upon him, it was easy to see that it was the same one who had gone out just before. They laid him on the floor, and the Minister, kneeling down beside him, brushed the hair back from the face and gazed at him earnestly for a moment. Then he looked up at the three other men of our narrative and whispered, "It is John Benton and he's been listening to a story of his own misdeeds to-night."

A number of the passengers, who had gotten off from the train when they heard that a man had been run over, gathered in the depot around the body, out of idle curiosity. Some one of them heard the whispered words of the Minister and caught the name "Benton." "His name is Benton," one or two called out in reply to a question from a man standing on the platform of the front car.

Immediately there was a scream from within the car, and a woman rushed out and made her way through the crowd into the depot. For a moment she looked at the mangled form of the tramp on the floor, and then with a piercing cry flung herself down beside him and raised his head in her lap. It was noticed that while she seemed to be still young, her hair was snowy white, and one in the crowd whispered to another that she was insane. The Silent Man turned a questioning look at the Minister. "Yes," the latter replied in an undertone, "it is Mrs. Benton. How did she happen to be here? God sent her."

The Tramp now half opened his eyes, looked up at the face of the woman bending over him, and as if trying to recall something, moved his hand over his forehead. Then raising a lock of the woman's hair to his lips for a moment, he sank back and his eyes closed again. It was only a faint, however, and in a few minutes he sighed deeply and opened his eyes again. The train was nearly ready to start now, and the Minister, after a short talk with the woman, whispered to the three men of our story, and together they raised the helpless Tramp and carried him into a car, the woman still keeping at his side. When the train reached Rosevale they tenderly bore him into the depot there, and then our story-tellers separated, the Minister staying at Rosevale, while the Funny Man, the Drummer, and the Silent Man, stepping onto the train again, were borne away.

Several years afterward, the Silent Man, happening to pass through Rosevale, thought he would stop and look around. He noticed that the ticket agent walked with crutches, and was astonished to find that his name was John Benton. A few hours later in the day, just at sunset, idly strolling outside the village, he came to a little grave-yard, and inside was standing this same man, while at his side was a woman with hair of snowy whiteness, but whose features no longer showed any traces of insanity. They were putting fresh roses upon a small gravethe grave of the little child whom the Silent Man had heard about in the Minister's story.

L. D. TIBBETTS, '96.

Bates Verse.

THE VIOLIN.

Flowers and a glitter of light, A shimmer of silks and laces, And a long room fairly bright, A-blossom with laughing faces.

A shivering music-sigh
Thro' the ripple of talk and laughter;
Like a wind it passed us by,
With a shower of wild notes after.

Then lo, by a winter sea We stood, and the storm was wailing, And the sea-gulls shrieked with glee In the track of the tempest sailing.

And a bell in the dark rang doom;— But as mist that a scene erases A silence fell, and behold, the room A-blossom with happy faces.

-M. S. M., '91.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

I prayed for light, for all Life's barren course Seemed filled with shadow—darkness gloomed around,

And Doubt walked on before, with deathly hand

Clasping my hand, and led my weary steps, Halting and stumbling through long joyless

Where poisonous weeds grow rank, and cold remorse

Sheds its sick perfumes, bitter e'en than Death. Yet still I prayed for light that would not come; And then from out the darkness and the gloom A voice as soft as summer winds at night

Spake in my heart, and seemed to breathe these words;

"O blind one, canst thou be from darkness led By one that loves the darkness—treacherous Doubt?

Thrust Doubt aside, and then before thine eyes Shall be revealed the blessed light of God."
I heard the voice; and gathering all my strength Let go the hand of Doubt and pressed him back.

Behold, a wondrous, joyous change was wrought!

For where before the way seemed filled with thorns.

Sweet flowers bloomed, and all the path around

Was brilliant with the light that God alone Gives to His children; then sweet music played, And smiling Faith, with words of loving cheer, Came to me, put her tender hand in mine, And led me on.

L'ECRIVAILLEUR, '9-.

LINES.

Ah! love 'tis, And faith 'tis, That makes a happy day.

May God's plans
E'en my hands
Work out, and Him obey.

Not Sorrow's cloud, Nor Death's shroud, Can make me tremble now.

To God's will, Up life's hill, I'll meekly, bravely bow.

The turning
No learning
Can teach of life's strange road;

But love 'tis,
And faith 'tis,
That lifts the heavy load.

-S. M. B., '98.

Evangelist Gale's visit to Auburn has proven a great blessing to Bates. He spoke to the students Sunday morning, February 23d, and met the ladies and men separately during the week following, and gave impressive talks. At the farewell service, in Auburn, the college was represented by Cutts, '96, who expressed the sentiments of all the students of personal gratitude for Mr. Gale's visit. Wonderful results have been seen already in our midst. Special meetings are being held each evening by the students, and, in a quiet way, they are endeavoring to induce others to enter upon the Christian life.

College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

"I reverently believe that the Maker, who made us all, makes everything in New England except the weather."—Mark Twain.

Are we to finish the term without a social?

Marr and Burrill, '97, are among the latest returned from teaching.

Miss Knowles, '97, acted as librarian during the absence of Miss Woodman.

A number of the boys exercised the franchise for the first time at the March election.

Bates is again in the Maine Intercollegiate Base-Ball League, and, we hope, to stay.

Flagg & Plummer have taken an excellent series of photographs of the gymnasium team.

"There are no rent lands—there aren't any rent lands—I mean there are no no-rent lands."

Why so many conflicting meetings at twelve o'clock? Let us have an understanding beforehand.

Several of the theological students have supplied lately at the Pine Street Free Baptist Church.

The Bates delegates to the Y. W. C. A. State convention were the guests of the Colby association.

Professor Strong has been making some exceedingly interesting experiments with the cathode rays.

We are glad to welcome among us M. P. Dutton of North Anson, who has become a member of '99.

Professor Angell was unable to meet his classes for several days last week, on account of serious illness.

Rev. C. E. Cate, of Portland, lectured before the theological students, February 28th, on the "Incarnation."

Rehearsals of the "Merchant of Venice" are going on daily. Everything points to a successful production.

Parker and Miss Houghton, '97, are teaching, the former in Greene, the latter as assistant in Monson Academy.

Cut not thy theme, for if you do Your mentor's wrath will fall on you: For know you, that the Prof. will say, "Where is that essay due to-day?" And if you say I cannot tell The Prof. will wreak a vengeance fell; And he will scale your rank to be, Down from its perch of A to Z.

While the flood detained Instructor Dinsmore across the river on the morning of the 3d inst., the Freshmen took a cut.

Bates students are constant and persistent attendants at all fires and freshets; the co-eds are especially interested.

A letter has been received from the Colby representatives on the debate, expressing thanks for their pleasant reception while in Lewiston.

President Chase lectured to the Sophomores on poetry last week. For two days, during Professor Stanton's absence, the Freshmen recited to him in Latin.

Recitations and society meetings were laid aside Friday out of respect to the

memory of Mrs. Stanton. The college classes sent flowers to the funeral.

The visitors into recitation have been quite frequent of late. Among them have been Professor Black of Colby, and Professor Dunton of the Lewiston High School.

Prof. (after an experiment)—"If it had been a thing animate instead of inanimate and in conspiracy to waste my time and yours, it could not have acted worse."

Mr. E. E. Osgood, of the Emerson School of Oratory, is drilling the Sophomores for their declamations at the end of the term, and once more the chapel rings with eloquence.

The Latin School ball team practice mornings in the college cage. They have many candidates for their team, and expect to have one of the strongest among the fitting schools of the state.

Dr. Summerbell's Sunday evening lectures are proving very popular. One more has been added to the course, to be given on the evening of March 22d; subject, "The Decline of the English Reformation."

Mr. Tukey, in behalf of the Class of '98, recently presented to the college a handsome crayon of Professor Hartshorn. The Professor accepted the portrait, in behalf of the college, in a graceful, off-hand speech.

Thomas, '96, and Durkee, '97, were the judges at the preliminary speaking of the Middle Class at the Latin School. Eight were put over to speak for the prize. The exercises of the prize division took place Friday evening, March 13th, at the Main Street Church.

The prizes were awarded to Dunham and White.

The Y. M. C. A. officers for the coming year have been elected as follows: President, Skillings, '97; Vice-President, Landman, '98; Recording Secretary, Tukey, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Toothaker, '98; Treasurer, Greeley, '99.

Extract from "Rules and Regulations," by Prof. S-g:

If some day it must happen that a victim must be found,

I've got a little list, I've got a little list, Of pestilential students who would well be

under ground,

And who never will be missed, who never will

be missed;

Of customary loafers who cut me day by day, The sum of all whose knowledge is the present tense of lay.

Of the catalogue of dunces who know not what to say,

Of the young and frisky co-eds, so frolicsome and gay,

Who bother me and pester me until my hair turns gray.

They'll dance another step when I the fiddle play,

When I read my little list, they'll not one of them be missed.

A question at present much discussed among the students is that of changing the time of the Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game from fall to spring, and substituting in the fall a foot-ball game between these two classes. In doing this Bates would be falling into line with other colleges and materially benefiting both the great college games.

Cunningham, '97, manager of the Athletic exhibition, is getting out a handsome souvenir programme. It is to be arranged along the lines of the Dartmouth-Amherst foot-ball souve-

nirs; designed cover, several cuts, programme, and advertising directory. The same ads., with different cuts, programme, and cover will also be used at the presentation of the "Merchant of Venice" next term.

We were favored with the presence of President Butler and Professor Black of Colby, at chapel the morning after the debate. The former conducted the exercises, and at the close gave a short friendly address, in which he congratulated us on our victory, declaring it well earned, and said that Colby would be prepared to beat us next year. His remarks were warmly applauded.

Since this number went to press we learn with deep regret of the death of our friend and prospective foot-ball coach, Edward M. Bowles. Mr. Bowles made himself a favorite at Bates through his strong individuality, his warm interest in the college and her foot-ball team, and his kindly manners to us all. Big Bowles, as he was called, had a heart as big as himself, and that is saying much, for a better specimen of developed manhood never walked Bates' campus. We shall miss his cheery voice and hearty enthusiasm next fall.

The enterprise of Bates co-eds was well shown by the Y. W. C. A. entertainment in the gymnasium on the evening of Washington's Birthday. The various booths were well patronized. Dignity was given the occasion by the presence of George Washington and wife, John Adams and wife, and Thomas Jefferson and wife. The feature of the evening was the Washington march, after which the distinguished visitors received for a short time.

Calendars containing a cut of the college buildings were on sale and served as a souvenir of the occasion. We understand an appreciable sum was realized for the association treasury.

The newly organized Building Fund Association has adopted a constitution and elected the following officers: President, Cutts, '96; Vice-President, Skillings, '97; Corresponding Secretary, Mason, '96; 1st Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Miss Morrill, '97; 2d Assistant Corresponding Secretary, Purington, '96; Recording Secretary, Miss Chase, '99; Assistant Treasurer, Cunningham, '97; Executive Committee, President and Vice-President, ex officio, Miss Mason, '96, Coy, '96, Milliken, '97, Miss Files, '98, Greeley, '99; Collectors, Howard, '96, Foss, '97, Landman, '98, Calhoun, '99. The treasurer of the college is treasurer of the association.

Mr. Ellis, a representative of the Maine Outings, a magazine devoted to Maine sport and published in Portland, was recently at the college to make arrangements for an illustrated article on "Athletics at Bates." His plan was to publish such an article on condition of procuring fifty subscribers to his magazine at the college. A committee of students was appointed to look after the matter, and we understand that the necessary subscriptions have been obtained. Mr. Thompson, '96, was appointed as regular correspondent for the remainder of the college year. While Bates has been decidedly misrepresented in this magazine of late, we are assured of fair treatment in the future.

WHE alumni will be pained to learn of the death of Mrs. Professor Stanton, that occurred Tuesday, March 3d, at eight o'clock in the morning. The funeral was held on the following Friday, attended by the relatives and the Faculty of the College. Selections from the scriptures were read by her pastor, Rev. G. M. Howe. Rev. G. S. Dickerman, D.D., a former pastor and personal friend, made remarks appropriate to the occasion and appreciative of the deceased. A fervent prayer was offered by Professor Hayes of the Divinity School. President Chase and Professors Rand, Jordan, and Files served as bearers. The remains were conveyed to the Riverside Cemetery and placed in the tomb. Many hearts have been touched by this sad bereavement, and many testimonials of sympathy and respect from within and without the college have been received by the afflicted family. A sketch of Mrs. Stanton will appear in the next STUDENT.

OUR VICTORY.

"δ'οὐχ ἄν ἐγὰ μυθήτομαι, οὐδ' εἴ μοι δέχα μὲν γλὼσσαι, δέχα δὲ στόματ' εἶεν,

ψωνή δ'ἄρρηχτος, Ψάλχεον δέ μοι ήτορ ἐνείη."

-ILIAD.

CITY HALL was filled with a goodsized audience on the evening of February 27th, when Bates and Colby inaugurated the era of intercollegiate debates in Maine. The few facts are soon chronicled; but a faithful record of the occasion exists only in the memory of those who attended. His

Honor, Mayor Noble, presided. Callahan's orchestra furnished the music of the evening. The college sat in a body at the front, and gave a decided inspiration to our debaters. prayer by Rev. C. A. Towne, the chairman read the question for discussion: "Resolved, that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 should be the financial policy of our government." A. S. Cole opened the affirmative for Colby, and her other speakers were Richard Collins and H. W. Dunn. Bates had the negative and was represented by C. E. Milliken, J. Stanley Durkee, and A. B. Howard. The speaking was done alternately by each college and the speakers were limited to fifteen minutes each. Rev. G. M. Howe was the impartial timekeeper. The Colby men were younglooking, and presented a pleasing appearance on the platform. Their arguments were crowded with statistics and were devoted largely to a defense of bimetallism. They all spoke rapidly and made no attempts at oratory.

The negative expressed the intention at the outset of constructing an independent argument, and adhered to this purpose throughout. Their admirable team work was a subject of remark. The arguments they advanced were characterized by careful delivery and forcible oratory. At the conclusion of the speaking, the committee of award, consisting of President Hyde of Bowdoin, Col. F. N. Dow and Hon. M. P. Frank of Portland, retired to prepare a decision. The conditions of award, as announced, were: Best presentation of side, logic, oratory, and delivery.

The committee was out but a few minutes. President Hyde's felicitous remarks, in rendering the decision, congratulated both sides upon the ability with which the arguments had been presented. He said that if the committee were omnipotent, they would have two medals struck, one of gold which they would present to Bates. and another of silver sixteen times as large, which should go to Colby, but as only one award could be made, it belonged to Bates.

The result was received with hearty applause by the audience, above which could be heard the enthusiastic and long-continued cheering of Bates men. Nine 'rahs were given for Colby and for each of her representatives, and lastly, as the audience filed out of the hall, "B-A-T-E-S," etc., sounded forth with a will. Our enterprising co-eds had arranged for an impromptu reception at Cheney Hall, to which we all went, and spent the time until midnight in enjoying our well-earned victory.

Woman's Christian Associations, at Northfield last summer, were strongly impressed while there with the need of some movement which would bring the associations of the state in closer touch with each other, this state having no state association. As a result a deputation meeting was decided upon, to be held at Waterville with the Colby Y. W. C. A.

Our hopes for the meeting were realized, when on February twentyeight, delegates from Hebron, Higgins and Coburn Classical Institutes, and from our own association, assembled with the Colby women in the college chapel. Eighteen of our girls attended the meeting, our delegation being much the largest. We were very cordially received by the Colby girls, who made our visit to Waterville a very pleasant one.

Miss Pepper, President of the Colby Association, opened the first session with an address of welcome. The afternoon was then spent in listening to reports from the associations and transacting business. In the evening we had the pleasure of listening to Miss Simms, General Secretary of the International Association, as she spoke to us of the power of college women when engaged in Christian work. Her address was followed by a stirring address by Dr. Butler on Christian growth.

The forenoon session was particularly helpful, especially the College Conference, led by Miss Simms, and the Bible Hour, led by Miss Teal, Secretary of the Portland association. The cabinet and committee work was discussed as fully as time would permit. Miss Teal brought out very plainly the importance of Bible study, and gave an outline of the work. Miss Nye, from Colby, read a paper on the Student Volunteer Movement, and Miss Miller, of our association, a very stirring article on Spiritual Awakening.

The forenoon session closed our first Deputation meeting. We returned with a stronger determination to do active, earnest work for our Master, and to consecrate our lives anew to His service.

MISS M. E. DOLLEY,

President Y. W. C. A.

Around the Editors' Valle.

E had expected to give to our readers of this issue a symposium upon an interesting subject, and one occupying the thoughts of a large number of students. We have delayed going to press, hoping that the articles would arrive in time, but are disappointed. We are assured, however, that we shall have them later, but may be forced to print them at different times. editors are more and more impressed with the fact that this life is a busy life, and men who have gained prominence, and keep it, are men who have toiled, and are to-day toiling unremittingly. There is no substitute for work. Brightest genius and rarest gifts shall only be known through long-continued toil. If sometimes the student at Bates is inclined to weary with the close work and steady application, let him remember that by this means alone can he hope to take his place by the side of those men who are scholars and masters. We are proud of the record Bates College has made for herself, in the face of great difficulties, and are proud of the success crowning her efforts to-day. But we must remember that only steady, persistent toil can bring us to the desired perfection of scholarship, and make us worthy representatives of our loved institution.

HE result of the Bates-Colby debating contest is not only very gratifying to us as Bates students, but it has lessons to teach us as well. Just as in case of defeat we should have

studied the causes which hindered us, in order to remove them if possible; so our victory will have double value if we notice some of the conditions which helped to make it possible. Thus having discovered why, as a college, we were successful, we can resolve to retain and improve the favorable conditions.

This debate should teach us in the first place the value of harmony. The sympathy between Faculty and students, the utter absence of class or society jealousy, and the unanimous, hearty support given by the college to her representatives, contributed in no small degree to the successful result.

But the most significant feature of the victory is expressed in the following extract from the Waterville Mail:

A member of the Colby Faculty, who witnessed the debate between the Colby and Bates representatives at Lewiston, counsels a revival of the old-fashioned debating club at the Waterville institution—and wisely. However scholarly a man may be and however well he may be equipped with facts and arguments, he is at a disadvantage in the presence of an opponent who has had the experience in debating before a large audience, which he himself lacks. We understand that at Bates this practice of public debating is followed faithfully, and, judging from the reports of the debate on Wednesday, it produces the best of results.

Beneath all the incidents of this particular debate the contest was between two different systems, and the result was a victory of literary societies over secret societies.

The value of the training in public speaking, which may be afforded by regular work in our literary societies,

This can hardly be overestimated. training means not merely increased power in debating, and increased strength for Bates in intercollegiate contests, but also a permanent advantage for Bates graduates in the competition of practical life. Training in public speaking is recognized as an essential part of education. Other things being equal, the man who has acquired the power to express his opinions clearly and forcibly before an audience has a great advantage in any department of life.

This power can only be gained by systematic practice, and the literary societies afford an ideal opportunity for such practice. A Bates alumnus said to the writer a few weeks ago, "If I had only realized while in college, as I do to-day, what an opportunity my literary society was offering me, I would have taken a greater interest in its work." This opportunity is before us as Bates students. Let us make the most of it.

E are sure that the whole college is glad at heart that Bates is back in the four-cornered Maine Intercollegiate Base-Ball League. It has been four years since there has been such a league, and during each year there has been some different arrangement through which the colleges have met each other, and yet could arrive at no definite championship. During this time, while there has been a decided advance in college base-ball, owing to the better coaching and more regular practice of the college athlete of to-day, yet there has been a distinct

falling off in the general interest of the student body which is the one thing that leads a college to success in athletics. We are sure that the league ensuring, as it does, regular competition and a fairly-awarded championship, will boom base-ball at Bates this spring. Bates took this step advisedly, for while the playing of the Bowdoin Medics was the root cause of the breaking up of the old league and for the cessation of which Bates has stood out, still it had come to a pass that we played a series of games with Bowdoin every year, Medics included, and it seems very little different winning or losing to her in or out of a league. Now we are in the league, the only thing to do is to keep up the standard of our teams while we were out of it, and at Commencement to have a pennant on our old flag-staff.

THE Students' Building Fund Association is, we believe, the first movement of the kind ever inaugurated at Bates. With a constitution adopted and officers elected, it has entered upon its round of existence. College life, no less than other branches of modern activity, is tending to over-organize itself, and we do well, before augmenting this tendency, to ask ourselves whether there is a definite need of a new organization, or, in other words, whether there would be a distinct loss without it. Our undoubted growth during the last few years abundantly argues the need. The question turns on the best way of meeting this need. It is not reasonable to suppose that any great gift is soon to fall to the college, for her patrons are too few; rather, whatever is realized, must be the aggregate of modest contributions. But to whom can we look to start such a fund? Bates' zealous alumni are at present occupied with raising funds for a chair of pedagogy; and while they would materially assist a building fund, once started, we cannot expect them to take the initial step. It is likewise hopeless to look elsewhere for pioneers; vet, we are persuaded that the friends of the college will generously respond to a movement that has an efficient organization back of it. Moreover, fresh laurels have placed Bates in a favorable light before the public, and the timeliness of such a move is apparent.

In view of these considerations, we think the existence of the Building Fund Association is amply justified and, further, is urgently called for. Its plan is to erect a building for the literary societies and Christian Associations, and to contain besides an assembly hall; for the students to take the initiative by securing pledges from those interested in the college and others whom they may, by personal efforts, interest. Subscriptions have already been received. The Executive Committee of the Association has had blank pledges printed, which may be had of them on application. These pledges stipulate that \$25,000 shall be subscribed before work is commenced. The fact that the treasurer of the college is treasurer of the Association, insures a competent and trustworthy management of its finances.

With the work of solicitation actually

begun, it behooves us, as loyal undergraduates, to give the organization our earnest support.

THIS season has witnessed the production of more student theatricals than any previous one in the history of American institutions. Almost invariably they have been given for purposes of aiding financially in worthy enterprises, and, contrary to the fears of a few over-anxious persons, do not signify that mere appearing before the footlights possesses any alluring attractions for the student. It is false and unjust, too, to suppose for an instant that training in elocution develops a longing for the stage. The production of student theatricals justifies no such supposition, but shows rather the willingness and unselfishness with which students assume the burden of additional and outside labor for the sake of some good cause connected with the welfare of their institutions. The stage, in itself, from the scholar's point of view, has no power to harm; an eminent American teacher says it may be as low as the bottomless pit or as high as heaven, reminding us that without it we should have had no Schiller and no Shakespeare, showing there is opportunity in it for what is noble, right, and pure. He says: "There is no book outside the Bible that makes sin appear so sinful as do Shakespeare's plays. Everywhere Shakespeare's power is tremendously moral. To fully appreciate his plays we must see them acted. He is always the favorite dramatist of the student, and the necessary study of interpretation

and labor of presentation on the part of those participating in producing the plays cannot fail to be educating and inspiring, which may serve in a slight degree as compensation for so much extra labor. Given as these student theatricals always are, before select, highly appreciative home audiences, we have all the conditions for the drama in its high and pure form.

N the old days the student was looked upon as having little intercourse with the world. Like the Clerk of the Canterbury Tales, he lived apart, forewent all pleasure, and cared alone for books and book-learning. More recently the student has appeared in exactly the opposite light. He is a privileged character, living a gay, romping life, uncontrolled by law or custom. To-day the idea of the student is different from either of these earlier views. No longer an ascetic, nor yet a lawless fellow, he is judged by the same standards as those about him. In becoming a student he does

not renounce all intercourse with the The same laws govern him that govern other people, and the same requisites for being a gentleman are demanded from him as from others. And yet there ought to be a certain barrier between the student's life and the life of the ordinary man. A successful college course means something of self-denial. We go to college for a particular purpose, presumably to improve our intellectual powers. To accomplish this purpose we must forego everything that stands in its way. We cannot expect to gratify every social desire, and to take the whole world in while going through college. The student must plan to spend a definite time in study. Those who are always interested in what is going on outside, and who are continually arranging for some new form of amusement, are the ones who overlook the real meaning of the college course. Social life, while desirable and necessary at its proper time, should never become a main end of the college.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

IN MEMORIAM. ANNIE V. STEVENS.

HE Class of '92 and the alumnæ of Bates College met with a sad loss in the death of Annie V. Stevens, which occurred February 14th, at her home in Lewiston. Few left a record in scholarship equal to hers. Endowed with unusual ability, and the capacity for thorough application, she easily attained that degree of excellence which marked her entire course.

The first year after graduation Miss Stevens filled acceptably the position of High School assistant in Hopkinton, Mass. In the second year she took a post-graduate course at Yale, intending to fit herself for a special teacher of English Literature and History. Last year she resumed her work of teaching, but finding her strength somewhat overtaxed, she returned to Lewiston for a little rest, as she supposed; but the fearful and insidious disease of consumption had taken a firm hold in her system, and from that time she failed rapidly.

Aside from her regular work as a student and teacher she found time for other duties and interests. She was a great reader, and always chose the best books. The historical novel was her lightest literature and afforded a favorite recreation. She gave some attention to music, and still more to that social circle of which her home and church formed a part. In short, any claim that her conscience imposed, her life acknowledged.

As we recall the college days we think of Annie Stevens as the close student, the careful and accurate scholar; but this is by no means the greatest tribute we can pay to her memory. Her sincerity of heart, far more than her depth of intellect, commands our admiration and regard. She had no desire to be politic. Whatever position she took she wished to be found there, and she was found there. Fearless in the extreme, no prospect of unpopularity made her waver in doing what she believed to be right.

She was quiet and reserved by nature, and only those who knew her well could appreciate her warm heart and kindly sympathy with any one in distress. These qualities, though quietly manifested, were very apparent to those whom she could help.

Such a life was full of bright possibilities. Her talents were an argument in behalf of the highest culture of woman. Their development must have won for her manifold opportunities for doing good. Yet our wise Father has seen fit to bring this promising life to a close, to leave to other hands her unfinished work. May that work not be left undone, but may the inspiration which a noble and useful life always leaves, fall upon those who cherish her memory.

V. E. M. F.

PERSONALS.

'67.—J. S. Parsons is a prosperous farmer and miller at Theed, North Dakota. His eldest son will graduate in June from the Law School of Michigan University.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford, D.D., editor of the Morning Star, has organized a "Morning Star Vacation Tour" to Europe during the summer of 1896. The trip is arranged by contract with Thomas Cook & Sons, the well-known excursion managers, and will be personally conducted by a representative of that firm. The party will leave Boston July 4th on the Cunard steamer Scythia, and returning, arrive in Boston August 25th. The tour will include England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Switzerland. Six days will be spent in London, five in Paris, and ten in Switzerland. Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, and Geneva are a few of the other places mentioned in the itinerary. Persons wishing to inelude Scotland and Italy can do so at minimum rates. Arrangements have been made so that the whole expense of the tour (\$355) may be defrayed by securing 325 subscribers to the Morning Star. This trip is arranged especially for those who wish to make the most of a short vacation. Doubtless many will improve this opportunity to see the noted places of the Old World in a short time and at small expense.

'74.—Rev. Charles S. Frost is traveling among New England churches, advocating the adoption of the tithe system of giving for benevolent enterprises.

'75.—The course of lectures in English Literature recently delivered in Denver, Col., by Prof. J. R. Brackett of Colorado University, has attracted much favorable comment.

'75.—Rev. N. S. Parmeter is residing in Stoneham, Mass. His health is so much improved that he is now able to preach regularly. For some time past he has been occupying the pulpit of the Free Baptist Church in Brockton, Mass.

'77.—R. J. Emerson, A.M., is superintendent of schools in Minot, Me.

'81.—H. E. Coolidge, A.M., is practicing law in Lisbon, Me., and is also superintendent of schools for that town.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass. '83.—L. B. Hunt is a prosperous

merchant at Gray, Me.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee recently read an interesting paper before the Maine Historical Society at Portland, on "The Colonial Days of Kittery." Mr. Frisbee is about to publish a history of his

ancestors back to 1497. Mr. Frisbee is connected with some of the distinguished old families of France and England. By reason of his ancestry he has joined the Huguenots Society of America, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Naval Order of the United States.

'84.—Rev. Aaron Beede contemplates a trip to Germany this summer.

'85.—E. H. Brackett is superintendent of schools in Canton, Mass.

'85.—Rev. M. P. Tobey is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Gilmanton Iron Works, N. H.

'88.—Prof. W. F. Tibbetts, of Hillsdale College, is pursuing a course of study in the Ancient Classies at Chicago University.

'88.—Miss Martha G. Pinkham is teaching in Lassell Academy.

'89.—H. E. Fernald, M.D., is practicing medicine in Pocasset, Mass.

'90.—H. V. Neal is instructor of Biology in Harvard University.

'92.—A. D. Shepard is superintendent of schools at Valley Falls, R. I.

Many Bates alumni have figured in the recent municipal elections. Hon. O. B. Clason, '77, was re-elected Mayor of Gardiner without opposition. Lewiston re-elected Mayor F. L. Noble, '74, by a handsome majority. N. W. Harris, '73, was elected Mayor of Auburn. In the Lewiston City Government for 1896 we find J. R. Little, '92, Councilman from Ward 1, and Prof. L. G. Jordan, '70, and F. H. Peckham, '72, on the school board. F. H. Briggs, '78, was elected a member of the Auburn school board.

College Exchanges.

VERY student, whether himself an athlete or not, cannot fail to be intensely interested in an article, "Revival of the Olympic Games at Athens," published in the February number of the Bachelor of Arts. The writer (J. W. Lang, ex-President Oxford, U. A. C)., has treated the subject of athletics in such a wise, strong, and comprehensive manner, and the institution of world-wide Olympic games so interestingly, that a single reading of the article is not sufficient. We quote from it these few brief sentences: "It is impossible to overrate the importance of athletic sports. Athletics alone can correct the vicious tendencies of the artificial nature of modern life, and it is pleasing to find that the growing sense of their value should have received its important practical application at the hands of the above-mentioned institutions. . . . The qualities which must be of every-day practice with the athlete are those to which the highest place has ever been assigned by mankind. It is a glory to a gentleman that he should possess a larger mind and a more highly developed intellect than the hoodlum, but it is a shame to him that the hoodlum should possess a broader chest and a more highly developed biceps."

The Brown Magazine, always a delightful exchange, opens the current number with "The Storied Pane," a long poem of unusual beauty and merit. We regret that lack of space forbids our quoting it entire, but we offer the following extract:

And now upon the pane, the moon, Bursting a veil of vapor, shone. And touched to life each holy form. A soft light melted thro' the room; It fell into the madman's brain And calmed his raging, soothed his pain. From dark soul-chambers, weird with gloom, It drove the stricken imps of harm. He looked up at the cross above, The holy agony of love, And as he gazed, he seemed to hear A whisper, breathing in his ear: "I loved the world and came to save It from an everlasting grave. Behold me dying, hated, curst, The spit upon, the vilest, worst, Yet from death's depths shall I return To bless e'en those who would me spurn. What is thy love? Up, man, arise! The veil has fallen from thine eyes, All men are beautiful and good, Search out the man, the womanhood, And thou shalt find Earth, Paradise."

-F. Severance Johnson.

In the Yale Lit, we read with much admiration and interest the Yale Lit. prize essay, by Cornelius Porter Kitchell, on "The Novels of Henry L. Sienkisniez." It is an example of vigorous, careful thought, and rare elegance of style. From the same number is the following:

THE AURORA.

In the frozen North, where half the year Is ruled by continuous night, There gleams a splendor beyond all ken; Now too keen for the eyes of men, And now a nebulous light.

Frozen and fettered the streamers rise, In an ordered, an ominous row. The moon in winter is not more chill, Nor steel more hard, nor death more still, Than the monarch who holds them so.

But see! they leap in fierce revolt, And struggle, and rage, and strain; The luminous streamers writhe and bound And wound the air with a voiceless sound As they tug at their icy chain.

But vain is the effort, and soon they rise In a ghastly, radiant ring. Their bonds are firm, and they may not forth, For the souls of men who have died in the North Are thrall to the Frozen King!

-Huntington Mason.

The college publications of the last month hardly eome up to the usual standard of excellence, owing to a dearth of poetry, yet we cannot justly complain if such is occasionally the case, for we realize that it is the few and not the many who are favored with a gift for writing good verse, and consequently the demands upon their abilities are often too many to be met.

LINES.

Life is one vast trackless desert Peopled by the wasting sands, Wind-swept, stormy, parched, and burning, 'Tis the realm the evil commands.

Yet within sin's arid kingdom God has placed the pilgrim's goal, And provides for man's salvation
In the oasis of the soul. —Brunonian.

Washington-Lincoln.

Two suns that shall be ever bright
Through all the endless course of years,
To guide the onward march of Right,
And wither Wrong when it appears.

— Bowdoin Orient.

The editor who always uses a large amount of acid in his ink is not one to be esteemed; nevertheless, when a thing boldly challenges criticism, should it be allowed to pass. Forbearing personalities, we take opportunity to note a few things we don't approve.

It seems hardly in good taste for an editor-in-chief to come out boldly in his editorial with a violent criticism on his assistants. Such things belong strictly to the private of the editorial sanctum.

It is also a matter of wonder how such a production as a certain poem entitled, "Alpheus and Arethusa," ever found its way into a college journal, for it dishonors not alone that one which first published, but the many which have since quoted it.

Our Book-Shelf.

HIS month brings to our notice its share of choice new books.

Professor Benj. W. Wells has recently written a pleasing work on *Modern German Literature*.¹ After giving a brief history of the early German writings, he introduces us to the great authors of the eighteenth century, describing their work and relating something of their lives. We meet Klopstock, Wieland, and Herder, spend some time with

Lessing, become well acquainted with Goethe and Schiller, pass onward to Richter, and meet as Germany's last great writer, Heine. The author has been especially successful in dealing with the fascinating Goethe and the sarcastic Heine. The reader is impressed with the individuality of these men. The chapter on "Faust" is clear and well worth study. The last of the book is devoted largely to

modern German fiction. We learn that Germany produces annually about twelve hundred novels, and as many as six thousand short stories. excels in the historical novel, but is weak in the social romance. This volume is written in an easy, graceful style. The topics are well chosen and are treated in an attractive way. The criticisms of the different works described are clear and interesting. The book is intended to meet the need of students who have not made German literature a specialty, but who wish to know the leading facts about it.

The new novel by Kate W. Hamilton, The Parson's Proxy,2 is unique and interesting, consisting more of narrative and dialogue than of descriptions. The hero, "Big Nate," is a rough mountaineer, who in a drunken frenzy has injured the parson. Feeling that he has broken his code of honor by striking a man not ready to fight, he resolves, after a severe struggle with himself, to atone for his misdeed by taking the preacher's place. In his effort to do this he becomes converted. And from this time, in his rough way, he is a great power for good, until he finally meets a tragic end while saving the parson's life. The plot is well worked up and is much aided by minor incidents. The heroine of the story, the parson's sister, is an attractive young lady, wavering between a society belle and a wholehearted, simple girl. She finally solves her fate by marrying an enterprising young man, who is building the railroad. The description of the "kinder weddin'" at the beginning of the book is very amusing. The whole story is vigorous and full of action, but its strength lies in the character of the hero. This novel is much better than the average modern story. Its moral tone is good.

Francis C. Lowell's Joan of Arc 3 is a critical, carefully written work. The Maid of Orleans has appealed so to the imagination and so many legends have gathered around her name, that an authentic history of her and her time is well worth reading. In this present work the author shows us the condition of France at Joan's birth. He tells us of her home surroundings and of her girlish habits. And then he takes us with her to the king, and upon the battle field, revealing what she accomplished for France. We read a faithful description of her captivity, her trial, and her final death. The author describes Joan, at her home in Domremy, as a "well-grown girl, strong and healthy, dark-haired, with a pleasant face and sweet voice," somewhat reserved in manner, and very faithful with her home duties and in her devotion to the church. Speaking of the revelations given her, he says: " Never did she suppose that God would work for her any unnecessary miracle, or that his commands would excuse her from using her best judgment in carrying them out." The description of the trial is especially valuable because coming from a lawyer. The book is written in a simple, straightforward way. The author states the facts, and allows the reader to draw his own conclusions. The maps introduced are very helpful.

¹ Modern German Literature. By Benj. W. Wells. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

² The Parson's Proxy. By Kate W. Hamilton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.25.)

³ Joan of Arc. By Francis C. Lowell. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$2.00.)

College Dotes.

The number of American colleges is 451.

Harvard has 250 men training for track athletics.

Yale and Harvard are to have a whist tournament.

Daniel Webster was editor of the first college paper in the United States.

Pennsylvania is about to have a dining-hall which will seat about one thousand students.

The Faculty at Pennsylvania have decided that no man shall play on the 'varsity nine who has ever played on a "summer nine." Seventy-five per cent. of last year's team will thus be prevented from playing again.

The New England Skating Association proposes to offer a silver cup for a triangular polo league between Harvard, Yale, and Brown, to be competed for during the present winter.—Ex.

About sixty years ago the so-called "Honor System" was introduced at the University of Virginia. Its aim is to improve the general standard of honor in examinations. Recently many of the Eastern colleges have followed this example with excellent results.

The University of Paris has over 7,000 students and no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no

college periodicals, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.—Ex.

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at school; one-third die from lack of exercise, and one-third govern Europe.—Ex.

"Lorna Doone" was voted the most popular modern novel by a majority of men taking the course in Modern Novels at Yale.

The Bachelor of Arts offers a prize of \$125 to its undergraduate subscribers for the best original short story of college life.

Columbia University is to have a new boat-house which will cost \$15,-000. It is to be erected on the Hudson River, and will be of classic style with colonial front.

The young ladies of Wellesley have voted to give up butter for a month and give the money saved by this means for the relief of the suffering Armenians.

The University of Michigan, second only to Harvard in numbers in this country, has selected a woman as a regular professor in that institution.

The United States Golf Association is trying to arrange between some of the leading colleges for next year.

The University of Chicago offers 1,086 courses, all departments included.

Wesleyan is to have a magazine edited by the Faculty.

Harvard has the largest attendance

of any American college, and the University of Paris of any college in the world.

There are 144 instructors in the University of Wisconsin.

Springs.

TREED.

A spruce young man adored a maid, His love she did decline; And this young man, so spruce before, Turned quick as thought to pine.

-- Scio Collegian.

-Ex.

FIN DE SIECLE.

"As Providence willed,
By her bicycle killed,"
'Twas thus her epitaph ran.

"In bloomers and cap, Through sad mishap,

She went to her death like a man."

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

She was standing under the mistletoe, I shouldn't have done it, of course, I know, For she wasn't pretty, 'Tis done in pity

When forty stands under the mistletoe.

Tho' I knew at the time it was out of place, And I did it, without the first thought of grace,

Yet I scarcely, you see, Expected to be

Arraigned in a Breach of Promise Case.

THE YALE PROM.

Oh, the dancing! Oh, the glancing!

Oh, the happiness entrancing! When the Prom. belles come.

Oh, the moaning!
Oh, the groaning!

Oh, the awful pawn-shop loaning! When the Prom. bills come. -Ex

When About to Propose.

If you're the least bit bashful,
And don't know what to do,
Go and consult your tailor,
He'll press your suit for you. —Ex.

THE SAME OLD GIRL.

"Where are you going, my pretty lad?"

"I'm going a-milking, miss," he said.

"May I go with you, my pretty lad?"
"Yes, if you wish, kind miss," he said.

"And what is your name?" asked the blushing lad.

"I'm the New Woman," she proudly said.

"How new might you be?" asked the pretty lad.

"That's none of your business, sir!" she said.

A CHANGE OF MIND.

He offered me his heart and hand,
Whereat I laughed and said him nay.
But soon I found that when he went
He took my happiness away.

And so I wrote a little note-

"Dear Jack," it ran, in sweet design,

"In love is't fair to change one's mind?"
"'Tis," he replied, "and I've changed mine."
— Tuftonian.

"Capital punishment," said the boy when the teacher seated him with a girl.—Ex.

AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

"The umpire called a fowl just now, But I see no feathers," said she.

"Um,—ah,—yes, the reason is 'Tis a picked eleven!" quoth he. -Ex.

AMONG THE COLLEGE BELLES.

The breezy one: She has four or five lovers at her feet all the time.

The envious one: Well, there's easily room for them.

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LEWISTON.

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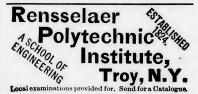
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BATES STUDENT.

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OPPORTUNITIES OF THE MINIS-

BY REV. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

WISH that I could bring young men in college to realize that everything that a man has in the way of sinew, scholarship, and mental grasp, he can make tell in the ministerial office. The greatest man that ever lived was a minister. The only profession or pursuit of which it can be said that its field is the world is the Christian ministry; and if you enter it you can fill just as large a part of that world as you have consecrated physical girth and sanctified insight and foresight

and intellectual grip to fill it and overmaster it with. It is a thing to aspire after, to long for, to tiptoe up to.

And the claims and splendid opportunities of the pulpit, let me say, will be still more clearly felt when you appreciate what the real province and scope of the Christian pulpit is; and this we can best do by putting the province of the preacher in comparison and contrast with that of the lawyer. The proper function of the lawyer is to interpret the will of the people as embodied in its constitution, laws, and statutes. The proper province of the preacher is to interpret the

will of God as embodied in scripture, history, and the human conscience. And as there is no phase of life, individual or social, with which the lawyer is not properly drawn into professional contact; so there is no phase of life, individual or social, with which the preacher is not properly drawn into professional contact. Wherever there is a question of "legal or illegal" there is room for the lawyer; wherever there is a question of "right or wrong" there is room for the preacher. fact that there are criminals and also men who do not understand the law, is what makes lawyers necessary. The fact that there are sinners and also men who do not understand what God's will is, is what makes preachers necessary. To understand the mind of God is then a preacher's first requisite, with all of holiness and loving-kindness that that mind involves, and his business as a preacher is to take that mind so known and interpret it and apply it in all men's moral relations to God and to each other. There is no limit to the thing, you perceive. It is the grandest opportunity that offers. The field is There is scarcely a questhe world. tion of general interest that has not in it moral elements. The pulpit has a level horizon with 360 degrees in it. All the great problems that are being discussed in these animated days grow out of a moral root; labor problem, wage problem, spoils problem, rum, negro, monopoly, tariff problems, silver problem, all of them have in them ingredients that can be calculated only from a basis of simple righteousness; and those problems will not be settled in a way to stay settled till the moral factor in each case has been brought out distinctly into the light, and the divine mind, so far as we know it, employed and applied in determining it. That does not mean that the pulpit is to go into politics,—one of the most disastrous things all around that a pulpit ever can do. It means that all these matters about which people are thinking, writing, and talking so much are of such a kind that when you have settled the matter of apparent expediency and the matter of legality, there remains something in regard to which the only question to be asked is, is it right? And we that undertake to preach ought to be so masters of all these questions that we can pick the moral thread out of the snarl, and be able to speak with an authority and an effect begotten of an understanding of the matter we are talking about.

I am sure any of our young friends who want to do something toward making the world better, but have counted out the ministry as not being quite up to the level of their ambition or genius, will discover that being a minister means a great deal beside giving out hymns and repeating moral commonplaces that everybody knows, and exhuming antiquated heroes that everybody is willing should stay buried. We are come now to an era of what some one has called applied Christianity, and its ministry feels its own relevancy to the moment. Now, my young friend, if you have got any sanctified genius there is room for it. You can be all that it is in you to be, and do all that it is in you to do, and still not come anywhere near to the limit of opportunity. If you have the spirit of Christ in you, you will have the whole world loaded upon you, and your ambition is not likely to go farther.

Raise, then, in your mind the question whether your talents are not of such a kind that you can best carry forward Christ's work of saving, helping, liberating, and upbuilding men by being a minister. Do not evade the question; and, on the other hand, do not force an answer. You cannot afford to make a mistake, because you cannot live here but once. Consider the breadth of the opportunities. Consider the breadth and quality of your endowments, and if opportunity makes the motion, and aptitude seconds the motion, then let God and humanity carry the motion, and the blessing of the Holy Spirit crown your ministry.

MRS. PROFESSOR STANTON.

By PROF. J. A. HOWE, D.D.

THE last number of the STUDENT contained the announcement of the death of Mrs. Harriet C. W. Stanton, which occurred after a long illness, on the morning of March 3d. By her death the students have lost a devoted friend. As long as her health permitted, she knew them personally, and was careful not to lose sight of them after they left college. Her interest in everything pertaining to their welfare continued unabated to the end of her life. It seems fitting that some account of her life and character should be given to the readers of the STUDENT.

Mrs. Stanton was born in the town

of Poland, spent her girlhood days in Minot, and after her eighteenth year had her home in Portland until her marriage and removal to Lewiston. She was the eldest of nine children. Two brothers and three sisters survive her. One of her sisters is the wife of Professor Howe of Cobb Divinity School.

In her youth, colleges for women were unknown; but she was early given the best opportunity the state afforded for the training of her mind. At ten years of age this country girl was reading Virgil under the tuition of her father, and was making corresponding advancement in other studies. a matter of local interest it may be mentioned that, for a short time, she attended the Lewiston Falls Academy. During all her school life she disclosed the rare quality and versatility of mental powers that won the admiration of her school-mates and teachers. She had a special aptitude for the languages. Of Latin, Greek, French, and German she had a thorough knowledge, to which was added an acquaintance with Italian, Spanish, and Hebrew. She was well versed in English Literature, and pursued some departments of it with careful and appreciative research until the last of her life. Mathematics with little persuasion laid bare its secrets to her brilliant mind.

Her superior intellectual qualities came to her by rightful inheritance from her father, Jabez C. Woodman, a prominent lawyer of Portland. He was a Bowdoin graduate of the class of 1822, and a classmate of Chief Justice Appleton and Professor William Smyth.

From her mother, whose maiden name was Louisa Rich, she received qualities that adorned her womanly nature, and gave to her person its sweet attractiveness. The blending of these intellectual and feminine qualities resulted in symmetry of mind and balance of character. Intellectual she was, but not at the expense of any other department of her being. This is especially true of her religious nature. All her gifts and acquirements were early hallowed by consecration to Christ. A sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Drummond, in Auburn, first led her to a full determination to be a Christian, a determination unshaken by any of the assaults of modern skeptical thought with which she kept herself fully conversant.

Thus equipped, this young woman was prepared for a more than ordinary career and service in life. The gift of good judgment that does not always accompany superior abilities she possessed in a marked degree, so that, through all her life, she was appealed to for its exercise in behalf of others. As the eldest child and sister, as the daughter at the head of her father's household for several years after her mother's death, as an aunt treated rather as a mother by all her nephews and nieces, as the trusted companion and helper of her husband, she was constantly looked to for counsel on a wide variety of subjects, and was ever honored for the soundness of her opin-Her powers and graces and strength were all freely devoted to her friends.

For a number of years she gave herself to teaching. In this work no one

could be more painstaking, more accurate, more thorough. Indeed thoroughness and accuracy characterized all that she undertook. It is significant that, in several instances where she went as a pupil, she was retained as a teacher, and that wherever she taught she was unwillingly released. Her last work in teaching was done at Waterville, where she was associated with the late Professor Hanson. For two years previous to this, she was preceptress of Maine State Seminary.

Here began the acquaintance that culminated in her marriage, in the summer of 1866, to Professor J. Y. Stanton. Since that time her life, with the exception of a year in Europe, has been spent in Lewiston. It need not be said how well fitted she was to be the wife of a man devoted to scholarly pursuits. She made her home attractive, and for its attractions and service rather than for those of society at large, she preferred to live. She gave its hospitality freely, not only to her personal friends, but to the students and graduates of the college. Indeed, Bates College has had for thirty years no truer friend. From the first she entered heartily into all the details by which its prosperity and character were secured. Only those acquainted with the burdens that, in those early days of its history, were heaped upon the faculty, can understand the burdens that came upon their devoted wives. During this period, Mrs. Stanton knew well how to be a helpmeet to her husband. Some of his studies she followed with an understanding equal to his own. His enthusiasm for Ornithology she shared with She examined unfaltering interest.

much of our literature on this subject, searched all the poets for their contributions to it, and was thus qualified for writing as scholarly and trenchant a piece of criticism as ever appeared in the pages of the Atlantic. [Poets and Birds: A Criticism—Atlantic Monthly, September, 1883; A Literary Curiosity-Atlantic Monthly, September, 1884.]

An unfinished manuscript on "The Birds of Palestine and New England," to which she had given much attention, sickness compelled her to lay aside. Other literary work of hers showing erudition, taste, and versatility, need not be mentioned here. It is not too much to say that had her physical strength been equal to her mental vigor, American literature would have laid honors at her feet.

Mrs. Stanton was never a robust woman. Slight in form and ever frail. she served her Master with the best use of the strength she had. She was a member of the Pine Street Congregational Church of this city. During the last years of her life, worship at the sanctuary she was in large measure compelled to forego; but not the worship of the closet and the home. To the circle of her friends she preached by her example, spirit, service, and gracious words, a faith that gives to motives their purity, to convictions strength, to character its unselfishness, and to life in all its conditions, aspirations for things above. Her sympathies went out for every good cause. In communion with the Father through our Lord Jesus Christ, she was taught fellowship with all the children of God and

with all the truth that brings society near to Him.

On such a life rests no shadow. From first to last it glows with saintly light. But the fading out of that light in this world leaves darkness in the hearts of those who have long rejoiced in it and through many years had their lives gladdened by its beneficent rays.

ZOE.

A Girl's Story. BY SADIE MAY BRACKETT, '98.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE.

A LITTLE town nestling among mountains that encircle it with an ever-changing line of blue; farmhouses scattered over bare, brown hills; one long main street, following the little winding river; other streets straggling away from this in many different directions, as the caprice of village life dictates—this is Curvo.

Down from the main street, in the lower part of the village, is an old bridge. High partitions separate the footpath and the carriage roads of this bridge. Above it is a dam, stretching between a bare white ledge on the one side and a huge boulder on the other. Over this dam the little river dashes and hurls itself with angry roar, and throws white spray high in air. A branch of the river, curving to the right, ploughs its way along the ledge and hollows out a road between the heaped up boulders, making for itself separate channels through which it hastens to join, beneath the bridge, the main course of the river.

The ledge has been washed bare of soil and polished by swollen currents through many springs and winters. Square cakes of ice, stranded upon the highest boulders by a recent freshet, lie sparkling and glistening in the moonlight.

Upon the opposite side an artificial wooden banking, built to protect the soil, forms a fitting framework for Jack Frost, the unsurpassed decorator of the North. A low bush, bending over the embankment, has been caught and deftly bound by crystal sheathings. Nearer the dam, fairy grottoes, lined with long icicle pillars, gleam in many colors of the rainbow,

Over all, the second moon of the month sheds a weird, ghostly light. The old year is fast passing, borne on the rushing current of the river.

Two figures slowly move along the narrow walk of the bridge and stop, as if to watch the old year out under the magic influence of moon and river.

One was enveloped in a long dark ulster, which, buttoned closely, showed his tall, graceful figure in clear outline. A strong figure, though slender, and the proud curves of head and shoulders betokened that self-respect and true dignity which is every man's birthright till he sells it. His attitude, as he bent toward the speaker, breathed reverence and loyalty to woman.

The girl was below medium height, and her dress, from the dancing tassel on her jaunty crimson cap to the little restless toe that tapped so impatiently the wooden planks, indicated the power to satisfy her artistic appreciation of the becoming. Beneath the crimson

cap and waving hair that would not stay in order was a dreamy, sensitive face, and dark eyes that were oftenest filled with yearning. They were wide open now, staring straight at the foaming river. Her voice was eager, almost pleading, as she said:

"You know I am too young yet, Paul. We must wait three yearsonly that. And I shall see so much, and learn so much, and you will have a settled practice then, and a little home. It isn't that papa doesn't like you; but he says I must be sure that I know my own mind, that I have known only you all my life, as if that would make a difference. I love you, Paul. You know that I love you, and I will come back to you in three years. But now I want to paint, to do nothing but paint for a little time. Papa has said you must not write to me, you must not come to see me. It is hard-I know it is hard"-here her voice broke, a little choking sob was heard, then silence.

Slowly the young lover raised his cap, and with his fair head bathed in the moonlight, exclaimed in a low voice, hoarse with emotion-"I cannot feel as you do. It is not for a little time. If your father was other than my benefactor, the man who gave me the place of a son in his household since I was a little child, I would rebel. But my hands are bound! You are passing from me forever-and my hands are bound! Do you think that once in the luxurious home of your uncle, the pride of his lonely life, you will be allowed to return and become the wife of a poor country doctor? Do you

think you will wish it? I have nothing to offer you. It would be selfish to bind you with any promise.—You are free."

He stopped, and then with his blue eyes full of pleading tenderness, and his proud lips losing their firm curves,—"But, Zoe! little Zoe! if you ever do wish it, be it three years or be it thirty, I will wait for you. I shall always wait for you, Zoe."

The great brown eyes of the girl overflowed, and holding out both hands toward him she whispered, "Paul! Paul!" and burst into sobs. He held her firmly an instant, then turned and with quick steps walked away, squaring his shoulders as if to resist some shock that threatened to overpower him.

The girl bowed her head on the railing of the bridge, then slowly disappeared in the opposite direction. And the little river came dashing and foaming over the dam, bringing in its arms the new year—for the old it had carried far out to sea and could never, never bring it back again.

CHAPTER II.

The three years passed very quickly for Zoe. The new life was full of happy hours at her easel under the guidance of an artist of real genius, with enough of success to dazzle and to rouse within her a strong ambition, and enough of failure to spur her on, increasing her realization of the years of hard, yet delightful labor before her. Association with brilliant men and women, whose ambitions and stand-

ards of judgment were so wholly different from those she had known before, bewildered her. What wonder that the memory of her lover grew dim; and the life of a poor doctor's wife less and less attractive!

Let us peep into her little studio and see what she is doing this winter's afternoon. The room is fitted up to please her own artistic fancy. Ceiling and walls are finished in deep cream tints with gilt mouldings, while the draperies, couch, and the tilings of the fire-place are a dull blue. Along one side of the room sketches and paintings are carelessly hung, some with their faces to the wall. In front of one of the large windows is her working easel; the frame of the other window has been built into a deep seat.

Here the young artist is sitting with cushions at her back, one foot curled up beneath her, the other swinging aimlessly above a soft fur rug. She is evidently dreaming, with her dark eyes fixed upon the fluffy snow-flakes that sink softly past the window in the dying light of the short winter day.

Suddenly she rises to her feet. "I must decide at once." She speaks earnestly. "I ought to write to Paul to-night. But what shall I tell him! Cella and Midge are coming at five. I will wait until they are gone."

She begins to clear away the brushes, bottles, and paints upon the little round table in the middle of the studio, and when she has finished she spreads a pure white doily in the center and places upon it an alcohol lamp and other preparations for cocoa-making.

Wheeling a low couch slantways

before the fire she places upon it the cushions from the window seat and spreads the fur rug before it. Then she shakes down the dull blue window draperies, and coming back to the fire, kneels down and starts it into a bright blaze that sends flickering shadows about the little room. A maltese kitten, wakened from a nap upon the couch, stretches itself and yawns, showing its little pink tongue, then lies down again.

Going to the row of pictures, Zoe selects one which has been hanging face to the wall, and standing it upon a low fancy easel, places it where the fire glow flecks the face of the picture.

"Do I love you more than this life, Paul?" she asks softly; and going out, shuts the door of the studio behind her.

The wavering light of the fire falls gently upon the boyish face and upon the little maltese cat curled up on the dull blue couch.

Half an hour later Zoe and her girl friends made a pretty picture before the fire. Midge was in an easy-chair at the left—a short fat girl with many freckles and an odd little nose that with her twinkling gray eyes gave a humorous look to her plain features. The little cat was purring energetically from the depths of her lap and watching the fire with the brightest of little bright eyes.

Cella lay at full length on the couch, her back supported by pillows. She was one of those languid, romantic girls who seem born to be served, a kind-hearted creature but spoiled by too much petting.

Zoe, very winsome in a soft gray tea-gown, was making cocoa. Soon, with much mock ceremony, she came and, kneeling on the rug, begged "Fair Queen Viocella" to taste the potion her humble servant had prepared.

The hours passed very quickly in mischief and laughter. They talked of many things in the mixed and broken fashion girls delight in. Bits of gossip and some sober discussion of the length to which the Bohemian life should be carried, aimless nonsense with occasional flashes of honest conviction, were mingled with plenty of "shop" talk of the last picture to create a sensation at the Museum, the comparative merits of other pictures, etc., etc. By and by, grown to a confidential mood, Zoe sitting on the rug nestled close to Cella, and Midge dropped the kitten and came to sit beside her. Suddenly, Cella broke the

"Oh, Zoe! you can't guess what I heard Hennerby say of you yesterday. It made me quite envious."

"Tell me quick. He is so severe in his criticisms. I tremble when he comes to look at my work. But I like him. His genius awes me."

"He is far the best artist in the Museum, but he has no patience," said Midge. "What did he tell you about Zoe?"

"Well, he said that she had ability in producing natural effects, sincerity he called it. He said that she was ignorant of anatomy, but that her conceptions were remarkably truthful; and that her charcoal sketch of the little match girl who posed for us Tuesday was wonderful."

"Cella, you are a base flatterer. What is the real foundation of all that fine speech? What did he really say?"

"He really said, fair infidel, just what I tell you. I quoted nearly word for word. You have a career before you, my child. Some day when you are a second Rosa Bonheur, Midge and I will be proud to remark when your name is mentioned, "Oh, yes, an old friend of mine at the Museum."

"Um! how entrancing! and when I hunt you up, dressed in cowhides, etc., à la Rosa Bonheur, I shall find a haughty duchess of some great estate or other, sending a servant to dismiss the presuming creature, not even letting me paint your favorite horse."

"Don't you think it!" said Midge.
"Cella is not such a goose. If she was
a duchess there would have to be a duke,
and Cella could never endure that."

"Bah! no," said Cella, shrugging her graceful shoulders, "I have no use for a man." More nonsense along this line followed, then Cella exclaimed:

"Oh, girls, let's always live together, take an oath of celibacy, and help each other to climb. We seem to fit in, some way. Zoe is the sugar, and Midge the spice, and—"

"Cella the stuffing—excellent compound. Agreed," laughed Midge.

"Wretch!" cried Cella, pinching her gently. "What do you say, Zoe?"

"Oh, I don't know-I-"

"Zoe!" exclaimed both girls at the same time. Cella leaned forward and, placing her fingers beneath Zoe's chin, lifted the sweet face now covered with blushes and scrutinized it fearfully, as if looking for the marks of a deadly disease; then she sank back with a groan.

"It's all over with her," she sighed. Midge sprang to her feet and, seizing an old-fashioned pair of tongs, brandished them fiercely, exclaiming:

"Who has dared? Breathe the

"Don't," said Zoe, "What a fuss you girls make over nothing. You are frightening my poor little cat into a fit. Come down to the music-room and play a merry jingle to drive away this absurd nonsense."

The girls followed her, laughing; and also the little maltese cat, whisking through the door just in time to save her long fluffy tail from a pinching.

Late that night the letter to Paul was written.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bates Verse.

DAFFODILS.

They wove a wreath for the Year, Wild harebells and roses sweet, Fair Summer bound with the golden-rod That Autumn laid at her feet.

Then Winter, the wizard, wrought Strange blooms of his icy breath,

And sadly twined with the flowers of love The white, white lilies of death.

But up rose the fairy Spring,
And stayed she his fingers chill,
While she set on the brow of the sorrowing Year

Gold stars of the daffodil.
—M. S. M., '91.

BOAT SONG.

Ripple, ripple from the shore, While I ply the guiding oar, Airy boat,

Lightly float
O'er the silver stream
Where the sparkles gleam.

Ripple, ripple past the grove Lightly rocking in the cove, Gently sway All the way,

O'er the shining tide, Speeding in thy pride.

—'99.

MAY-FLOWERS.

For weary months the cold earth lay Within its cold white shroud entombed, Spring stooped and kissed the frozen sod, And lo! these lovely flowers bloomed.

They grew where winter's chilling snows Had earliest left the forest slope, As through the shadows of despair Spring up the blessed flowers of hope.

A year ago to this same place I came to find these flowers of spring: O buds of May, what changes bright, What hopes, what fears a year may bring!

Yet you are still the same to me— The same as when in childhood's hours I searched the sun-kissed hillsides o'er, And called you spring-time's fairest flowers.

And may you ever give to me
The same delight that first you gave—
We change so soon—the old delights
That seemed immortal cease to live.

And may I ever love to tread These paths that Nature's steps have trod, For those that love God's glorious works Cannot be far from loving God.

-L. D. T., '96.

ARBUTA, A CHILD OF MY SOLITUDE.

Her face is an evening primrose Whose sweetness is known by few. Her eyes are like shy, blue violets Dipped in the angel's dew.

Her form is as supple and upright As a birch in its first white dress. At dusk comes her presence before me, Breathing new loveliness.

Arbuta's heart is a temple,
An holy and humble abode,
Where the Dove is enshrined in His
beauty,
Content as where Jordan flowed.

-S. M. B., '98.

College News and Interests.

BRIEF OF PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT-Y. M. C. A.

By J. B. Coy, '96.

THE following statistics and suggestions, taken from the report on last year's work, and given here at the request of the new administration, are presented with the hope that the progress thus indicated will inspire a wider interest and corresponding greater progress in the year now opening.

The advancement of last year is best indicated by comparing its figures with those of the preceding year. The amount of money raised during the year, a new committee having been appointed for the purpose, was \$153.69, to \$191.26 raised the previous year; the total outlay, \$136.53 to \$98.13. The amount used for the Northfield delegation was \$93.73. The year before it was \$50.10. A year ago there was \$6.34 in the treasury; at the beginning of this year, \$23.50, leaving \$17.16 more with which to begin the Northfield fund, than was available a year ago. We emphasize here the importance of Northfield, because at this

conference were received the new ideas and impulses which have taken effect in the different departments of our work for the past year.

In addition to the work previously done for new students, last year the committee remodeled the hand-book, organized the forces of the Association to meet new students at the trains, and prepared for the Freshman reception earlier in the term than usual, making thereby the work and interests of the Association primary. As a result of this work and the efforts of the Membership Committee, 20 new members were received from the Freshman Class, 15 active and 5 associate. From the Class of '98, 6 men joined, 5 active and 1 associate, making in all 18 from that class, and increasing the membership of the Association from 58 at the beginning to 70 at the close of the year.

The statistics of the religious meetings show the increase in religious interest. The attendance at the Sunday morning meetings was, on the average, 26, three times as many lacking one, as the average of the previous year. The attendance of men at the union meetings was 30; the year before it was 18. Special meetings were also held, 18 in number, with an average attendance of 42. The results of the religious meetings cannot be measured by numbers. By means of these and the other efforts attending them, including the increase in Bible study and prayer, a deeper spiritual life is attested by all. New joy has filled our hearts because of the new voices in our midst testifying of Christ. Ten of the leading men in college have taken a stand for Him, making in all 75 Christian men, 30 more than one year ago, all moving forward in this worthy and glorious cause. With all these encouragements, ought we not to expect even greater results in the coming year than in the past?

Two things are desirable, first-that the members of the Association give the most loyal and hearty support to the present administration; second-that every man in college be interested enough in this work to do for it all he can consistently. There is one respect in which all in a degree can aid. The Association, as appears from last year's experience, needs financial aid. \$35.18 of the Northfield fund was given by the delegates themselves. Cannot this fund be increased this year by each man in college giving a small amount in addition to the larger amounts which the delegates will be willing to contribute? It is by this increased aid that the Association can in turn become more helpful. We trust that in this respect and in all others there will be, during the year, between this and the other organizations and interests, a stronger mutual helpfulness; that not only will the work of the Association be more prosperous, but in studies, literary achievements, and athletics, will prevail, more than ever, the spirit of Christianity, of enterprise, and of excellence which in a marked degree have recently characterized our college.

Compulsory attendance at chapel exercises has been abolished at the University of Missouri.

LOCALS.

Emrich, '91, paid us a visit during vacation.

· A new piano has been placed in Cheney Hall.

Miss Houghton, '97, is teaching at Monson Academy.

Many of the students will take to wheeling this spring.

The marine artist can pitch his studio at any street corner nowadays.

John Stafford of the Lewistons has coached the ball team for the past two weeks.

C. C. Penley of Auburn has returned to college and entered the Class of '99.

Professor Strong recently conducted a party of Juniors through the electric light station.

President Chase has returned after a successful winter's work in Boston and elsewhere.

Professor Strong exhibited X-rays to the Maine Methodist Conference held recently in Auburn.

Bolster, Cutts, and Stanley have been appointed as officials at the M. I. A. A. field day at Waterville, June 13th.

'97 is glad to welcome back Miss Twort, who has been kept from college during the past year by trouble with her eyes.

Professor Rand spent the vacation in the vicinity of Boston, visiting in particular the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

As we go to press, we learn with deep regret of the death of Rev. Dr.

Fullonton of the college. We shall present a sketch of his life in our May number.

In the death of Hon. Horace C. Little of Lewiston, Bates loses one of her staunchest friends. Mr. Little always felt a warm interest in the college, and has held important positions in her executive board.

At the instance of the alumni and alumnæ associations, as a mark of affection and respect, Professor Stanton's recitation room has been beautifully refitted. In addition to the tasteful finish the walls are ornamented by pictures of classic interest, and busts of Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Sappho. A new chair and desk have also been placed in the room.

The Athletic Exhibition, given in City Hall, March 20th, was a success from both a critical and financial standpoint. The Athletic Association realized a neat sum toward the payment of its debt. The cup offered by the College Club for greatest excellence in class drill was won by '97 in its broadsword drill.

The annual meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association was held at Brunswick, March 7, 1896. The colleges were represented as follows: Bowdoin—Dana, '96; M. S. C.—Dillingham, '98; Bates—Boothby, '96; Colby—Pierce, '98. Officers for the ensuing year were elected—President to be elected by Bowdoin; Vice-President, Dillingham of M. S. C.; Secretary, Stanley of Bates; Treasurer, Pierce of Colby. It was voted to hold the spring tournament in Portland,

June 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, and all arrangements were left in the hands of the president of the association.

There has been some misunderstanding in matters pertaining to the Debating League. It is now decided, however, that Bates will not meet Tufts, as the latter college has withdrawn from the league altogether. Therefore the Bates representatives, Howard, Cutts, and Durkee, will meet Boston University men in Boston, April 23d, at Faneuil Hall. A large party of students will accompany the debaters.

The following is the cast of characters of the "Merchant of Venice," given April 17th, in Music Hall:

Shylock,							R. L. Thompson.
							. G. W. Thomas.
Antonio,							O. F. Cutts.
Gratiano,							G. E. Poor.
Lorenzo,							. R. B. Stanley.
Salanio,							A. T. Hinckley.
Salarino,							. E. W. Collins.
Duke of \	7eı	ıic	e,				J. A. Marr.
Tubal, .							. D. M. Stewart.
Old Gobb	ο,						. H. T. Gould.
Launcelot	,						F. H. Purinton.
Portia, .					M	iss	Alice E. Bonney.
Nerissa,					N	lis	s Ina V. Flanders.
Jessica,				N	Iis	s N	laude A. Vickery.

The play was a financial as well as an artistic success, and according to the press. one of the best amateur productions ever given in this city.

On the last Wednesday of the winter term the Sophomores spent a pleasant afternoon with Professor Stanton and a few friends, reading their winter sketches, and presenting their lists of winter birds. R. F. Springer, '95, W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95, and A. B. Hoag, '96, served as judges for the winter sketches, awarding the first prize to

Mr. Henry Hawkins, the second to Mr. Frank Pearson. Among the ladies. Miss M. S. Garcelon received the first prize for the largest list of birds seen during the winter months, and Miss M. B. Maxim the second. No decision could be made with reference to the prize for the young men, owing to the fact that the three best had seen an equal number. Mr. Bruce also had a large list of southern birds. At the suggestion of Mr. Bolster, the four, Bruce, Costello, Toothaker, and Wells, were given vacation week in which they were to settle the contest by making new lists.

The prize division of the Sophomore Class declaimed on Thursday evening, March 26th. The programme:

The Stability of our Republic.-Garfield.

F. U. Landman.

England and America.—Thomas.

F. Pearson.

The Unknown Speaker.—Anon.

O. H. Toothaker.

Romola and Savonarola.-Eliot.

Sadie M. Brackett.

"De Valley and de Shadder."—Edwards.

Adah M. Tasker.

Skimsey.—Stoddart. Affie D. Weymouth. Eulogy on Hamilton.—Anon. T. S. Bruce. The Wreck of the Arctic.—Beecher.

J. F. Brackett.

Address to the Memory of Garfield.—Depew. J. P. Sprague.

The Spectre of the Falls.—Murray.

Ellen W. Smith.
The Roman Sentinel.—Florence.

The Uncle.—Anon. W. S. Parsons.
Julia F. Leader.
Apostrophe to the Bishop of Beauvis.

—De Quincey. A. T. Hinkley. The Spanish Mother.—Anon.

Persie L. Morrison.

The committee of award, Rev. H. R. Rose, W. B. Skelton, and Mrs. L. G. Jordan, presented the ladies' prize to

Miss Smith, the gentleman's to Mr. Parsons.

Just as we are going to press, the good news comes that our debaters have defeated Boston University, and the championship of the New England League comes to Bates. The whole college is rejoicing over the victory. Full particulars will be published later.

Manager Thompson of the base-ball team presents the following schedule for the season of '96:

April 23-N. H. State College, at Lewiston.

April 25-Lewiston, at Lewiston. April 29-Portland, at Portland.

May 2-Murphy Balsams, at Lewiston.

May 6-Open.

May 9-Open.

May 12-University of Vermont, at Burlington.

May 13-University of Vermont, at Burlington.

May 14-Vermont Academy, at Saxton's River.

May 15-N. H. State College, at Dover.

May 16-Exeter, at Exeter.

May 18-Maine State College, at Lewiston.

May 20-Colby, at Lewiston.

May 23-Bowdoin, at Brunswick.

May 27-Open.

May 30-Tufts, at Lewiston.

June 4-Bowdoin, at Lewiston.

June 5-Maine State College, at Orono.

June 9-Colby, at Waterville,

June 11-Worcester Polytechnic Institute, at Lewiston.

The annual Senior Exhibition occurred on the evening of March 27th, in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The parts were all of a high order of excellence. The following is the programme:

Silent Eloquence. R. D. Fairfield. Seeing Dependent on Being.

Miss Gracia Prescott.

Developments of Photography.

R. L. Thompson.

Beacon Lights. Miss Alice E. Bonney. The True Standard of National Greatness.

G. W. Thomas.

Passion's Responsive Chord.

Miss Ina M. Parsons.

Madame Tallien. A. L. Kavanaugh. Limitations of Knowledge.

Miss Gertrude L. Miller. O. C. Boothby. Political Melancholy. Originality. Miss Edna M. Hunt.

The Evils of our Currency System.

A. B. Howard.

The Symphony of Life. Miss Flora A. Mason.

WILL IT NEVER CEASE?

"Are you the 'Board?" the Freshman asked, And then, with an air like a lord, He presented 'An Ode to the Chapel Towers'. Said the editor, "Yes, I'm the bored." -Bowdoin Orient.

First theological student-" I have found out what the wild waves are saying." Second theological student -" Is that so; what is it?" First theological student—"Let us spray."

-Ex.

MY VALENTINE.

The postman smiled, with look benign, And handed me a valentine: Throughout my heart there went a thrill, And from my lips there came a trill Of music. 'Twas from Clementine, This large, this lustrous valentine, This quaint, this curious valentine; My life was vain, indeed, until The postman smiled.

I tore it open, read a line, But shades of Bacchus, god of wine, Throughout my heart there went a thrill; It was my last week's laundry bill; A curse on old St. Valentine.

The postman smiled. -Tennessee University Magazine.

Around the Editors' Valle.

OUR number opens this month with an article written expressly for the STUDENT by Rev. Dr. Parkhurst. We hope to follow this during the year with other contributions from prominent men. The object of this series of articles is to bring the students of Bates into contact with some of the leaders of the day. This purpose is in harmony with the increasing tendency among college students to reach out beyond curriculum and text-books and strive to learn lessons from the experience of successful men of our own time.

That a man like Dr. Parkhurst should find time to write for our college magazine is a great source of gratification to us as students of Bates. We should prize his contribution as a special message to us from a noble and successful life.

HE attention of our readers is also directed to another feature of this number—the symposium under the Alumni Department.

"How can I make the most of my college course" is the vital question with all of us. To the thoughtful, earnest student the answer involves much perplexity. Boundless opportunities seem opening out before him, and yet he can grasp only a few. What shall he attempt? and what leave untried? How far can he be broad without being superficial? What are the essential things which will help most in the actual work of life?

To help in the solution of some such problems is the object of this symposium. Experience is said to be the best teacher, but in this case the testimony of experience comes only after the opportunity has fled; we find out what we should have done in college only after we have gone out into the world and our four years of opportunity have gone.

We may, however, learn from the experience of those who have been students and are now successful men, victors in the actual struggle of life; and thus, combining their experience with our opportunity, we may hope to use the latter wisely.

LSEWHERE in this issue will be found a summary of the work done by our Y. M. C. A. during the past year. It merits a careful reading by all. The progress of Bates, in this branch of its activity, has been commensurate with that made along other lines. Probably no single year of the Association's history can show a record of greater usefulness. In financial receipts and outlays, in membership and in evangelistic work has the advance been most marked. The number of Christian men in college shows an increase from 42% to 65%; the membership of the Association from 54% to 60%. In proportion as the Association is alive and aggressive is it conscious of its needs and ungrasped opportunities, hence the recommendations which the report contains.

The quickened religious life which the past term has seen must be attributed in no small measure to the aggressive policy of the Association. ligion has been given a primary place in the daily life. Prayer and thought are more generally recognized as the essentials of a robust Christianity. This augurs much for the future. Given a high religious tone, and many difficult problems of college life are solved; sound scholarship and athletics are the sure gainers. For the Association to continue the same efficiency the coming year two things are necessary. First, the quite prevalent illusion must be dispelled that upon the officers of the Association falls the entire responsibility. Secondly, every Christian man must be clearly convinced that he has a share in the work to be done. Let this condition be met, and the future is bright with promises.

IN our college work almost nothing is left more to the option of the student than the use he will make of his note-book. The teacher perhaps requires him to take notes on certain lectures and to keep a record of certain investigations, and that is all. Further note-book work is left to the individual choice. And the student who makes his note-book something more than a mere machine finds extensive use for The real idea in it should be that of a supplement to the text-book. It is a book in which to take down what one wishes to remember and does not have in convenient form. In every recitation there should be need of such a book. We often hear it said that under a good teacher one recitation lost can never be fully made up. And this is because the teacher brings so much into the class that is new to the student or that helps to make the thought of the lesson clear. Here, then, the student who studies as an investigator finds an important use for the note-book. And such a book, if kept in an orderly and neat manner, will be of great value for reference, and will prove very helpful in teaching the study.

QUESTION which seems to be facing New England colleges just at present is that of an honor system in examinations, the idea of which originated at Princeton several years ago, where such a system was adopted and has since proved highly satisfactory and pleasing to faculty and students alike. A few colleges have already followed this example and the question of doing so is now being seriously agitated at Dartmouth, Yale, Amherst, Williams, and many smaller colleges. matter which may well solicit the earnest attention of students, for, however reluctant we may be to acknowledge it, the standard of honor through examination week is not always what could be wished. There may be other and better remedies for this evil than the adoption of an honor system, socalled, which is a voluntary movement on the part of the students to co-operate with the faculty in maintaining strict honesty through examinations. This does not involve a course of spying, but places every student on his honor toward every other student as toward a member of the faculty. We feel thankful that at present *Bates* feels no very urgent need of such a device as this system, yet it may be not unwise to consider its merits and demerits while they are being so generally weighed.

S spring approaches and the snow grudgingly melts away, we all turn our thoughts out of doors to consider our athletic outlook here at Bates. Nothing comes harder to most of us than to see a reputation once earned slip away, and there is nothing of which a man is more jealous than of the prestige of his college in athletics. Soon the striped sweaters, duck trousers, and airy running suits will be everywhere on the campus and all our talk will run to base-ball scores, tennis chances, and the ability to get there of our field and track athletes. Our last spring's record on the diamond and court was such that it will take our very best efforts to equal it; our work at the Waterville field day was also of a character which will be hard (we hope) to reproduce. When 'Ninety-five left college she took with her a fine group of athletes whose

places are extremely difficult to fill; but if the new men turn out with a will and the student body, young men and ladies too, give the teams hearty encouragement and support, we shall have many a jubilation this spring. In this connection we would like to quote from a letter recently received from a prominent Boston alumnus: "Make things hustle at Bates this next term. I would like to urge one thing upon Bates men and that is that they be very careful in their treatment of visiting teams. I know the warmth of the undergraduate feeling between Bates and Bowdoin; but it savors too much of preparatory schools to cheer our opponents' errors and to make personal remarks to the players. Bates can never get ahead of Bowdoin nor can Bowdoin get ahead of Bates in working up "gags" on the other, but the college that first ignores such dirty little flings as "Bates Academy" is sure to be the winner in public opinion. A preparatory school standard has existed since I can remember in the cheering of the colleges, and it will be to our credit if we can raise it to a college standard."

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

THE entire department is given up this month to a symposium among prominent alumni on the following question: In view of your experience in life, what changes would you make in your methods of study and reading if you could repeat your college course?

This symposium will be continued in

the May number of the STUDENT, and others of a similar nature will be published during the year.

The alumni editor wishes to take this opportunity of expressing his thanks to the alumni who have so cordially responded to his requests for contributions.

To the Editors of the Student:

YOU ask me a hard question—In view of my experience in life, what changes would I make in my methods of study and reading, if I could repeat my college course; and I must answer it with two hundred words, harder still.

Evidently you are after a series of "confessions;" I am willing to make mine if it will do any one any good.

- 1. My first change would be to make sure that I had a method, and that I followed it. Away back in the seventies, when I was at Bates, the besetting sin of many of us was lack of any method whatever, and careless, unbusiness-like habits of both study and reading. A method is nothing more nor less than a habit, and if I were to repeat my college course, I would try first of all to get firm mastery over myself, both morally and mentally, so that my will would execute what my conscience commanded.
- 2. I take it that the prime duty of a student is to master the work which is given him to do from day to day, and he cannot do it unless he is methodical in the use of his time. I would not study for rank. I never did. But I would study for knowledge, and as a matter of honor between myself and my instructors, and I would put my whole self into every day's work. I believe it is an altogether false notion that a student can afford to neglect his regular work for anything else under the sun. But I think many college students do neglect it, and that they suffer for it all through life. The truth is, the best thing a man gets in college is character, force, manhood, ideals, self-mastery; and the man who gets

these, or finds himself in the way of getting them, is bound to succeed later on. I would enter heartily into recreation and college sports. I would cultivate the social side of life; but I would put first things first and keep them there.

3. I would be just as strict with myself in the matter of reading as in study. I would not read for pleasure, merely, nor simply in order to find something to help me in a coming essay or debate. I would read in order to come into fellowship and companionship with the great and good of all time, to become familiar with "the best that has been thought and said," which is Matthew Arnold's definition of literature; in order to get into my very soul "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," which is Milton's definition of a good book. I would not trust to my own unaided sense in finding these, but make all the use possible of teachers and fellow-students.

In short, if I were to repeat my college course, I would make a much more deliberate and careful effort to live up to my ideals, to get possession of myself, to get the power of application, to get a sound judgment, respect for my own thoughts, and ability to express them with force and clearness.

Yours sincerely,

F. W. BALDWIN, '72.

ORANGE, N. J., April 2, 1896.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

HOUGH it is true that we all have to earn our living by the practice of a specialty, yet I distrust those systems of study which lead toward specialization early in the college course.

Restored to youth and to Bates, I would again be a browser in the college library; I would seek out there my literary affinities and form as many as possible of those whole-souled and wholesome book friendships which I now know to be a source of unfailing happiness,proceeding in the main and for honesty's sake along the line of my real sympathies, yet not disregarding the consensus of wise opinion as evidenced by true fame, and always feeding along the northern limit of mental sustenance and enjoyment.

George Herbert Stockbridge, '72. NEW YORK, March 26, 1896.

Editors of the Bates Student :

T should be one of the conditions of admission to college that a young man must have determined what his occupation in life shall be. Much valuable time and a great deal of energy is wasted in drifting. I am convinced that some day such will be the universal requirement, and that men will be trained along the lines of their intended profession.

Under the system now generally obtaining, the curriculum means a course of study having for its object chiefly mental drill. This is valuable and should be neither underrated nor neglected, but hand in hand with it must go the wise and free use of the college library, if the full value of college life is to be obtained.

Eight hours a day of study, reading, and thought will in four years make a man master of his text-books, the general and political history of his country, and the literature of his intended profession.

Without all these his success is always problematical.

Were I to repeat my college course I would follow rigidly the salutary rule of eight hours to sleep, eight to recreation and public and social duties, and eight to honest thought and books.

Wasted time is usually the measure of difference between success and failure.

STEPHEN A. LOWELL, '82. PENDLETON, OREGON, March 25, 1896.

N the Classics and in Mathematics I know of but are know of but one method of study. You know its homely name. It is hard on the books, but good discipline for the mind. In Physical Science, always inviting the seeking of "a newer world," for analytical, comparative, and experimental work, Bates fortunately has better facilities than when I was there, and the student will do well to make full use of them. For the trained mind they open the way to large fields and broad ranges of possibilities worthy the choice of a vocation, though the regular professions be not crowded. In metaphysical science I would be less limited to the text-lessons and more of an investigator. In fact, I would have the last year's work at least half elective.

In the study and reading of history (epitomized) I would mind detailed facts less, and the truth revealed more. I was never an omnivorous reader, selecting only a few things in science, philosophy, fiction, and poetry; and so keen has been my like of them that they have become a part of my life. The Bible should have a place in the curriculum. It gives the first premise and last analysis of all things. Were its methods better understood, error and prejudice would much faster disappear, and men would readier learn the "more excellent way."

Franklin F. Phillips, '77.

To the Editors of the Student:

"In view of your experience in life what changes would you make in your methods of study and reading if you could repeat your college course?"

Your question is more easily asked than answered. Like many other Bates boys, I had to work my way through college. This made it necessary for me to be absent very often during term time. Such a course is not conducive to high and thorough scholarship. I realized it in some degree then; I am sure of it now. It was that, however, or nothing, and "half a loaf is better than no bread."

With what time and brains I had I did about the best I could, and have never looked back regretfully over many wasted or misspent hours. Could I go over it again I would be more diligent in the mastery of the studies I did not like, in order to discipline myself in the doing of hard and disagreeable things.

In every trade, business, or profession, attention must be given to many uninteresting and disagreeable details. Other things being equal, the man who has schooled himself to attend to these will be most successful. I would also hold constantly in mind the thought that life is made up of to-days, not of to-morrows, and that what a young man does in his student days he is

likely to do all his days. Character and habits are ever tending toward permanence. The lazy student does not drop his laziness when he receives his diploma; the eareless student does not doff his careless habits with his college gown; the inaccurate student does not become accurate when he has laid away his tall hat. Experience has taught me to throw my whole force into the work of to-day, because I have never been able to accomplish anything by attempting to work in the to-morrow.

Space does not permit me to say anything upon the subject of reading. I have thought it better to try and say something upon one point rather than nothing upon two.

S. H. Woodrow, '88.

Editors of the Bates Student:

"In view of your experience in life, what changes would you make in methods of study and reading if you could repeat your college course?"

Confining the answer strictly to methods, I should say any alumnus of twenty years' standing would wish to change and improve his method of study by concentrating his attention more fully and completely on the subject in hand, so as to accomplish the most practicable in a given time. Thereby the mental machine would be habituated to more perfect control.

Answering the question more broadly, what change would I make in the topics or subjects of study and reading?

Study a less number of subjects. Try and acquire a ready knowledge of one or two.

For instance, I would now omit the

Greek in the college course altogether and try by study and reading to obtain a practical acquaintance with a modern language besides English.

If the course could now be repeated, I would like, under the guidance of an instructor, to give time to English and American History and Literature, and omit Astronomy, Zoölogy, Botany, etc.

Some one of the latter studies, or a similar one, might be taken up for a diversion, as Professor Stanton studies birds.

Then, with fewer subjects to study, better concentration during study periods, and just enough out-door athletics to keep the muscles hard and the brain clear of cobwebs, the mental machine might be developed under more hopeful auspices than was the case in one particular instance within my knowledge.

GEORGE E. SMITH, '73.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

GREAT writer once said, "Read what you most affect." By which, I take it, he meant study that which interests you—that which your mind naturally takes hold of and retains. In reviewing my college course, it seems to me that I received very little benefit, except from those studies in which I was interested.

If I were to repeat my college course—and would that I might—I would work harder than I did. That is my first conclusion. Few college students work hard enough. They take life too easily. Consider the man who digs in the ditch. The sweat runs down his face; his garments are wet; at night he is weary. It will not

hurt you to sweat mentally. Hard mental effort is good for a man. Second, I would study more independently. I would not care a sixpence about rank, except to obtain a marking high enough to enable me to remain connected with the institution. I would study the subjects I liked best. The mind is a magnet; and every mind possesses different qualities and attracts things possessing different qualities. convinced that the study and investigation of those subjects which we gather and retain with least effort-as by a natural process—is most profitable.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER, '81.

Dear Mr. Milliken:

"HE old garden ground of boyish days" is one of Keats's expres-My years in college were a sions. "garden ground" in which I planted many things, most of which, I rejoice to say, have borne quite welcome fruit. I regret that while I was a good enough student of the regular course to attain a "first part" at graduation, I often neglected the prescribed studies in the pursuit of general reading. I had the "passion for books" when a mere lad, but not being specially fond of the mathematics and "exact sciences" generally, during my college course I followed "the bent of my inclination" more than my present judgment can approve. Even the studies I enjoyed and was adapted to excel in were too often neglected, while I gave my time to the historians, the orators, the poets, and a few of the best romancers.

All the ground I thus covered should doubtless be gone over by the student

at some time, but seeing things as I now do, were I to go through college again for the first time (!) I would make it my first care to master (so far as possible) the subjects of the textbooks of the course, not at all for the rank but because it would be the wise thing for me to do. I would get a firm grasp of principles, study applications, read up the history of the subjects, make lists of books bearing on them, fill note-books with a variety of thoughts (my own as well as those of others) relating to them, and so thoroughly make all of them parts of my intellectual possessions and ready for use at any time.

Sincerely yours, C. A. Bickford, '72. Boston, Mass., April 3, 1896.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

In the past twenty years I have heard much testimony offered by graduates of New England colleges regarding the value of the average college curriculum. The majority have of course estimated the value of what they were taught in college by that which it has seemed to yield them in practical advantage with those not college bred. Experience reveals to each and all what is needed most individually. But what

any individual finds that he in particular sets the highest value on may not be equally essential to some one else. Consequently all this testimony does not, it seems to me, shed the effulgent light it is usually supposed to do on the formulating of the very best sort of curriculum. As for myself, I can solemnly swear and affirm that I would not likeif I had the course to take over againto lose a single morsel of anything that was conscientiously served up to me (although I must admit in parenthesis that the mathematical dose was a large one). I regret only that I could not have acquired in the four years, together with everything else, a familiarity with French sufficient to speak it fairly well. Next I would like to have absorbed German. I would never let any study alone, however, were I in college again, which made me realize that my mind was the more and more limber and agile the longer I pursued it. In the tussle for place and advantage the easy and quick use of the intellect has appeared to me to be the one acquisition which wins in competition with all sorts and conditions of men.

F. B. STANFORD.

[Mr. Stanford was the founder and first editor-in-chief of the Bates Student.—Ed.]

College Exchanges.

THE William and Mary College Monthly brings to our table some of the most meritorious work that it is our pleasure to review among our numerous exchanges. The last num-

ber received contains, beside some good verse, two excellent stories, "How the Question was Answered," and "Court Day," the latter being one of the most original and entertaining bits

which has come to our notice this season, although it might be more in place in a child's story paper. The character of the little heroine is especially unique.

The Tennessee University Magazine shows plainly that it is in the hands of able students, and has a decidedly elevated tone. The well-written story, "The Bloody Cross," treats of an affaire du cœur, which as a foundation for plot is somewhat time-worn; however, recompense for this fault is amply found in the author's earnestness and beauty of narrative style.

A pervading spirit of loyalty is to be admired in any college publication, and this spirit is especially pronounced in the case of the *Emerson College Magazine*; moreover if it is true that the character of a college magazine is an index to the character of the institution from which it comes, we must conclude that Emersonians may well cherish a spirit of loyalty.

In the *University Beacon*, after reading the very excellent editorials, it is disappointing to find them followed by no literary articles, either essay or story.

We clip the following verses which we have found pleasing:

IN A COPY OF THE "VITA NUOVA."

Half conscious here the master lays
His fingers on the lyre,
Sweet, simple, strong, the notes he plays—
Notes that have tuned for years and days
The soul's devotion higher.

Unwitting of his noble might,
In steadfast faith he sings,
Telling the way to find aright,
In love's clear, calm, unflickering light,
Life's best, divinest things.

—Harvard Monthly.

LIFE'S SEASONS.
NEPTUNUS.

Rain drops falling, black clouds palling, Muttering thunder rolling by; Swift wind sighing, smoke-wreaths flying— Pandemonium in the sky.

Tear drops raining, grief clouds paining, While the wrathful thunders roll; Sad hearts sighing, no hope spying— Pandemonium in the soul.

Bright sun shining, silver lining, On the swift clouds racing by; Soft winds greeting, darkness fleeting— Joy ecstatic in the sky.

Love light shining, soft arms twining, Gently now the thunders roll; Glad emotion, heart's devotion—
Joy ecstatic in the soul.

—Tennessee University Magazine.

Austin Dobson.

Artist whose muse is never coy nor shy, But with a courtly air, demure and sweet, Stepping, with old-world grace, on dainty feet

That scatter music as they pass us by;
Yet often hide the echo of a sigh
Pressed from the heart above, for though
replete

With wit her song, it often doth repeat
That human smiles to human tears are nigh.
Artist from first to last, and though the storm
Of passion thunder not in every line,
Thou hast not left the matter for the form,
For in each word there breathes the spark
divine,

Ah, thou hast served thy Mistress well and she Has gained, not lost, by her great gifts to thee. -Red and Blue.

IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.
Alone, absorbed, she sits, and reads
From heavy tomes of dingy brown
The history of ancient deeds,
Of old beliefs, of worn-out creeds;
And, flooding all the open space,
The sun shines in upon the place,
Rests lightly on that fresh young face,
Revealing in her simple grace,
Elizabeth in cap and gown.

What though no lover may adore?
And marble heroes all look down
With cold eyes changeless evermore
At this sweet girl, a Sophomore—

I know no picture half so fair
As she is, with her dark brown hair,
Her earnest face, her quiet air.
May heaven bless her reading there!
Elizabeth in cap and gown!
—Bachelor of Arts.

THE BRIAR-ROSE.

The briar-rose bloomed in the meadow Where a brook sang on its way, And often the sunbeams loitered there From dawn till close of day.

And often the wandering south wind Lingered to whisper and woo, Till briar-rose blushed and hung her head, For she thought him a lover true.

"Have a care, have a care, little flower!"
The meadow brook sang on its way,
"The sun shines clear, but he's fickle, dear,
The south wind brides but a day."

But briar-rose mocked and tossed her head, The sun and the wind laughed long; The little brook fled away to the sea, With a minor in its song.

The south wind found a violet bank,
The sun wooed each flower that blows;
The brook mourned low—it bore to the sea
The faded leaves of a rose.

-The Dickinson Union.

Education, one of our excellent exchanges, contains in the April number articles on "The Ideal in Professional Teaching," "Aims and Methods in the Study of Literature," and "Outline Studies in Art History."

LOVE'S VICTORY.

3

Mine eyes look into thine,
Thy face upturned to mine,
Eager I scan;
No word is spoken now,
I know not why nor how
The gulf we span.

But this alone I know,
E'en to thy neck of snow
The blushes run,
And in this happy hour,
Thy fond heart owns my power—
Thy love is won.
—University of Virginia Magazine.

GIFTS.

"Oh, World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried. His prayer was granted.

Seek Pharaoh's race to-day and ye shall find Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"Oh, World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek.

His prayer was granted. Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"Oh, World-God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.

His prayer was granted.

A roofless ruin stands where once abode The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"Oh, God-head, give me Truth," the Hebrew cried.

His prayer was granted.

No fire consumes him, neither floods devour— Immortal through the lamp within his hand. —Hamilton Monthly.

Our Book-Shelf.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and author-craft are of small amount to that.

-CARLYLE.

INCERITY in a book commands respect. The author who stamps his own individuality on his works, and who

gives his readers glimpses of his soul, is the one who exerts an influence. Even the critic feels reverence for the works of such a writer, and hesitates to judge them. He can feel their charm, perhaps, but cannot explain it.

A truly sincere and beautiful work

is the new story written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, The Supply at St. Agatha's.1 In grand and strong lines the author has drawn for us a picture of her ideal minister of to-day, a man thoroughly in sympathy with God's purpose for humanity. She shows skill in the plot of the story. St. Agatha's, a church originally founded by a noble Christian, has grown cold, proud, and worldly. Through one of its members, the vestryman, who perceives somewhat the need of the church, plans are made for an old country minister, who has lived a simple, faithful life among his flock, to supply at St. Agatha's one Sunday. The old man, who is the grandson of the founder of the church, feels this the opportunity of his life and is very earnest to meet it. although strong in spirit, the aged minister has been faithful beyond his physical strength, and while performing his parish duties he is suddenly stricken down, unable even to send word to St. Agatha's. His last murmured prayer, "Lord, into thy hands I commit-my supply," forms the key-note of the book. Hereupon the author paints in glowing colors the supply the Lord might send, and the great influence such a man would have. The description of this wonderful man as he addresses St. Agatha's, condemns its pride, and calls for the poor to be brought in, is powerful. And then the story becomes very beautiful, as the author describes how the preacher speaks again to rich and poor together. The minor touches of the story reveal the hand of an artist. It is only the few faithful ones, like the old minister, who look forward to the supply of the Lord's. And only the very humble ones, like the poor woman, can see him approach. The vestryman, who has some of the true spirit, almost sees the preacher enter, but just at the critical moment he is hindered by his proud wife. This book shows genius and deserves to be widely read.

The Japanese have become so prominent lately that the new book Kokoro,2 by Lafcadio Hearn, is of special significance and interest. The term kokoro means heart, and the book treats of the inner life of the Japanese. It aims to show the civilization of Japan, the national characteristics of its people, their religion, and the ruling motives of their lives. The author evidently feels strong sympathy with them as a people, and favors their religion. Japanese are described to us as simple, refined, self-controlled, and courteous, with great national pride. The doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul, ancestor worship, and the Japanese theory of love are discussed at length. Much of the teaching of the book takes the form of beautiful stories. The style is simple, graceful, and pleasing. The book is worth reading simply for the philosophical questions discussed. While the author is prejudiced in favor of the Japanese he emphasizes important truths which are generally overlooked. As a whole the book is very attractive.

At this time, when we hear so much about Armenia, it is interesting to know something of the literary productions of the country. Alice S. Blackwell has translated into English

a little volume of Armenian Poems,³ written by different Armenian authors. Many of them throb with patriotism and a yearning for the freedom of Armenia. Some are full of despair for her, and others breathe out hope. Notice the spirit in the following lines from A Song of Fatherland:

"To the arena, patriots, go forth and cry' Behold,

We are the children of those great Armenians of old!

Through us a new Armenia in splendor shall arise,

And cast away the sombre veil that hid her from men's eyes.

Armenia, sit no longer mute and hidden in the shade!

Through us among the nations shall thy name be glorious made.

Loyal until our deaths, for thee we'll strive with heart and hand.'

Then, brothers, ardent brothers, long live our native land."

As a whole the poems are not so strong as sweet and graceful. The love song is a favorite. Many of the poems show an appreciation of the beauties of nature,—the sunshine, the flowers, and the birds. The translation is simple and pleasing.

¹The Supply at St. Agatha's. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps (Mrs. Ward). (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.00.)

² Kokoro. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1,25.)

⁸ Armenian Poems. Translated by Alice S. Blackwell. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; \$1.25.)

Clippings.

-Ex.

First algebra scholar—"Say, what did you get for the answer to the first problem? I got X Y." S. A. S.—"I got X-cused."—Ex.

A FOOT-BALL TRAGEDY.

She clung to him, the game was o'er, Content was in her soul;

"Dear heart, I'm very happy now That you have come back whole."

With gentle hand he smoothed her curls
And tried to keep a laugh back;
"My dear, your joy is premature,

My dear, your joy is premature, For I am only half-back."

One of Chicago's yells:—

Who's the feller, who's the feller,
Zip, boom, zah,
Rockafeller, he's the feller,
Rah, rah, rah!

—Ex.

Actor—"When I am acting I forget everything about me. I see nothing but my role. The public disappears entirely." Friend—"I don't wonder at that."

Two Rondeaus.

EXCUSEZ-MOI.

"Excusez-moi," elle doucement dit
Et rougit, "mais je suis surpris;
Vous voulez que vous j'aimerai
Et puis que vous j'é pouserai
Quand votre cassette est dé garnie.
Helas! en place de disant, 'oui,'
De puissante haine et sans merci
Une fois pour tout je répondrai—
"Excusez-moi."

"Encore la demoiselle, il vit;
Ses cheveux noirs étaient très gris,
Car dix ans s'avaient écoulé
Elle dit—"mon cher j'é pouserai."
"Mon bijou beau," il répondit,
"Excusez-moi."
—Tennessee University Magazine,

PROPHETIC.

"Coming events cast shadows before,"
So thus we see from afar
That the Freshman will go to the Bench,
And the Sophomore to the Bar!

— Williams Weekly.

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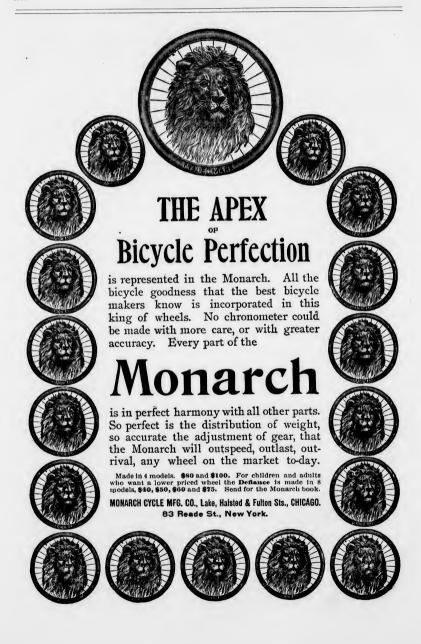
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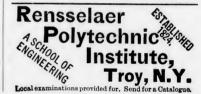
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LIMITATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY GERTRUDE LOUISE MILLER, '96.

ROM its dawn to its close, life is a series of circles. Man himself at the beginning is but a point in that great divine circle whose center is said to be everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere. But awakening from the unconscious slumber of the senses, man sees around him, above him, and beneath him the realm of knowledge, the sight of which stirs in his breast such feelings as enkindle the general when he beholds the magnificent army of the enemy as it comes rushing upon

Conquer he must. For him nothing is settled in this kingdom of the infinite, nothing seems excluded.

The widening of the circumference of knowledge has been amazing. All the circles of the past have been uniting to form our present circumference. Starting from the condition of the savage hunter, our forefathers, spurred on by their ceaseless activity, built for themselves houses and opened up the treasures of the soil. Towns were built; states founded; learning cultivated. And now what a boundless field greets our vision!

By the very fire in which the savage roasted his meat while he made the air hideous with his yells, the scientist inquires into the composition of bodies and studies the relations of matter. Steam and electricity unite the most remote parts of the earth. Now the West wonders at the East, and the East wonders at the West. Even the mighty ocean cannot contend with man's intelligence, and upon its surface he boldly plants his foot. From the depths of the earth he brings up the hidden treasures of ages past. All around him are divine harmonies. Music calms the savage beast. Orpheus with his harp charms the spirits of the lower world. Arts and sciences soar into the realm of the infinite and scatter dark superstition to the winds, while philosophy laughs and mocks at the follies of mankind.

But man is not satisfied. The hidden secrets of nature are investigated, and as the naturalist with his microscope gazes upon the habits of beings whose very existence the eye does not reveal, he is led to exclaim: "Oh, Nature! The spectacle of thy infinitely small, astonishes thy children no less than the infinitely great, works of thy creation."

But not even here does man stop. With his telescope the astronomer, guided by his calculations, penetrates the secrets of those heavenly bodies which are scattered throughout the confines of immensity. He weighs them and calculates their volume as if they were before him on a chemist's balance. What would have been Conte's scorn if it had been suggested to him that

within a third of a century we should discover the composition of stars seventy million miles distant? And yet, can we say that science has reached its extreme bounds? Even now man, with his X-rays, is photographing the invisible. Edison even hopes to photograph the workings of the human brain.

No, there seem to be no bounds to man's knowledge, and in his vainglory man declares that he has penetrated to the very heart of the universe. But the philosopher knows better, and he says: "Think not, O man, to penetrate the inner secrets of the divine, for to all human knowledge the Creator has placed a limit, beyond which mankind can never mount."

Start from whatever point we will, every branch of knowledge finally comes to a dark chasm which cannot be bridged over. Man cannot understand primary causes. The discovery of the law of gravitation was the highest feat of intellectual power ever known. But what is the cause of this force—how does it work? These are questions which centuries of scientific research have never been able to answer. Our restless impatience, dissatisfied with the how, demands the why, and seeks a cause.

The operation of what the chemist calls chemical affinity is known, but affinity itself is unknown. Man has never yet been able to discover the nature of electricity, nor of that invisible ether which pervades space.

We stand before some enormous piece of machinery and gaze in wonder upon the mysterious mechanism of its parts. But man himself is a greater mystery than any of his works. Who of us can imagine a compound of water, albumen, fat, and phosphate salts, working together and generating what we call thought? Man is the greatest phenomenon among phenomena.

And if man is a mystery to himself how can he expect his knowledge of other men to be unlimited? We meet people on the street, at church, in the crowded hall. They are crowding and jostling us everywhere. We say that one looks happy, another looks sad. Yet the romance and the tragedy, or the weary monotony of some lives, are all a sealed book to us. Sometimes they try to tell us of their sorrows and joys, but language fails and they can only say, "You do not know—you cannot understand."

"Circles only touch when met, Never mingle—strangers yet."

And now, if we seek to inquire into the origin of the universe, we shall be dragged into still darker regions of the incomprehensible, for man can never get beyond his own capacity of thought, and the possibility of thought is not the same as the possibility of things. How often in the darkness we reach the restraining limit—conditions out of which we cannot think.

Sooner or later, try to evade it as much as we will, to every one must come such questions as—How could there be any existence which has neither cause nor beginning?—What was the beginning of the beginning? Eternity! Forever and forever. These are but words to us. Man cannot think of time and space as without limit. To everything there must come an end.

But after the end, what? Can man conceive of an empty nothingness?

Immensity is everywhere. In vain we beat against the bars and find rest only in the confession of our ignorance. So whether we go or stay, in what time, in what place we will, are there not mysteries, immensities, eternities, all above us, around us, in us? But even as man is crying out against this mystery he hears the voice from the heavens saying: "Child of God, in these is the possibility of writing upon the skies the record of a heroic life. Be thou faithful, and unto thee even the inmost secrets of the divine shall be revealed.

"In the dawning of the morning, When the mists have rolled away."

ZOE.

A Girl's Story.

BY SADIE MAY BRACKETT, '98.

CHAPTER III.

CHOICE.

R. LUDOVICK sat in his office, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands. He had just returned from the village post-office and two open letters lay on the desk before him.

The letter nearest him was written in a clear handwriting, and was only a page in length.

DEAR PAUL:-

Three years ago—three centuries I might say—and again, three days, so great a gulf separates me from that night on which we stood upon the bridge, and yet the time has passed so quickly, like a dream. It was you who knew me best. In the flush of my romantic girlhood I imagined that I understood the whole of life, that—but it is not necessary to say more. You must already

know what I wish to tell you. I have at last found life.

It gives me pain to write this—and yet I trust the old fond fancy for a careless child has disappeared, and that in place you have enshrined some nobler woman.

Praying God's blessing upon you, I break the slender thread which bound you to me.

For a time Paul sat in silence. Then, rising, he shook himself, as if to dispel an evil dream. If he could have seen Zoe as she wrote the letter, seen the struggle as she tried to make herself believe that she believed what she was writing! But he could not see her; and the cool, carefully constructed little missive carried its sting straight to his heart and touched his pride.

He took up the second letter and reread it slowly. It was from an old college chum, a resident at the University Settlement of his Alma Mater in New York City. Eight young men wanted to start another settlement to reach a class of foreigners in a more wretched condition than any they had yet tried to help. A doctor was especially needed. A doctor could find a welcome in places where other workers would be regarded with suspicion or hatred. What the poor people needed was to be taught how to live healthy, honest lives, not so much by precept as by example. "Something impels me to write to you, old fellow. Won't you join us? Smith and Dunley are with us. There will be enough of us to keep in touch with civilization. If you could see the condition of the poor wretches, you could not stay away."

"I had planned a different life," thought Paul, "but what use is it now to struggle for wealth or fame. God,

with his own hand, has pointed out my path. I will join the boys in the settlement work."

CHAPTER IV. AWAKENING.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY HERO. How Dr. Ludovick Sacrifices His Life for His Fellow-Men.

Paul Ludovick, a member of the Riverton Street Settlement in this city, died last night. His death was the result of his faithful attendance upon the victims of the epidemic which has raged in the foreign quarter of our city for the last three weeks. Hundreds died. Day after day Dr. Ludovick went from crowded attic to more densely crowded basement, carrying his medicine-case and his Bible side by side. His only reward was the consciousness of well-doing. At length, worn out from loss of sleep and poisoned by the infected atmosphere, he succumbed to the dread disease.

The noble young martyr-

The paper dropped from nerveless fingers. The slender figure quivered and swayed for an instant. Clasping and unclasping her hands, Zoe walked rapidly back and forth in the little studio.

Suddenly she turned, and, with a quick motion, uncovered a small picture which stood upon an easel at one side of the room. It was the face of a boy. Calm, honest blue eyes looked out at her under a broad, white forehead which bore the impress of many generations of thinkers.

For some moments she gazed into the pure, noble face, intensely, as if commanding the proud lips to speak; then, turning away, sat down in a chair, sobbing bitterly. The wind, shricking around the house, seemed to mock her. She quivered with pain. "Paul! Paul!" she cried, and the wind's hollow moan was her only answer.

As the hours went by she became calmer. Her mind ran over the past.

She saw herself a little girl at play with her adopted brother. They were making a wonderful snow man in the front yard of her country home. Paul brought the soft, moist snow and built the giant body, or lifted her up that she might place, with extreme care, the flat enormous nose upon the strange white face.

And later, when they went to school, how unselfishly he shared his sports with her and defended her in every childish contest. No one else had understood so well her dreams and fancies, or borne so patiently her little tyrannies. They had taken the church vows together,—but how different their lives.

Again she looked at the picture. "My Hero!" she whispered, while the tears fell softly. "Once I thought that all of life was love, and since—Art—and self. For you, life had a different meaning. I was blind, so blind! But now I know the truth. I loved you, but I was too proud and selfish. I wanted to be great, to live a life of luxury.—And now it is too late!

Then her mother came to her mind, her mother, an uncomplaining sufferer, doing her best to care for the home and younger children—stifling her yearning for her oldest child, her Zoe. True, there was no lack of helpers—hired helpers. New resolves filled Zoe's mind. The gay, careless life she was living seemed a sin when thinking of that other, nobler life.

But her uncle, could she leave him! ought she to leave him?—and this lovely home!—and her Art! A weary sigh escaped her. She rose and covered the face of the picture. But she could

not hide the new, unquiet thoughts that stirred her soul.

CHAPTER V. AFTERWARD.

One Sabbath the little world in Curvo awoke to find itself clothed in strange, new garments. When the sun disappeared behind the dark blue of the mountains on Saturday, he left a world of waste fields, brown and dreary, of bare-branched trees, and muddy, deeprutted roads creeping wearily up the barren hills. When he rose over the mountains on the Sabbath, his round, smiling face looked down upon a world of snow.

No roads, no hills, no broken fences—only snow! Heaped high on hidden roofs; on every twig and branch of every tree; on window sill and front yard fence; filling the air and shutting out all sight, all sound.

The "breaking-out team" had just passed her father's house when Zoe threw open her chamber window and leaned out, drinking in the purity and beauty all about her.

An invalid in the bay-window across the way watched her eagerly, talking in a shrill voice to some one in the next room.

"How long is it sence Zoey Renalds come back, Mary Ann? Bin about five years, aint it?"

"It's longer'n that," came from the back room. "Twas the spring that Mis' Jones's baby had the measles an' everybody thought 'twould die. That was 'fore you had these spells with your back an' you used ter help Mis' Renalds when they had company."

"My land, yes! what a sight of company they did hev! 'Twas a lucky thing that Zoey come home when she did. Mis' Renalds wa'n't able to do nothin' much, an' the hired gals allus leaving, an' them two younger children ter see tew.

"I guess 'twas pretty hard for Zoey to take holt at fust, coming right from her Uncle Ed's where they allus made so much of her.

"Folks said she wouldn't amount ter nothin', a-dawdling around with them paints, an' her nose turned up at everything; but I knew there was good stuff in her. There couldn't nobody done better by the children, that long sickness thet Mis' Renalds hed, a spell before she died.

"Queer that she should die so suddint after she got up around most as strong as ever. I never believed thet 'twas heart trouble. She didn't seem like nobody I ever heard of with it."

"Waal, the doctors ought ter know," snapped Mary Ann. "There was enough of 'em, an' enough paid out."

Nothing further was heard for a time, save the rattling of dishes in the back room. Then the invalid began again:

"Mis' Dixon was in here yesterday while you was up ter the store; an' she was a-tellin' that Zoey's uncle was dreadful disappointed when she come off an' left him. An' when Mis' Renalds died he coaxed, an' coaxed, to have Zoey go and live with him for good. Wanted her to go abroad. But she said she was a-going to stand by her father an' the children."

"Changed some from what she used to be," curtly vociferated Mary Ann.

"But she can make the cutest pictures," continued the invalid, not noticing the interruption. "That one of Rainy Moores, in her pink sun-bonnet and her apron full of daisies, looks ready to speak."

"Wal, I don't think that's much credit to her. Spending her time putterin' around about such things; an' her father paying for a hired girl, year in an' year out. She's strong enough and capable enough to do the work herself."

So the busy tongues went on, turning over and over the neighborhood gossip.

And in her father's house across the way, Zoe Renalds was moving about in quiet patience, trying to fill the gaps made by her mother's death. Failing often; but sometimes succeeding; bearing underneath all surface emotion the sacred, ennobling memory of her first lover—Paul.

THE BRANDED HAND.

By Ellen W. Smith, '98.

"ELL, Kate, are you almost ready? The horses are very restless, and if we do not start soon grandfather and grandmother will think we are not coming."

This remark came from one of a party of boys and girls who were home from school for the holidays, and who were to spend a few days with Grandfather and Grandmother Parlin. One would hardly think they were college students, they seemed so full of youthful gaiety. But, as Walter said on this morning in question when rebuked by his sister for some of his boyish

pranks, "We must have some sport when Freshmen and Sophomores, for we will have to be sedate enough when we get to be Seniors."

An hour's brisk drive brought this party of cousins to the old homestead, where they found Grandfather and Grandmother Parlin ready to welcome them. Amid much talk and laughter wraps were laid aside. After warming themselves, they proceeded to explore every nook and cranny of the old house in which their mothers had passed happy childhood.

About noon the snow began to fall, and the wind roared and shrieked around the comfortable farm-house, piling the huge drifts almost up to the low eaves on one side, while on the other the driveway was completely hidden from view.

Our young folks had played games, searched the garret for old books and papers, and succeeded in turning things upside down in a way to startle their grandparents, who were so unused to noise in these later days. Not for the world, however, would they have allowed a word of complaint to pass their lips, for they loved these young people little less than they had loved their mothers in those years when they had been the light of the home. "Not so very long ago," they often said, with a sigh.

As night settled down and the lamps were lighted, they gathered, one after another, around the blazing fire, grandfather with his weekly paper, and grandmother in her accustomed corner quietly knitting. The merry group grew sober as they watched the flames leaping up the wide chimney and listened to the storm without.

Kate was the first to break the silence, and drawing her chair close to grand-mother's side, she begged for a story. "Now please tell us something that happened when you were young." "Yes, do, grandma," echoed the rest.

Grandmother carefully knit into the middle of her "seam needle," folded her work, and looked at it critically with her head upon one side; then, laying it down, and removing her glasses, she looked into the dear faces gathered about her, saying: "I don't know as I remember anything that would interest you much, but this wild night has brought to my mind a night as wild when I was a young girl. Just after the short winter day had settled down into a bleak, cheerless evening, a stranger came to our door asking shelter for the night. My father, answering the loud knock, found a tall man enveloped in a rough fur coat which, being filled with snow, made him look ghostly enough. In answer to his request for lodging, my father said:

"Yes, sir, come right in; we always have room for the stranger, especially on such a night as this."

"Now you must know, my dears, that this was long before the noise of the steam cars aroused the Kennebec valley from its peaceful slumbers, but not before the minds of some of the dwellers in this same peaceful valley had been aroused to the wrongs of the slaves in the South land; and there were many God-fearing men and women who thought a dark skin no good reason why a man should be torn from wife and children, to become the bond slave

of the man whose skin was whiter than his own.

"These people were called Abolitionists, and to this despised party my father belonged; hence, it was no uncommon thing to have runaway negroes come to our door under cover of the darkness asking for aid, and none were ever turned empty away.

"No, Jennie, this man of whom I began to speak was not a black man, but he was one who, on account of his sympathy for the down-trodden race, and because he had tried to help some of them to obtain their freedom, had been thrown in prison where he was kept nearly a year, all the time in irons, and subjected to the severest treatment. He was a large, powerful man, with a heart to match his frame. As he sat by the fire that night telling his story, my own heart swelled almost to bursting.

"It seems that he had left Pensacola, Fla., in June, 1844, in an open boat bound for the Bahama Islands, taking with him seven slaves, who were so anxious for their liberty that they were willing to run the risk of being recaptured with the consequent punishment. He had not been long to sea before he was taken by a sloop, carried to Key West, and from there back to Pensacola, where all his belongings were taken from him, including his boat, and he was kept in prison for nearly a year. The poor slaves whom he was seeking to rescue from bondage, were severely punished, and returned to their masters.

"His name?—why, haven't I told you that? It was Jonathan Walker, and his home was in Harwich, Mass... until about two years before this, when he went to Pensacola to work at his trade. It was while there that his sympathies were aroused in behalf of the poor negro. He wrote a book, giving an account of his trial and imprisonment, and my father purchased a copy which is still in existence somewhere.

"He gave it the title of 'The Branded Hand.' Why did he name it that? Well, I think I am a very poor story-teller if I have forgotten to say that, besides being imprisoned and heavily fined, he was taken in public, his right hand securely fastened to a post, and, with a red-hot iron, the palm was branded with S S.

"You see they called his crime 'Slave Stealing,' but you and I know that 'all men are born free and equal,' and no man has a right to deprive them of their liberty unless they are breaking the laws of the land and injuring others. But he was Saving Slaves instead of stealing them.

"Soon after his return to Massachusetts, our loved poet, John G. Whittier, whose pen was always consecrated to the downtrodden and oppressed, wrote some stirring lines on the "Branded Hand." I will find the book some day, that you may read them. Here are a few of the lines that I remember:

"'Why, that brand is highest honor!—
Than its traces, never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments
Was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations,
As they crowd our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story
Of their father's Branded Hand!"

"All this happened more than fifty years ago, but the memory of that night will never fade from my mind; and the sentiments and principles then fostered in my young heart have colored and shaped my whole life.

"To-night the howling of the wind, the flames in the fire-place leaping and dancing up the chimney and easting their flickering light around us, bring back vividly that evening half a century ago, when I heard Jonathan Walker tell his thrilling story.

1

"But, dear me, I have talked until your grandfather has gone sound asleep in his chair. The fire has burned low, and I do believe the wind has gone down so we shall be able to sleep well after all."

With thoughtful faces they separated for the night, and when they once more took up the work at school, perhaps no memory of their pleasant visit staid with them longer than the story of the 'Branded Hand.'"

Bates Verse.

THE ROSE.

In the garden 'twixt the flowers,
Through the joyous summer hours
Oft I wandered with a glad and blithesome lay,
While I marked each tiny face
Smiling in its dainty grace
Thus to greet me as I loitered by the way.

Till one morning, wondrous fair, Shedding perfume through the air, Bloomed a softly tinted, beauteous, regal rose. "Love, be mine," I gently sighed,

"Bend to me thy queenly pride, Let thy blushing face upon my heart repose."

As I spoke, in rose-leaf shower
Fell the petals of the flower,
Sadly wafted to the swiftly darting breeze.
Then my head in grief I bowed,
While my shadow formed a shroud,
And a plaintive wailing sounded through the
trees.

THE HEALING POWER.

When the hope you have lived for is lying dead Under the heel of relentless Fate, When strength is broken and light is fled And sorrow is ever your bosom-mate,

Oh, then it is good to lean again On the love that sheltered your early life, Yielding your will to the great Amen That drives you out of the daily strife. 'Tis good to breathe in your native air,
To lie on the breathing, blossoming sod,
When winds are free and skies are fair
And the soul stands face to face with God.

For hope arises and strength comes back When the mind's at rest and the heart is pure. No matter how hopeless and sad the wrack If Love, the Healer, is staunch and sure.

-MYRVAL.

A SYMPHONY.

No crowded hall, no gleaming concert-room With light and laughter, flowers and faces gay. Only a window glimmering in the dusk; Myself sole listener—if there be indeed No spirit lingering in the silent room, As well might chance at this weird twilight hour.

But a low music, soft as coming sleep,
Mournful as life, and calm as brooding peace;
A minor music, ceaseless, sweet, and slow,
Flowing and flowing;—can there be an end,
Or am I bound by some enchanter's spell
To hear forever this weird harmony,
Rising and falling? Yet I would not change
This crowded window for the concert hall;
Nay, for to-night no sweeter thing could be
Than this soft twilight and the casement dark,
Shadow and silence, and within my ears
The endless music of the falling rain.

-M. S. M., '91.

CHORUS.

BATES SONG.

TUNE-"Fair Harvard."

Τ.

O Gem of our city and pride of our hearts, Dear Bates, that hast never a peer.

Thy praises we sing and thy glory proclaim With every crowning year.

Here bluest the skies and greenest the earth, And brightest the sunlight falls

On the brave and the fair who are chosen by

To dwell in thy storied halls.

CHORUS.

Then, comrades, we pledge heart and hand to dear Bates,

For Bates is the college that wins; In brawn and in brain in the old State of Maine Dear Bates is the college that wins!

II.

In contest of strength ever foremost thy sons 'Neath the talisman of thy name,

And many a well-fought battle attests The ascendancy of thy fame.

Let others have numbers or power or wealth, Yet ours is the college that wins;

In brawn and in brain in the old State of Maine Dear Bates is the college that wins! III.

The strongest thy sons and thy daughters most fair,

True hearts in us all are thine own;

In these halcyon days, in these privileged ways, We are reaping what others have sown.

The past is assured, and with joy and with song

The present forever is rife;

And those who come after shall honor old Bates

By the highest and holiest life.

CHORUS.

IV.

The guardianship of our lives hast thou, Dear College of happiest days,

O let the bright beams of thy glorious light Shine ever upon our ways;

And when we are old above silver or gold We will treasure thy classic lore,

And thy name on the scroll that the years shall unroll

Shall be fairest forevermore.

CHORUS.

F. J. ALLEN.

College News and Interests.

THE BATES - B. U. INTERCOLLE-GIATE DEBATE.

A WARNING-A PARODY.

Ye sons of Bates College, beware of the night When B. U. shall meet ye with orator's might, For a field of defeat rushes swift on my sight And the league from the Pine State is scattered in flight.

They argue, they plead for their college and state,

Hurrah for the speakers who win that debate! Sprague, Shattuck, advance, primed full for the fray,

And Thorn's mighty words shall win us full sway.

Ye sons of Bates College, beware of that night, For the league from the Pine State shall scatter in flight.

-Boston University Beacon.
April 16, 1896.

IF ever the good Bates yell rung out with the true college spirit behind it, and real college enthusiasm in it, it was in Fancuil Hall on the evening of April 23d, when Curtis Guild, Jr., of Boston, announced that Bates had won the first championship of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League by defeating Boston University in competitive debate. While this outcome was partially looked for by those who knew the Bates representatives, still the B. U. men were no mean antagonists, and the result was in doubt until the judges' decision. Bates showed her loyalty by sending to Boston, beside the three disputants, some thirty under-graduates; these, in addition to President Chase and numbers of the alumni, made a goodly delegation. The representatives of the two institutions were: B. U., C. J. Thorn, W. I. Shattuck, and R. J. Sprague; Bates, O. F. Cutts, J. S. Durkee, and A. B. Howard. The question discussed was, "Should Immigration be further restricted?" B. U. holding the affirmative, and Bates the negative. The B. U. men were much more declamatory than their opponents and resorted to extemporaneous rebuttal, which the Bates men ignored altogether except in Howard's final answer to Sprague. The judges, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, Dr. Larkin Dunton, and Judge Putnam were but a few moments in making their decision. On the announcement that the laurel wreath went to Bates, her supporters went wild with delight and practically owned Faneuil Hall for the next half-hour. Bates' chief point of superiority of B. U., and that to which she owes her victory, was a consecutive, well-ordered argument, well introduced, well supported, and well summed up; briefly, good team work. At home the news was received with wild rejoicing, young men and young ladies, too, turning out to follow the band and to tell to Lewiston and Auburn that Bates had won the greatest victory in her history. The debaters returned to Lewiston on the following Monday evening and were met at the station by an enthusiastic body of students, and escorted to the college. On Wednesday evening a banquet was given in their honor in the gymnasium, attended by students, Faculty, and alumni.

HOW WE HEARD THE NEWS.

Ι.

HE good news of Bates' victory over Boston University was not slow in reaching Lewiston. About 11.30, Fast-Day night, the old chapel bell broke the stillness and everybody knew what it meant. Parker Hall turned out en masse, and was soon re-enforced by Chency Hall and those rooming off the campus. The enthusiastic crowd, headed by the College Band, took up a line of march for the homes of the Faculty, cheering each in turn, and giving the college yell and nine 'rahs for each of the debaters. On the return the campus rang with songs and glees till long past the hour of midnight.

II.

The celebration was continued with unabated enthusiasm on the following Monday night, when the debaters arrived home. The students, a hundred strong, met them at the depot and escorted them to the college. On the way they took the pains to inform the citizens of Lewiston of the event by frequent cheers and congratulations all along the route. Nor were the Faculty overlooked in this respect. Parker Hall reached, speeches were called for from our representatives. They modestly declined to speak on empty stomachs, and at their request the students permitted them to depart to their suppers.

III.

The enthusiasm culminated in a banquet in the gymnasium, on the evening

of April 29th. It was tendered by the literary societies, and was a fitting finale to the celebration. Besides the students and Faculty, a number of the alumni and friends of the college were R. W. Thompson, '96, was toast-master, and the following toasts were heartily responded to and evoked much applause: Bates College-President Chase; The Literary Societies-G. W. Thomas; The Intercollegiate Debating League-J. Stanley Durkee; Bates at Faneuil-O. F. Cutts; Bates in Athletics-W. W. Bolster, Jr.; The Women's Side-Miss Gracia Prescott: The College and the Town-F. A. Morey, Esq.; Bates in the Past-J. L. Reade, '83; Bates in the Future—A. B. Howard. There had been no premature rejoicing; the song of victory was sung not on the eve of battle, but after it had been won.

ONE OF OUR BENEFACTORS.

HEN John Fullonton came to Lewiston in 1872, he was sixty years old. Thirty-two years of unremitting service as writer, preacher, and teacher, had shattered his constitution and enforced the strictest care of his health. No man can teach eight hours a day, preach twice on Sunday, write, lecture, administer, counsel, and inspire-virtue going out of his intense personality at every contact with his fellows-without paying the penalty. And so, while Dr. Fullonton brought to the Divinity School of Bates College an unimpaired intellect and quenchless enthusiasm, he brought only the tradition of his splendid gifts as an orator, his marvelous skill in dealing with human nature, and his singular genius in administration. True, the quickening power of his alert and penetrating intellect, the clearness and force of his cherished convictions, the warmth and glow of his kindling and sympathetic soul, were never more impressively manifested than during the quiet years in Lewiston. But they were actually known only by students sitting reverently at the master's feet.

The truth that we are in danger of forgetting is, that to those earlier years of heroic and brilliant service we owe in no slight degree the rich and growing life of our college. But for his pioneer service as an educator, but for his industrious and facile pen, but for his electric voice and presence,-all consecrated to the aim of raising his own religious people to the plane of intelligent, well-organized, and efficient Christian service,-who can say that there would to-day be a Bates College and a Cobb Divinity School with their more than 700 graduates and their 250 students? Forever pre-eminent in the early history of these institutions will be the name of the founder and organizer—the name of Cheney. Cheney planted, Fullonton watered, and both had wrought with others in preparing the ground. God is giving the increase. Cheney and Fullonton, through long years co-laborers in a great work-the one still living, the other having entered into Life-of neither will we willingly let the memory die.

PRESIDENT GEORGE C. CHASE, '69.

LOCALS.

"Why is that Senior gallery full?"
The youthful blades inquire.

"Their canes are pillars of the church," Returns the loving sire.

"And if their cudgels fewer grew Or fell away in weight, Then these four walls would cover us, And sad would be our fate."

May-baskets!

Botanizing and birds for the Sophs. Polymnia has had her room eleaned.

The graduation of the Divinity School takes place May 20th.

Why not enliven the campus with some class ball games?

The cold weather has broken, and tennis-courts are in demand.

Recitations were laid aside on the day of Dr. Fullonton's funeral.

'96 was tendered a reception by President Chase on the evening of April 27th.

Our enterprising Seniors set us a good example by planting five trees on Arbor Day.

The Juniors spent two pleasant evenings recently at the homes of Professor Angell and President Chase.

The College Club has recently placed 40 works of modern fiction and 30 miscellaneous volumes in the library.

Mr. A. C. Keith, of the graduating class at the Divinity School, has accepted a call to New Hampton, N. H.

Two cf the Junior Class conspired to blow up the physical laboratory recently. Happily, their attempts were frustrated.

Professor Strong's recent experiments with the X-rays have been very success-

ful. He has given two public lectures on the subject.

The theological students have been working for a fortnight on tenniscourts, and as a result have the two best on the eampus.

The work of the Springfield Training School for Christian Workers was explained to the students recently, by Mr. Austin Rice, of the Yale Divinity School.

The local editors have been blamed for a too profuse use of the term "co-ed." For all past offences we humbly beg pardon of the young ladies, and promise a speedy reform.

We ask, if we may be allowed, If the Sophomore has yet been found Who in all his gettings up and down Knows a bird from a hole in the ground.

Miss Harriet Spencer, representing the Student Volunteer movement, recently visited the Y. W. C. A., and addressed the students after chapel, on May 1st.

Two interesting lectures were delivered the last week in April, in Roger Williams Hall, one on woman suffrage, by Rev. H. R. Rose, and the other on the "Limitations of the Bible," by Rev. Dr. Penney.

Mr. H. K. Sautikian, a native Armenian educated in this country, gave an address in Roger Williams Hall, Sunday P.M., April 19th. Subject: "The Causes of the Armenian Massacres, and the Present Condition of the People."

Arbor Day was observed by the Sophomores with a walk to No-Name Pond after birds and flowers. Professors Stanton and Strong accompanied

them. We understand they had a right good time and saw a few new birds.

The gift of a beautiful and valuable collection of butterflies and beetles has been made to the college, by Rev. J. M. Bailey of Saco. They were collected by his son, Joseph James Bailey, and were the work of years of frail health.

The Y. W. C. A. has elected the following officers: President, Miss Morrill, '97; Vice-President, Miss Files, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Miss S. Brackett, '98; Recording Secretary, Miss Roberts, '98; Treasurer, Miss Gay, '99.

The good-will existing in our midst between Faculty and students was emphasized by the presentation of a fine portrait of Professor Jordan by the Class of '96 on the morning of May 4th. Professor Jordan in well-chosen words accepted the gift.

Dr. Summerbell's course of lectures was brought to a close Sunday evening, May 10th, his subject being "The Establishment of English Protestantism." These lectures have been valuable and interesting, and the students have shown their appreciation by their attendance.

They were members of the ball team and had started for the grounds for the game that P.M. in the city of P——. As the carriage passed the eye and ear infirmary B—— sung out to the driver to stop, and followed it with the explanation: "I want S—— to go in and get an eye for the ball." The advice was unheeded, but with fatal consequences.

Eight of our Juniors are rejoicing in the possession of broadsword stickpins, which were among the contents of beautiful May-baskets hung them on the eve of May 1st. The eight participated in the '97 broadsword drill in the Exhibition, and won the class prize. Suspicions point strongly to the inestimable girls of '97 as the originators of this bright sequel of the event.

Foss, '97, represented Bates at the annual meeting of the State Intercollegiate Athletic Association in Bangor, May 2d. Each of the Maine colleges sent delegates. The Association was put on a firmer basis by the thorough revision of the constitution. It was voted to hold the meet this year on the Colby track, and the date set was June 5th. The officers for the coming year are: President, John H. Morse, Bowdoin; Vice-President, W. L. Holyoke, M. S. C.; Secretary, A. W. Foss, Bates; Treasurer, F. E. Taylor, Colby. Our delegate reports the prospects good for a successful meet.

The Building Fund Association met the second week of the term, and elected these officers for the coming year: President, Milliken, '97; Vice-President, Toothaker, '98; Recording Secretary, Tukey, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Morrill, '97; 1st Asst. Cor. Secretary, Miss Maxim, '98; 2d Asst. Cor. Secretary, Miss Tasker, '98; Assistant Treasurer, Cunningham, '97; Executive Committee, President and Vice-President ex officio, Stanley, Miss Knowles, '97, Landman, '98, Miss Gay, '99; Collectors, Parker, '97, Bruce, '98, Stewart, '99. The officers enter upon their duties at Commencement.

If any one ever doubted the ability of the Bates under-graduate for hard work he should have seen the shovels fly along the private way in front of the gymnasium, on the 4th and 5th of May. It was felt that, in the absence of a good training place for the field and track athletes, this way might be fenced off and, with turns at each end, be made into a temporary athletic field. So, under the leadership of Instructor Bolster and Captain Cutts of the track team, the students took hold, graded the track and turns, made the necessary take-offs, and as a result we have a very creditable field. Considering that the other Maine colleges, with whom we compete, are or will be furnished in this regard, we hope that at next Commencement steps will be taken to place us on a footing with them.

At this early stage of the base-ball season, it is impossible to tell what our chances will be with the other Maine colleges. As yet we have played but five games, with scores as follows:

Innings	8,			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates, .				2	0	0	0	2	0			-4
N. H. S.	С.,			0	0	0	1	0	2			-3
Bates,				1	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	0 -6
Lewiston	,		٠	0	0	0	0	3	2	1	0	1 -7
Bates, .				0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	- 5
Portland,				4	0	2	4	2	0	1	5	18
Murphy I	Bal	sa	m,	0	5	0	0	1	3	2	0	112
Bates, .	•			0	0	2	1	0	0	1	0	0-4
Bates, .				0	0	3	10	8	2	0	5	-28
Voluntee	rs,			0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2-3

At present writing the personnel of the team is as follows:

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Gerrish, '96, . . c. Douglass, '96, 2b. Berryman, '96, . p. Quinn, '99, . . 3b.
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Slattery, '97, . p. Pulsifer, '99, s.s., p. Burrill, '97, . . p. Bennett, '98, . c.f. Penley, '99, . 1b. Hinkley, '98, . r.f.

As we go to press we are able to insert the record of our team on their trip through Vermont and New Hamp-Never in the history of our college has such a brilliant series of games been played outside the state. That every game has been close and hard-fought, and that one of our victories was over one of the strongest teams in the country, demonstrates that we have a clean-fielding and hard-hitting team, which should stand well in the college series. Captain Douglass, our pitching department, and in fact the whole team, deserve hearty congratulation for their splendid work.

On Tuesday, May 12th, Bates met the strong University of Vermont team. The home nine scored six runs in the first inning, but after that could do nothing with Slattery. Score:

On the next day the tables were turned. Berryman completely outpitched Vermont's crack pitcher, Dinsmore. Score:

and Ge			1112	HIC	110	am	u 1	aag	an,	D	011	yman
Batte		 D	:				a 1	T- 0		D.		
U. of	V.,			1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-5
Bates,				2	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	0-8
				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

The games of the 14th, 15th, and 16th also resulted in victories. Score:

	1	4	9	4	0	U		0	J
Bates,	1	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	0-7
Vermont Acad.,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-1

Batteries—Fox and Whittemore, Pulsifer and Gerrish.

					1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bates,					0	0	4	1	0	0	1-6
N. H. S. C.,					1	0	1	1	2	0	0-5
Battery-S	lat	tei	v s	me	1 G	err	ish				

				1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bates,				3	2	0	0	0	3	1-9
Exeter,				0	0	0	5	0	1	17

Batteries-Robertson, Plunkett, and Scannell; Slattery, Pulsifer, and Gerrish.

Every night when the score came to the college the bell was rung and the band turned out. A large body of students with a barge met and escorted the victors home from the midnight train, Saturday night.

Bates met M. S. C. on the college grounds on the afternoon of May 18th, and won the first game of her college series by a score of 15 to 10. Below is the tabulated score:

		BA'	res.						
		A.B	. R.	в.н	. P.O	. A.	Е.		
Douglass, 2b., .		6	2	0	3	2	0		
Pulsifer, s.s., .		5	3	4	3	1	1		
Burrill, p.,		4	3	4	0	2	0		
Gerrish, c.,		5	2	2	7	1	0		
Quinn, 3b.,		5	1	2	2	4	0		
Penley, 1b.,		- 5	3	1	7	0	2		
Slattery, r.f., .		5	0	1	1	1	0		
Hinkley, l.f., .		5	0	1	3	0	0		
Bennett, c.f., .		5	1	3	1	0	1		
		-	-	_	_		_		
Totals, .	•	45	15	18	27	11	4		
M. S. C.									
D		A.B		B.H.	P.O.	Α.	Е.		
Bass, p.,	٠	5	1	1	0	0	0		
Libby, 1b.,	•	4	3	4	6	0	1		
Farrell, 3b., .	•	5	3	3	0	2	0		
P. Palmer, c., .		5	0	1	12	1	2		
Welch, s.s.,		5	3	2	2	2	2		
Crockett, r.f., .		5	0	2	1	0	1		
E. Palmer, l.f.,		4	0	2	2	0	1		
Dolley, 2b.,		5	0	2	1	3	1		
Brann, c.f.,		5	0	0	0	0	0		
Totals, .		43	10	17	24	-8	8		
Totals, .	•	40	10	14	24	0	0		
	1	2	3 4	5	5 7	8 9			
Bates,	3	0	0 0	9 5	2 0	1 x-	-15		
Dates,	•	U	0 0	9 ,	2 0	1 X-	-10		

Earned runs—Bates 6, M. S. C. 2. Two-base hits—Pulsifer 2, Slattery, Bass, Welch, Crockett. Home runs—Burrill, Bennett, Farrell, Welch, Libby. Sacrifice hit—Burrill. Stolen bases—Douglass, Pulsifer, Burrill 2, Gerrish, Quinn, Penley, Farrell. Double play—Welch, Dolley, and Libby. Bases on balls—by Burrill, Libby, E. Palmer. Struck out—by Burrill, Bass, P. Palmer, Crockett 2, Brann 3; by Bass, Douglass 2, Penley, Slattery 2, Hinkley 4. Passed ball—Gerrish. Wild pitch—Burrill. Time—lh, 45m. Umpires—McManus and Newenlam.

A story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows: (1) "To was or not to am." (2) "To were or is to not." (3) "To should or not to will."—Ex.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be Abroad at night alone. A chaperone she needs till she Can call some chap 'er own.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew acted as judge of the Cornell-University of Pennsylvania debate on Washington's Birthday.

The name of Columbia College has been changed to Columbia University, the School of Arts alone being now designated as Columbia College.

Said A to B, "I C U R Inclined to B a J." Said B, "Your wit, my worthy friend, Shows signs of sad D K." -Ex

"Ah, goo! ah, gah! Bglb, glb, bah, hah!" cried the baby. "By Jove, isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed the delighted papa. "If he hasn't got our old college yell of '91, I'm a ghost!"—Ex.

Around the Editors' Valle.

FEW weeks ago, some of our leading newspapers contained a detailed and somewhat lengthy account of a disgraceful row in one of our western colleges. Some time later the same papers noticed briefly that "Yale defeated Harvard in intercollegiate debate last evening." These two instances are not unfair examples of the college news of too many papers,-a quarter of a column given to a vulgar squabble, and three lines to a contest of brains between the two leading universities of America. In general, the most important events are least likely to be emphasized. Years of successful building of character and scholarship, contests involving the use of the highest intellectual powers, and numberless events which exhibit the college in its true light, are often overshadowed by a hazing episode or some flagrant breach of college rules.

This is, of course, only an incident of that striving after sensationalism which is the bane of modern American journalism. But, whatever may be its cause, such treatment of college news by the secular press, demands an earnest protest from all friends of education, and especially from college publications. It distinctly injures both the public and the college itself; the public, by giving them a false idea of college life; and the college, by emphasizing its deficiencies and giving undue prominence to those students who in no sense represent the true life of the institution.

May the day hasten when the reading public shall demand more knowledge of the successes and less of the mistakes of college life; when they shall have a more true and sympathetic interest in the real process of training by which the college men of one generation are fitted to become the leaders of the next.

"THE New England Intercollegiate Press Association was formed some five years ago, for the purpose of creating a more perfect unity of interest, and of placing upon a more friendly basis, where mutual advantage and support might be secured, the various student publications of the New England colleges."

Since that time the offices have been held by certain periodicals, and the Association has not been largely supported by the colleges.

Last May new officers were chosen, and a new executive board, which would be directly responsible to the Association.

This board has prepared a new constitution, which will be presented for adoption at the annual meeting, held in Boston, May 22d.

The business session will open at 3 r.m., when papers upon topics of great interest to the college editors will be read, followed by discussion.

Such papers will be presented as: "How shall we enlarge the graduate subscription list?" "How shall we enlarge the number of student sub-

scriptions?" "Popular short college stories," etc.

The Association dinner will be held at the Hotel Vendome or Brunswick, and it is expected that Mrs. Francis Walker, Miss Irvins, President of Wellesley, and such ladies of note, will be present, so that the young women's colleges will have full representation, both in the business session and in the toast list.

The session will no doubt be very interesting and instructive, and the STUDENT editors are pleased to be represented this year, for the first time, in this Association.

TE have here to suggest a custom which we should like to see inaugurated at Bates, and which is much in vogue in our sister colleges. refer to the privilege of wearing the college letter on cap or sweater as a mark of excellence in athletics, fairly won, to the end not of personal but of college honor. The essence of amateurism, the one difference between it and professionalism in athletics, is that honor, not gain, is the reward. In a college then, where amateurism should be found in its purity, if anywhere, anything which adds to the honor, without attendant evils, must be of real benefit. The Greeks were not ashamed to accord to those who won the laurel wreath the highest honor; but many in college, after a season of hard work and little pleasure in it, lay aside the sweater and are permitted to forget all about it. In other colleges we know it to be a fact that to wear the H. or Y. or P. is a coveted honor,

securing respect to its wearer wherever he may be. We are sure that in time to come, when we return at commencement time to Bates-to be much larger then than now, we know, but always the same in spirit—we should be proud to know that from a B. we were entitled to wear, the under-graduate looked up to us with the honor always due to one who has brought athletic trophies to his Alma Mater. When Tom Brown returned to Rugby and found the town boys playing in the quadrangle he could only say: "' 'Pshaw! they won't remember me. They've more right there than I.' And the thought that his sceptre had departed, and his mark was wearing out, came home to him for the first time, and bitterly enough."

THE unusually large number of Seniors and Juniors who have elected English this term is worthy of note; likewise the private course in comparative epics is so popular as to be remarkable. The reason for this does not lie in any "snap" which the study offers. To get at Browning's meaning one must dig for it, and this means work; moreover, to select the Iliad, Eneid, Inferno, and Paradise Lost, in preference to modern fiction, evinces a willingness on the part of the student to work. Nor is the popularity of English at Bates, this spring, a mere incident; it is a tendency which has been at work for some time and will continue to increase. Those who are taught, as well as those who teach throughout all the colleges, are beginning to recognize the importance of English. The agitation in its behalf,

which has been so prominently before the educational world for a few years past, is bearing fruit. President Eliot's criterion of a liberally educated person, the ability to write clear, forcible English, is indisputable. The first step toward meeting this is a careful study of those writers in the past who, having had something to say, have said it well; and no place is so favorable to develop right methods of study as the classroom with an enthusiastic and painstaking instructor. Surely, they who slight the opportunity, know not what they miss.

"TRUE dispatch is a rich thing, for time is the measure of business." The ability to get things done! How envied is the person who seems never to waste time over completing a task or to spend long hours of unprofitable labor. The thought is an old, old one, and has traversed through many a brain weary with its idle endeavors to accomplish something; but, after all, how new and striking it seems as we look about and see its ever-recurring illustrations.

>3

Here is a student who has a creditable record, not only in class-room but in athletics and public exercises, who makes use of the reading-room and library, and takes an active interest in society work; to him, the college year is sufficient for all these. Another of perhaps equal intellectual ability finds only time to prepare regular recitation work; such a one will doubtless plod on through his entire life in this same slow, laborious manner.

The faculty of working with dispatch

may be one of nature, but it is oftener acquired in youth. Method and power of concentration are its life.

THE summer term is certainly the most trying one for study. the earth seems so fresh and happy and all nature is so beautiful we are filled with a strong desire to throw aside our books, and to live a gay, free, out-of-door life. And we ought to be glad that we are not mere machines but that we have power to appreciate and to rejoice in the beautiful world about us. For this is the poetry in our natures, and it is what saves our lives from And yet we must not monotony. neglect our work. Pleasure is always sweeter when it is the reward of hard labor, and a set of tennis or a walk into the woods is twice as enjoyable if one does not have a guilty sense of some duty left undone. If we make a judicious use of our time, we shall first be faithful with our studies, and therefore find a much greater pleasure in recreation. Idleness is never an aid to happiness.

E wish to call special attention to our Commencement number, which will be issued on Thursday Afternoon of Commencement week. It will be an illustrated number of forty pages or more, containing the principal literary parts of the week, descriptions of the graduates, and much other material of special interest.

Any who desire extra copies may notify the Business Manager or can secure them Thursday afternoon, at the regular price.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

We present this month a continuation of the symposium begun in the April number.

Editors of Bates Student:

BOUT twenty-five years have passed since my graduation from Bates. If I were to give to a young person just entering college, my best advice, I would say to him, as the wisdom these years have brought me:

1. If you are really in earnest to make the most of your college course for your own development, carefully and wisely methodize your time. Six hours a day-at the most eight-of really diligent work will enable any person of ordinary ability to do well the tasks assigned for each day. Nor will a young person who means to make the most of himself think this excessive time. Young people are apt to be prodigal of time because it seems to them, with life all before them, they are rich in anticipated years. This impression with students leads to desultory habits of study, and to work done in haste, when it must be done and not before. Habits of work accomplished at irregular intervals are thus formed, which must be corrected in later life, if one is to be an effective worker in any department of human activity. Begin now to form good habits of study. Study. Then play.

2. I believe the regular curriculum of study as imposed in the New England college is all right, if one will use it for all it is fitted to do for him.

The student needs discipline, i.e., enlarged mental power, growing discrimination, the ability to concentrate his best energy upon any subject under consideration. He gets these powers by using them; compelling them to do "To him that hath" his bidding. (and will use) "shall be given," is as true here as everywhere. One soon learns that each department of human investigation runs into, and is connected with, every other. The Classics and the Sciences are all first cousins in this regard. There is an intensely interesting side to every subject. Nothing prescribed is unimportant. Each study is of great value. Use it and broaden out from it as much as you will—but use it. "Electives" are well, if the student has sufficient breadth of outlook, and knows his needs well enough to wisely "elect." Put good honest work into the prescribed studies, and thus "the course of study" will do a work for you for which you will be grateful all your life. It is not so much a question of what, at ordinary student age, as how.

3. If from such wisdom as I have now, such as it is, I could do over my college course, I would make a more diligent and conscientious use of the opportunities given me for study. Beyond this in general, I would not ask for much change. I would live more in compliance with the maxim of Ecclesiastes x.—"If the iron be dull then must he put to more strength." If I

were consciously weak in any study, as mathematics, for instance, then I would try and practice the above text. Time enough for special studies when the four years of the college course are done—and done well. Get a good discipline in the main current, and then run off in special directions.

W. H. BOLSTER, '69.

Editors of Bates Student:

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THE change I should hope to make in method of study, if I were to repeat my college course, would be in the direction of what may be called the vital as opposed to the mechanical method. I would free myself, as far as possible, from the influence of the fact that lessons are to be recited.

It is quite possible for a student to grasp the meaning of a lesson sufficiently to be able to hand it out to the professor in recitation, and yet not take it into his own mind in such a way as to enlarge or enrich his own personality. The student who would do the best with his opportunities must learn the secret of receiving what he studies into himself, not for the purpose of giving it out in payment for a mark on the teacher's class-book, but for its own worth and for its contribution to the enlargement and strengthening of the personal life. This habit, begun early, will be invaluable, for it will lead to the assimilation of truth into personality, and in personality more than anything else lies the conditions of success.

In regard to reading, I should hope to give more attention to that class of literature which deals with human nature and, in religious phrase, appeals to the heart.

ROSCOE NELSON, '87.

Editors of the Bates Student:

ND so you seek from me a "confession." If you please, ambitious editors, I have none to make. It may be presumed that my "methods of study and reading" ten years ago were the best known at that time(?). Without doubt a better condition exists now. There is progress in all things.

In view of my "experience in life" Bates students need to be advised on the above subject less than students of several colleges. Yet even they may improve.

Economy of time deserves consideration. Let every hour count for physical, intellectual, or spiritual welfare. Let there be no waste, no misspent hours. Students should work intensely eight hours daily, and no more. Do not dawdle. Work regularly and persistently, but avoid being a "dig" or a shirk. Make daily use of the college library books. Read for a well-defined purpose, but read. The best in literature, history, and biography should be sought for. Make a beginning in all these lines and let your study continue through life. Never stagnate. Even though you have a college diploma and do not have a love for good reading you are not educated.

C. E. STEVENS, '86.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

HE request to recall my college life is not without its pleasant suggestions. I must say that I do not look back upon it with many regrets. If I

had the pleasant years at Bates to live over again, my inclinations and general methods would be much the same. Athletics, the library, and the Polymnian Society would still have their strong attractions. I should try to do thorough work from day to day in all courses and should place no reliance on cramming for examinations.

If I made any change in the routine work, it would be in the way of greater intensity along special lines. I think I see more clearly now the real value of those studies which have most to do with relations between man and man. I should take special pains to do the full requirement in the rhetorical work of the college and of the literary society. The debates would claim a large share of time and interest. If I were fortunate enough to be assigned to editorial work, I should consider that honor a golden opportunity. And, finally, I should not be satisfied with mere perfunctory work in allied subjects of the regular course, like History, Social and Political Science, Psychology, and Philosophy.

> Very sincerely yours, E. W. GIVEN, '79.

NEWARK ACADEMY, NEWARK, N. J.

Editors of Bates Student:

THE average man looks back upon the four years spent in college as years of special pleasure. A careful distinction should be made in respect to the things to be sought in a college course, in a university course, and in a technical or professional course of study.

The college course was intended and

should be kept as the place where the foundations are laid for manhood and womanhood in any and every sphere of life. Pupils that enter it are, on the average, too young to wisely select their branches of study, at least to any extent, before the Junior year. University work, properly speaking, comes after the foundations are laid, and should be wholly elective.

From what has been said it would follow that the reading done, as purely of an educational character, should have reference to securing a wider knowledge of some of the branches studied. The student does well to keep a small, handy note-book, in which to put down his desires as they occur to him, of books and lines of reading which he wishes, at some later time, to follow out. But if he wishes to make his college course of most solid advantage to him in after years, he needs to do his work systematically and conscientiously. Every student can and should do some reading as a mental relaxation. In this he can exercise his taste in poetry, fiction, history or biography, and as he reads and takes his notes he will learn wherein his taste centers most, and will be prepared to determine wisely, when the college course is completed, whether he may well enter upon university study, or go to the professional school, or seek a business career.

J. S. Brown.

DOANE COLLEGE, CRETE, NEB.

The Cornell student who gets a term mark of eighty-five per cent. is exempt from examination.

PERSONALS.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin has returned from a year's study in Germany to his duties as principal of the High School in Newton, Mass.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin, D.D., will deliver the address to the graduating class of the South Framingham, Mass., High School.

'74.—R. W. Rogers is judge of the municipal court at Belfast, Me.

'76.—F. E. Emrich, D.D., is to deliver the address before the alumni of Cobb Divinity School during anniversary week.

'77.—L. H. Moulton is principal of the Lisbon Falls High School.

'77.—G. A. Stuart has removed from Chicopee, Mass., to New Britain, Conn., where he has been elected superintendent of schools with a salary of \$2,500. This election is very flattering to Mr. Stuart from the fact that he was chosen out of about thirty applicants, many of whom were highly recommended.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick is principal of Highland Avenue Grammar School at Gardiner, Me.

'89.—Arthur E. Hatch is engaged in evangelistic work. His residence at present is at Oldtown, Me.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright recently entered upon her duties as pastor of the Universalist Church in Livermore Falls. Her first sermon was preached to a crowded house.

'90.—George F. Garland has entered the Maine Medical School.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon has been coaching the Bowdoin track athletic team.

'90.—C. S. F. Whitcomb is practicing medicine in Milton Mills, N. H.

'91.—Miss Kate H. Merrill is at her home in Auburn, rapidly regaining her health from a recent illness.

'91.—William B. Watson is employed on the staff of the *Portland Express*.

'93.—J. F. Fanning was compelled by illness to leave his school and return to his home at Lubec.

'93.—R. A. Sturges is a member of the Columbia University Glee Club.

'93.—Dr. John Sturgis of Auburn, son of ex-Mayor B. F. Sturgis, and Miss Helen Louise Brickett of Groveland, Mass., were married on Saturday at the home of a relative of the bride in Groveland. Rev. Mr. Swain of Boston was the officiating clergyman. The wedding was private, being attended by only the immediate families of the couple. Ex-Mayor and Mrs. Sturgis were among the guests. Dr. and Mrs. Sturgis came direct to Auburn, where they are receiving congratulations of their many friends.—Lewiston Journal.

'94.—Wesley E. Page has taken this year two prizes in the Yale Divinity School.

'94.—F. E. Perkins has resigned his position as principal of the Princeton High School, to accept the professorship of mathematics in Dow Academy, one of the finest fitting schools in New Hampshire.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

E would call the attention of the alumni to the proposition made by F. W. Baldwin, D.D., of the Class of '72, to the Bates College Students'

Building Fund Association. Dr. Baldwin offers to be one of ten who shall give \$10 each toward the building, one of fifteen who shall give \$15, one of twenty-five who shall give \$25, one of fifty who shall give \$50, and one of one hundred who shall give \$100. He will enter any or all of these groups, and imposes no conditions as to the total amount which shall be raised for the building.

It is earnestly hoped that all alumni who are willing to give one of the amounts above mentioned will communicate with the alumni editor or with the executive committee of the Association.

PHE following books, for the Department of English, have been presented to the College Library by the College Club:

Caine's The Bondman; The Deemster; The Scapegoat.

Barrie's Window in Thrums; Auld Licht Idyls; The Little Minister; When a Man's Single.

Besant's All Sorts and Conditions of Men. Eber's Uarda; Egyptian Princess. Crockett's The Raiders; The Sticket Minister. Blackmore's Lorna Doone.

Doyle's Adventures of Sherlock Holmes; Micah Clarke; The White Company.

Black's Daughter of Heth; Kilmeny; Madcap Violet; Princess of Thule; Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.

Haggard's She; King Solomon's Mines. Hardy's Far From the Madding Crowd; A Pair of Blue Eyes.

Maclaren's Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush.

Meredith's Lord Ormont and His Aminta;

The Egoist.

Mrs. Ward's Marcella; David Grieve.
Weyman's House of the Wolf.
Manzoni's The Betrothed.
Marryat's Mr. Midshipman Easy.
Sands's Consuelo; Countess of Rudolstadt.
Buchanan's Shadow of the Sword.
Poe's Tales.
Lanier's Science of English Verse.

Alexander's Introduction to Browning.
Berdoe's Browning's Message to His Time.
Revell's Browning's Criticism of Life.
Harrison's Choice of Books.

Richardson's Choice of Books. Hardy's Five Hundred Books for the Young. Corson's Aims of Literary Study. Gow's Method of English.

Skeats's Questions in English Literature.
March's Method of Philological Study.
Moulton's Four Years of Novel Reading.
Huffcut's English in the Preparatory Schools.

Woodward's English in the Schools.

Klein's Chips from a Teacher's Workshop.

—English in American Universities.

Cook's Art of Poetry. Shelley's Defense of Poetry. Hunt's What is Poetry.

College Exchanges.

HAT clear reflections the college magazine gives! Spring numbers present a vivid picture of the awakening spirit of the season and the stir in base-ball, tennis, track work, and rowing. The literary articles, too, for the last month seem to possess unusual vigor and merit, and as we look over our huge pile of exchanges

we think of the extended leisure we should like to possess in order to read and enjoy all of the excellent contributions.

It is the Nassau Lit which has most pleased us this month. A spirited oration, "Evolution Not Revolution," and a short story, "Zareefee," which is a delightful departure from the ordinary, are its most attractive features. We can never find anything in the least derogatory to say of our visitor from old Nassau.

The Morningside, from Columbia, is one of our new exchanges. It is a bright, original little magazine, and makes very little attempt at the serious. It is sure to make friends, and affords a pleasant relief after reviewing many essay-laden exchanges, a task which at best proves sometimes depressing.

The *Pharetra*, from Wilson College, reflects great credit on the young ladies who compose the editorial board. From its March number we clip the following:

THE STORM-KING.

The storm-king has yoked his horses, And is driving with headlong speed Across the darkening heavens; Beneath, on the shadowed mead The grasses rustle and whisper And whisper and rustle again, And tell to the trees in the pine grove The news of the coming rain.

The storm-king's legions are speeding To aid him in battle array, With banners triumphantly waving As they hasten afar on their way; Now they move in a solid column, A procession gloomy and still, Spread far and wide o'er the heavens In response to their leader's will.

The storm-king has marshaled his army, Now a single resounding crash Bursts forth from the trumpets of thunder, And the raindrops with headlong dash Come down with a rush and a patter On the fields of the waving grain, Till the grasses bend and ripple 'Neath the mingled wind and rain.

The storm-king's legions are flying In ragged and scattered array, The banners so awesome and gloomy Have paled to an ashen gray; The grasses are bending and nodding, The branches are swaying about, The birds trill forth carols triumpliant, For the army is put to rout.

From the Junior Prize Oration, "The Democratic Idea in College Life," in

Yale Lit, we select the following sentences:

Only as the student is imbued with the spirit of true democracy and made ready to spirit of true definitions and the reasy stand firm, at whatever cost, against all that opposes his country's highest good, are the colleges fulfilling their duty to the nation. . . Nowhere has the ideal of democracy been so nearly realized as in the life of the undergraduate. Here, to a far greater degree than in the world, a man stands for what he is worth. A free and heavity coed followship hes broken A free and hearty good-fellowship has broken all barriers down between rich and poor. The spirit of democracy has been kept pure; but it has been at the cost of devotion and sacrifice.

Cynicism and pessimism are rightly repulsive to the vigorous student mind; but a repulsive to the vigorous student mind; but a spirit of fearless, searching criticism must be encouraged if we are to keep our life free from taint. . . Pocket-books and family trees are held in light esteem by the student body, and their direct influence is not to be feared. . . Snobs may now and then pass through our ranks, yet no snobbing can prevail against the opprobrium in which it is held.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Glimmering in the roseate dawn, Far in yon purpling west,
Calm in the starry skies of night,
Deep in the sad sea's breast,
A spirit waits.

Muttering in the storm cloud's gloom, Pale in the heaven's glare, Whispering low in the forest shade, Bedewing each petal fair, A spirit waits.

Waiting, sighing for some pure life To fathom its mystery; Longing some noble soul to find To render its beauty free, Beseeching waits.

-Dartmouth Lit.

STRUGGLE.

As the oar, dipping 'neath the wave, Struggling with the swift on-pressing flood, Sinks, and strives, and rises yet again-So my soul, though fainting, oft subdued, Rises yet, the conqueror of the grave.

-Amherst Lit.

FULFILLMENT.

Methinks I hear a gentle voice arise From out the sleeping earth, snow-covered

A subtle sweetness in the warm air lies, And neath the genial sun each tiny rill Its icy thralldom breaks with joyous sound; The woodlands, too, their early tribute bring, While from all Nature everywhere resound The quickening pulses of the coming Spring.

-University Cynic.

Our Book-Shelf.

HERE is as much difference in books as there is in the minds of the authors who write them. The one who makes his books his friends cer-

tainly finds variety.

Recently the Scotch novel has become very popular. The peculiar charm of the Scotch dialect, together with the unique traits of the Scottish people, predisposes the reader in favor of a Scotch story, and he is ready to appreciate S. R. Crockett's new novel, Cleg Kelley, Arab of the City. 1 The hero, Cleg, is an Edinburgh street urchin, the son of a professional burglar. Cleg is a mischievous, bright, romping boy, the admiration as well as the terror of his street associates. Our sympathy is called forth by stories of his harsh treatment at home, while we are entertained by the pranks that he plays, and his deeds of valor. His loyalty to his little friend Vara, who takes care of two baby brothers and is maltreated by a drunken mother, is strong and pathetic. "Miss Celie," Cleg's pretty mission teacher, gives an added charm to the book. The story holds the interest well. In the course of it we are led through wild and strange scenes. The author is specially skillful in describing comic situations, and he displays quite a gift for character-sketching, particularly in his descriptions of children, and in his unique and apt expressions. While the story shows a good play of the imagination, our chief criticism would be that it is hardly true to life. The ending is improbable in the extreme. The narrative as a whole is commendable, having originality and power.

At this season of the year a book about nature is refreshing, and touches a responsive chord. Bradford Torrev's Spring Notes from Tennessee² is full of a simple, open-hearted love for nature. It is written in an easy, pleasing style, much after the form of a diary. Mr. Torrey describes to us what he saw and heard, while living out of doors for three weeks in Eastern Tennessec, from

April 27th to May 18th. The book is full of the birds and their songs, of the flora of the region, and of the rough people met with. The author is specially interested in ornithology, and the enthusiasm with which he tells of a new bird seen is delightful. He reports ninety-three different species distinguished in those three weeks. The singular scarcity of hawks in this region has not yet been explained. The description of points made famous in the Civil War, and the incidents told of the inhabitants, lend variety and interest.

Pirate Gold,3 an interesting story from the pen of F. J. Stimson, has come to our notice. There are few characters and a simple plot, divided into three parts—Discovery, Robbery, and Recovery. We read the history of a little Spanish maiden, Mercedes, who is captured with a number of pirates in Boston Harbor. One of these outlaws passes over a bag of gold to the son of a banker, who places the money in the bank. The book-keeper of the company, James McMurtagh, takes the little girl home and cares for her as his own. She is fond of society, and becomes infatuated with a young man, whom she marries. His true character is soon revealed to her—a gambler and a villain. The foster father, although an extremely honest man, finally steals the pirate gold from the bank to save Mercedes' name from disgrace, spending the rest of his life in earning money to replace what he has stolen. He finally succeeds in his endeavor, although not until Mcrcedes is dead. At length it is discovered that the pirate who owned the gold was Mercedes' father, whereupon the money passes into the hands of Mercedes' little daughter who lives with James McMurtagh.

¹Cleg Kelley, Arab of the City. By S. R. Crockett. (D. Appleton Co., New York; \$1.50. ²Spring Notes from Tennessee. By Bradford Torrey. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York; \$1.25.)

³ Pirate Gold. By F. J. Stimson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25.)

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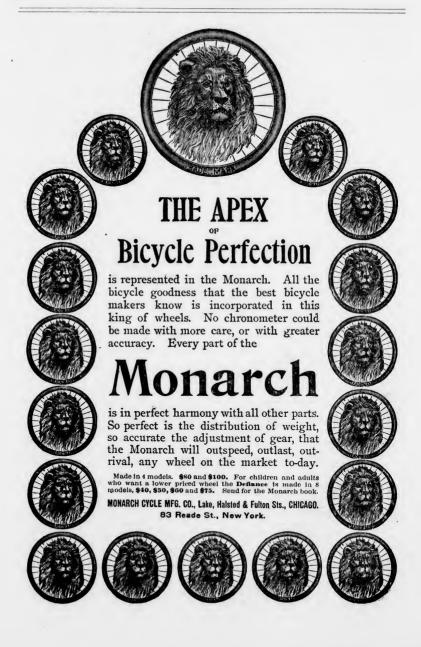
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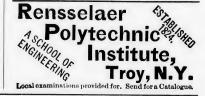
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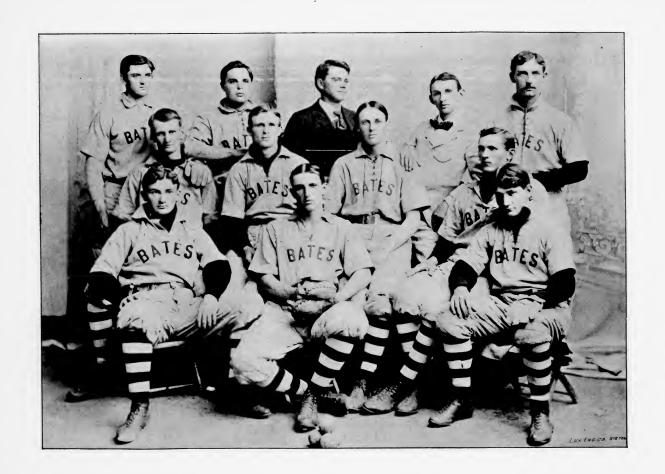
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JUNE, 1896.

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TWO PRAYERS.

т

THE waves washed mournfully along the smooth beach. Breaking over that far-reaching expanse of lonely shore, they had a wild charm that is only half felt at fashionable watering-places. Where the deeper blue of the ocean shaded into the fainter tint of the heavens, floated soft, filmy shapes. They might have been sails of distant sea-crafts, had they not fluttered higher, leaving a tiny line of sky beneath. Towards the south a light-house boldly

stood unchanged by many storms and gales.

A young girl sat on the sand, thoughtfully gazing on the breaking billows, as they seemed to sob in echo to her own sad musings. She was thinking of the happy days in her cosy little home among the mountains, when, with her brother Jim, she wandered through the woods and gathered fragrant blossoms, or sang the little fellow to sleep with her sweet voice. She loved to watch the glorious sunset from some lofty peak, while down below a shining lake

reflected all the colors. What a pleasure it was to set the evening meal for her dear father, tired with a long day of labor! Then, when the supper dishes were cleared away, they used to sit before the door of their little house, enjoying the beauties of the summer twilight. How her father loved to hear her sing the simple airs her ready ear had caught, and neighbors often passed that way and listened! But she was proud of this one gift and scorned to use it for the common multitude, thinking thus to waste its sweetness which she determined in the far-off future should win her great renown. In her dreams she often sang before a vast assembly that would greet her music with loud applause. So they lived in humble joy till one sad day great sorrow visited their little home: both her father and Jim fell sick, and though she nursed them with the tenderest care she knew, they died. Then the dread disease attacked her frail form, but spared her, and she often questioned why, for it had robbed the tender vocal chords of the sweetness of their tone. She bitterly rebelled against her fate, and prayed that she might die. Cruel villagers remarked that she had been too proud of her gift, and the just God had taken it away. Sad and unloved in her community, she came to the seashore to make her home with her only relative, a cross maiden aunt. She rejoiced to see a subtle paleness stealing over her features, and she prayed every night that she might die, forgetting that sorrow is a part of every human lot. And this is where we find her, sitting mourning by the sea.

The warming splendor of the west shone with beautiful colors on the rolling sea, and a chilling breeze softly lifted Clara Bloomdale's hair. She was a very beautiful girl, but so sad that you would almost weep to look upon her face. Regretting to leave the dampness of the air, because she wished to hasten the answer to her constant cry to God, she slowly left the sympathetic ocean and entered the smallest of three weather-beaten huts.

Outside, the breeze increased into a gale. A pair of sea-birds flitted along the lonely level of the beach. Specks of foam flew from the whirling tide. The golden sunset grew majestic, mingled with looming clouds of black. Somber darkness hovered over all, just ready to alight.

II.

The sun shone brightly on the calmly rippling sea. Gleams of sand sparkled all along the shore as if the clouds had rained their silver linings. Where the water seemed to meet the sky, three ships were sailing. Flocks of birds sported along the beach and dipped their tiny feet in the foamy spray, and caroled lays of joy. Several fleecy clouds lingered central in the sky. Clara Bloomdale half reclined on the sand, resting her pale face on her thin white hand. One felt that death was lurking near. A graceful shawl was warmly draped about her shoulders. She looked joyously on the dancing waves, painfully unconscious of the dark shadow close at hand. She was thinking how good it was to live, and recalling happy memories of the past year. She would never forget that

day when her sweet voice came back, although she had thought it lost With what excitement she forever. went to the city and tried her voice before one of the leading singers! He praised the beauty and purity of her tones and told her that the future would bring renown. Then he found her a place in the most fashionable church choir. All were charmed with her and her sweet music. The congregation increased in numbers till they left scarcely room for any more. How she enjoyed the whirl of society, the splendor of the theatre, the wonderful concerts, and the graceful dance. In the beginning she questioned whether she did right in attending the theatre. Would her dead father sanction it? The first night after she had seen a play she cried herself to sleep, but then conscience lost its nervous power and left her to her will. The dancing came, as good things come along, with all the rest. Many sweet flowers found their way to her dainty little room, pinks, roses, and even those of rarer bloom. Friends there were not a few. and one was dearer than all the rest. The year flew by on lightning wings, finding on its way more joy than sorrow. Now she had come back to her aunt's for a short rest. She had learned to love and admire her aunt whom a life of toil had somewhat soured; for beneath the gruff voice and stern face was a hidden wealth of love and selfsacrifice. How well she remembered the day when she returned to the lonely hut! She still felt the warm kiss on her cheek and in her ears still rung the words of solicitude about her health,

for she was very thin and pale. She thought it was because she was so tired. Sometimes death seemed near, but she prayed that she might live. When life was so sweet, fate surely could not mean that she must die! Oh no, she had a mission to perform. Could not her voice win many souls to God?

Thus she reasoned that she must not die, but live to drink a deeper draught of joy. So she sat and dreamed upon the lonely sand, till from the west a tiny breeze sprung up and kissed her cheeks with faint color. A slight cough warned her that she must not stay longer in the chilling air. With a silent prayer that health might soon return, she entered her aunt's tiny dwelling.

The light wind soon died away. Where the sunset shone a golden gate seemed to open, and displayed a long, bright path. Clouds tinted with purple and rose hovered on either side. The sparkling ripples of the sea were deepening into blue. Night cast her mantle over all, while gentle peace kept guard.

Beside a flower-covered grave stood two figures; one, that of a stern old woman, whose eyes, though bare of tears, were misty with hidden grief; the other, of a young man, whom sorrow had bowed but not broken. Clara Bloomdale's prayer was answered—she was dead; and her second prayer, for she lived.

MURIEL E. CHASE, '99.

The University of Minnesota has a cash balance of \$4,600 left from last foot-ball season.

THE DAWN OF PEACE. SALUTATORY.

BY AUGUSTUS P. NORTON.

VOLUTION is the watchword of the century. The fact which it represents is held by thoughtful men to explain not natural phenomena alone, but the development of human society as well. The results of slow development are, found to manifest themselves at times in abrupt changes in the institutions of society, so that to a superficial view they seem rather revolution than evolution. So, if the tendency of the world's progress is in that direction, it is not merely an absurd fancy to suppose that war, though it has always been one of the chief employments of mankind, may be brought to an end.

Let us look first at some of the modern forces of a material and practical character which militate against a continuance of war. If a great war should now occur, modern military contrivances would destroy whole cities and whole armies. Such a prospective loss of life may well make men pause, at least after one such conflict has ended. Then, too, the annual cost of maintaining the armies of Europe in time of peace is 600 million dollars. The indebtedness of the various countries, still rapidly increasing, already amounts to 22 billions, making some of them practically bankrupt. The United States yearly expends 150 millions in pensions and interest. Such expenses as these constitute a factor not to be overlooked, tending to break down the immense system of standing armies. International commercial and financial relations, immigration and travel, make it less possible for wars to occur. The newspapers and periodicals of to-day give so realistic a picture of the horrors of the battle field that readers can no longer dwell exclusively on the glorious features of war.

It is readily seen that the natural result of these, as of many other forces equally effective, is to assist any efforts made to unite the nations in a federation of peace. The great powers of the world now have, with a few exceptions, republican or at least constitutional governments. In the past, it has generally been the rulers, not the people, who have precipitated conflicts, and when the people govern, better reasons must exist before the nations can be involved in a struggle which destroys the lives of their citizens.

The preparations for conflict throughout the world were never so complete as at present. At the same time the interests of the majority both of the masses and of the educated and thinking men who lead the movements of the world, are farther than ever removed from war. Industry, not fighting, engages attention. Industrial and social problems are discussed almost When people come to universally. realize the bearing of the military system upon these problems-for example, that in some countries of Europe one out of every five able-bodied laborers is supported by the other four to drill and parade and wear a soldier's uniform, they will be found thoroughly ready to put a stop to it.

It is worthy of notice that people are at present not willing to become

soldiers themselves, and share the leisure, honor, and glory of military life, even with little prospect of immediate battle. In every European country except England military service has to be made compulsory; in England recruits come mainly from the dregs of the population; at the expiration of their term of service nine-tenths refuse to re-enlist; in ten years there were 40,000 deserters.

The moral aspect of the subject is the most important and not the least hopeful. Morally, the question by which this age judges anything is, "Does it benefit or injure the greater number?" If an institution is condemned when tested by this standard, the plea of antiquity or even the statement, if unproved, that it has a foundation in human nature, finds few to listen to it. And in the moral sphere the evolution from war toward peace is especially plain. In the individual. it is not considered honorable to wish to fight on the slightest pretext, or even for well-grounded cause; duelling is a barbaric custom of the past. "Let society and justice," says the spirit of the times, "settle private quarrels." And what applies to the individual should apply to the nation, and the splendid triumphs of arbitration achieved during the last fifty years show that it can be made practicable. Justice, not might, should be, and will be, the arbiter between nations as between men. Then, too, the quickened moral sense does not now regard the warrior as the only hero, nor even the chief one. Deeds of love rather than of hate elicit the greatest applause.

Barbarism, contention, and lawlessness steadily give way to civilization, brotherly helpfulness, and justice, and this tendency must eventually destroy the possibility of war.

Our own country has been a very great factor in hastening the era of Its mere existence has been peace. the chief cause of the almost entire overthrow of despotism and the establishment of republican and constitutional government, which has been shown to favor peace. Then as an example of how attention to industry can make a nation stronger even in the "sinews of war," it is constantly exerting a powerful influence. It seems that this reform may prove one of the greatest causes, though an unforeseen one, for the founding of this republic, which its citizens believe was ordained of God to teach the liberty, equality, and brotherhood of man.

And here we come to the surest test of any reform,-Is it in the line of God's plans for the world-with the spirit of Christianity? Can we doubt that war is contrary to the spirit of His gospel at whose birth the angels sang, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men;" the essence of whose teaching is love; whose followers have always, when they truly understood His mission, been practical adherents to the doetrine so foreibly expressed by the word altruism-unselfishness, devotion to others. At an earlier stage the world needed for its best development that each should mainly for his own interests. was the inevitable result, and no doubt brought out very noble qualities in men. But that time is past. Christ taught "love one another"; and the nations shall obey His command.

THE HEIGHTS OF AMBITION. VALEDICTORY.

By INA M. PARSONS, '96.

NO truer words were ever spoken than those of the poet, "Men would be angels, angels would be gods." Although the elements which combine to fashion the characters of different individuals are many and varied, within the heart of every man, if it be not stifled, is the passionate desire to surmount all obstacles in his pathway and outstrip his companions in this life race. This element, this desire, is ambition. Ambition in the soul maintains an interest in our lifework, infuses a power and energy into our thoughts, and creates a force in our actions which will brook no restraint.

Since Ambition must be queen, may she rule wisely! As she, from her throne on the dizzy heights above, wields her sceptre of supreme power, may she take Reason and Justice for her counsellors and not be "Vaulting Ambition which o'erleaps itself."

As a person stands at the foot of the Alps gazing with wonder and admiration at the lofty peaks above, so the youthful aspirant for success turns his attention with eagerness and longing toward Ambition's heights, and presses onward to the attainment of some lofty ideal. Slowly and laboriously, with eyes fixed upon the goal, he ascends step by step the narrow pass up the steep mountain of life.

Huge precipices of doubt overhang with threatening brow. Dark chasms of despair yawn on either side. One false step may hurl headlong his ambition where it will lie mangled and helpless; but if he keeps in view a noble purpose, he will continue his journey in safety and none of his efforts will be unrewarded.

Byron says:

"He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find Their loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,

Must look down upon the hate of those below." These words are in a measure true. But as the observer on the mountaintop finds compensation for the cold and cheerless atmosphere in the grandeur of the scene presented to his view, so he who ascends Ambition's heights, although often envied, should take satisfaction in the thought that he has nobler purposes and keener perceptions. As he feels his faculties unfolding and the true knowledge descending into his soul, he must realize that he is becoming better fitted to meet the responsibilities life places upon him.

We must acknowledge that ambition is sometimes heartlessly cruel and sacrifices to itself every noble sentiment of the heart. This is exemplified in the reproachful career of Napoleon. Little did he care that his devoted peasant soldiers poured out their lifeblood on the field of battle that he might gratify his worldly ambition. But even through the ambitious desires of such tyrannical leaders, who pursued Ambition merely for its own sake, what momentous inheritances have been bequeathed to future generations! It was due to Napoleon's inordinate desire for preferement that the people first began to realize that they were a power behind the throne.

Parrhasius allowed his ambition to overrule his better nature when he tortured the Grecian captive as a model for his famous painting of "Prometheus Bound," but thereby was presented to the world of art a model which inspired artists to read and paint the glowing soul. Thus we see how even from the most selfish and cruel workings of Ambition, good results may follow.

Without ambition this entire universe would be one vast unknown. The earth clothed in the beauties of nature would be but a mystic playground for its children, a beautiful garden of Eden, indeed, but so shrouded in mystery that we should be true inhabitants of a fairy-land. But, incited by their ambition, scientists and discoverers have sacrificed lives of untiring devotion to the investigation of these mysteries. Thus they have broken the chains of ignorance and opened the doors to hidden treasures of priceless value. Each generation vies with its predecessor in making new discoveries, in rising higher and higher on ambition's mount, till finally we may stand on the summit and get a perfect view of the valley below.

What amazing secrets have been revealed to mortals through the ambition of scientists to invade the inner labyrinths of electricity! Did not Pasteur mount slowly and painfully the heights of ambition that he might make a dis-

covery unparalleled in service to the world!

In literature and art we are inclined to think that men labor with no desire for renown. Dante wrote his immortal song prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to his posterity. The enchanting view of Ambition's Heights led Milton to still climb the mountain even when he was in the land of darkness and suffering. Did not the love of fame give to us the world-renowned Demosthenes?

One of the greatest evils to mankind is the lack of cultivation of the ambition among the lower classes. They are content to remain downtrodden and never strive to throw off the shackles of ignorance and oppression. Thus they fail to realize the true worth of their own lives and are of no benefit to their fellow-men, but rather a hindrance in the struggle for the most perfect development of the race. "What sculpture is to a block of marble, ambition is to the human soul." We must have an intense longing to mount ambition's heights before we can hope to grow ourselves, and it is only through our own perfection that we can aid others to execute a noble life-work. To increase our own capabilities is the only way in which we can appreciate and draw out the possibilities of others.

Then let us cherish this ambition, believing that those who are governed in its use by principles of truth and virtue will not fail of a reward. The thrilling impulses of the knowledge of victory may not always be realized here. But the vision of a future imperishable halo aids one in his efforts to reach the goal while bearing aloft the banner of "Excelsior," without being conscious of the movement given to the onward march of civilization, the reward for which he may not receive till extended to him by angel hands at the portal that leads to eternal life.

OUR MONUMENTS. CLASS-DAY ORATION. By A. B. Howard, '96.

IT matters little whether the several races of mankind are separated by the rolling waves of oceans, or by the ceaseless, onflowing tide of centuries. Parallelism is everywhere present. It is only in the lesser details that there is difference, and that difference is one of degree and not of kind. Start where we may, in the realm of art or science, of material progress and invention, or in the realm of human hope or aspiration, what we find in one place we find in another. It is not our purpose to exhibit the working of this law, for it is sufficient to assume as true that which underlies the premises of evolution, as well as the daily strivings of the common people. In his environment, his yearnings, in the very Ego, the man of to-day is at one with his pre-historic fellow.

The enunciation of this simple truth will not be considered useless, for upon it we are to build the fabric of our thought to-day. Mankind is a unit. Generations which are passed have planted for those to come, and we have sat under their groves and their

orchards. And yet it has not been sufficient to labor on, trusting simply to results. From the humble savage, who bestows his veneration on a misshapen bit of wood, up to the cultured citizen of to-day who subscribes to public memorials, there has been the same desire for some tangible aid to the memory and the imagination. And so it has come to pass that in all ages men have stepped aside to engage in works which mark the steps in the ascent of man, and to heap up stones which keep them in remembrance.

It is a stupendous vista which stretches out before one as he gazes back over the history of the world. It is the battle-ground of unnumbered hosts! Here freedom and oppression, love and hate, cross and crescent, the powers of light and the powers of darkness, have surged and slackened. Man has risen against man, and nation against nation; yet it is not the record of man alone, or of nations alone, but the record of mankind. To-day, as we gaze upon the scene, the battling hosts are gone; the clash of arms is stilled; the dead are silent. Where they stood, now stands that which they have done.

The world is full, not alone of the works of men, but of the pillars and temples which commemorate those works; monuments to those who have passed away and yet live, and to those who have gone from us and are dead. The pyramids and the columns of Karnak and Luxor stand witness to a civilization which is buried from sight under the sands of Time; the pillars of Marathon and Thermopylæ and the

dismantled Aeropolis speak of a spirit which scorns the fettering shroud; Tell still lingers by his Alpine lake; the Rhine is dotted with castles which watched the spread of the Rennaissance; and England has gathered together the remains of those whom she delights to honor, and the student of life stands abashed in Westminster's halls.

There are those, however, who would bestow but a passing glance upon the marbles and the bronze; who, speaking objectively, would say that the enduring monuments of men or of nations do not consist of shining slabs and pillared roofs, but in the deeds which they have done and the works which they have accomplished. And so they point to wars and treaties; to monarchs crowned and dynasties dethroned; or perchance to the realms of science and of art. But it is more commonly the literature of a people which is cited as its claim to a place in the hearts of posterity; and we hear of the Hebrew scriptures, of classic lore, of the Chronicles of the Norsemen, or it may be of the splendid array of the masters of English prose and song.

If we are seeking an answer to the query, what are the monuments of a people? we are progressing. We have substituted for an unsentient image an objective reality. We are getting nearer the truth. But there may be put forward the subjective claim that mind is superior to matter; the creator is above the work of his hands; the thoughts and deeds of the ages are but the reflex of dominating intelligence. We must heed the claim; and

so we glance back again over the broad expanse until it vanishes amidst the mists of antiquity. City and plain, hamlet and hill-top, are alive with shadowy forms, and Socrates and Moses, Luther and Savonarola, Shakespeare and Dante, Cromwell and Napoleon, stand before us, and we cry, "Here is the glory of the past! Here are the mile-stones of Time."

We admit the force of the claim. The objective reality has yielded to the subjective intelligence. We are getting nearer the truth. But it is time to enter a counter claim. It must be granted by the reflective mind that progress is not confined to the advance or the lapse of individuals or of separate communities. If such were the case there would be slight ground for gratulation. It is from the mass of mankind that the observer must take his readings. Socrates could not win the Athenian youth; Savonarola was deserted by the Florentine mob. And then-the rack and the hemlock.

Bearing in mind this scheme of thought, we may turn to that upon which we have hitherto been silentour own country and our own land. What shall her monument be? Shall it be the scores of tablets, and busts, and shafts which adorn her streets and slopes? If so you will it, yes. But you do not. Shall it then be our science and invention? They are yet in their infancy. Our art and our letters? We have little of which to boast. We must pass on. It is yet left to us to choose our honored dead to witness to the nations of what we have been and shall be. Ah, let us pause.

honor and reverence them, for they have wrought well; and though they rest not among the quiet shadows of transept and nave and choir, yet they are not unhoused. For while the inflexible Grant sleeps by the steadily flowing Hudson, and the warm heart of Grady is still 'neath the rays of a southern sun; while the gentle Lincoln is surrounded by the waving wheatfields of the western prairie, and Custer's bold men are laid beyond the Mississippi among the cañons of the West, yet to the eastward and the westward are the blue walls of the oceans; to the north and the south are the alternating hues of sea and land; and above and over all is the azure dome of the sky, which is even the floors of heaven. Here they rest, and the guardians of their slumber are the common people from whence they sprung.

The names of these men might fittingly fill the entablature which shall speak of us to coming generations. But for a moment yet we hold our judgment in abeyance. It is recorded that the children of the sons of Noah came together and said, "Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth." And it was then that the confusion of tongues fell upon them.

To-day, in the moments of national victory and national achievement, we are tempted to exclaim that we are building a city and a tower. And we are; a city which is to be ruled by the principles of freedom, justice, and

equality; a tower upon which our science and our literature has spread itself as mortar, and into which our great and our small shall lay themselves as blocks of marble, whose veins shall run with red blood. The peoples of the earth are flocking to its completion, and we labor on amidst a mighty confusion of tongues; but the Babel of voices has not prevailed, and shall not prevail, until centuries hence the capstone shall be placed upon its truncate top.

In Boston, at the North End, is an ancient burial ground, within whose hallowed precincts stands a goodly stone. Great trees have heaved it from its fastenings; the rains of years have washed it; and it bears the vandal sears of British musket balls. But it stands, and it marks the resting place of a free man. Our monument is yet in building. The seeds of internal dissensions have stuck in the seams of its jointure, and have grown, and threatened to rend its sides in sunder. The storms of financial distress have swept over it. England turned her guns upon it again in 1812, while oftentimes the terrible batteries of socialism and monarchy have threatened its destruction. But though its fair sides are ehipped, and scarred, and stained, yet it stands; and the inscription upon it is still fair to the sight:

"Go to, we are building a city and a tower, whose top shall reach toward heaven; that our name shall not perish from off the face of the earth."

The Seniors at Princeton wear caps and gowns throughout the year.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

IVY-DAY ORATION.

By Everett Skillings, '97.

FTER the ceaseless conflict of the centuries, wearied with its monotony and impelled by divine decree, Janus returns to his temple, swings to its gates, and inaugurates an era of universal peace. It is not the peace of strife, pausing to gather strength for the future; it is the peace which, as a mighty current, is setting in to-day to sweep humanity ever onward and upward. Behold its triumphs. The law of conflict is obsolete; conquest a thing of the past. Good-will and co-operation are the motors of the present which shall yet move the world. In the light of these tendencies, nowhere so marked as in our own land, it were fitting that we endeavor to interpret a true patriotism for our times.

The patriotism of the past was that of war, the product of the exigencies of the times. When the dark clouds hung heavily over the land, foreboding impending conflict, true patriotism needed then no voice divine to speak its duty. All cries of peace it branded as cowardly, him who uttered them a traitor to his country. It was the patriotism for which Washington fought and Warren fell; which made Yorktown and Appomattox Court House possible, Valley Forge and Gettysburg immortal.

Three decades ago the smoke of battle faded and the roar of cannon died away. The reign of perpetual peace was ushered in by that

> "New birth of our new soil, The first American."

Fealty to one's country to-day must

Otherwise its accord with that peace. best intentions are misdirected and yield only evil; its highest efficiency is misplaced and results only in impotency. There is only discord where else there were perfect symphony. Yet the loyalty of yesterday is not incompatible with that of to-day, but complementary; the one lacking, the other were impossible. Ere the thinning ranks of the battle-scarred veterans of the Civil War vanish completely, they beckon their sons to the patriotism set to the key-note of these new times, and theirs is the wisdom gleaned through many years. They remind us that

"New occasions teach new duties,"duties as unmistakable as when a hostile foe beat against the bulwarks of our safety. As long as history perpetuates a Lafayette and a Kosciusko, so long will our country be reminded that her horizon is world-wide. Her fair past proclaims her the guardian of justice and the enemy of oppression; where liberty struggles and tyranny oppresses she is concerned. But her policy must be consistent with her mission of peace; arbitration, not force, her weapon. Be it granted that duty demands our protection of Venezuela; be it granted that it requires our intervention in Cuba's behalf, does it countenance war with Great Britain or hostilities with Spain? He who would plunge his country in war to-day is a traitor to her interests no less than he who on the eve of strife clamors for peace. That patriotism that kindles over injustice in Cuba, yet is apathetic towards the rankest tyranny in Armenia, is a suspicious patriotism. That is selfishness that needs the spurs of national aggrandizement before it will act. When the Republic's life was young and its fate hung trembling in the balance, the people declared that it must mark out an independent course among the nations and avoid foreign alliances. The foundations of the national structure were well laid. Only as she maintains her individuality among the nations can America retain her superiority over them.

True patriotism does not shun conflict because conflict is terrible. The peace that it perpetuates is not the peace that destroys manhood and breeds a race of cowards. Liberty stands bearing aloft the torch of progress, vet from her vantage ground she discerns the noiseless yet tremendous conflicts that are gathering. Tyranny-a subtle tyranny that loves not the light of day, but lurks in its hiding places and acts while men sleep-still holds America an abject slave. The means of its overthrow is reform, not revolution. While monarchy imputes municipal corruption and the domination of the saloon as the only fruits of democracy, the call comes urgently to the American youth to vindicate the eternal right of popular government; he must not blink at the burning questions of the day, which are fraught with the gravest perils to our multitudinous life. Fidelity requires of him to face squarely and bravely the questions of tariff and money, of labor and monopoly, of race and equality. They must be settled from a broad national standpoint, whence no West, no South, no North can be seen. Let it be inscribed upon the stars and stripes, under which we rally in the bond of peace, "One country and one destiny."

Not many months ago an old man of over fourscore died in a seeluded Italian His life had been one long Maligned by his enemies, misbattle. understood by his friends, exiled by his country, Louis Kossuth lay down to die in a strange land. Why did a whole world pause and note the fact? Not because that had been a successful His cherished dream, the independence of his beloved Hungary, whose fulfillment had been his life-work, had not been realized. That life exemplified the rare quality which is at first always condemned but eventually applauded-a supreme devotion to principle in spite of bitter opposition and baffled hopes, and heroic fortitude in maintaining it; a refusal to violate conscience by compromising principle. Let loyal Americanism learn the lesson. Through ways rife with unpopularity, and even calumny, it must ofttimes thread its way; but time brings vindication. Kossuth outlives calumny, and the next generation knights him the "Hungarian Patriot." He shall wear a diadem of posterity's affection when kings are forgotten, and a like crown awaits all who will sacrifice ambition and cherished plans, when called, on the altar of their country.

The sphere of action, determined by the forces of the present, for a patriotism that would aspire to be true, is measureless. It summons all the prowess of war. It requires of the educated that their patriotism measure up to their intelligence; of legislators that it measure up to their opportunity. Founded in a genuine love of country, sincerity, courage, intelligence, and good-will are its expressions; its motives always pure, its actions sometimes heroic. It jealously guards ever-widening peace; perceives that the threatening foes of our land are internal not external, social not political; stands for all of our existing rights while benevolent toward all mankind; presumes not to discriminate in the enforcement of our laws, but insists that they be obeyed and respected by all. Not the servant of inexorable law, the true patriot yet knows not that liberty whose end is bondage. He has no sympathy with that sentiment which says, "Our Country right or wrong."

The philosopher of her past, he perceives that the forces of national greatness have been moral; the enthusiast of her present, he recognizes that the ultimate standard by which current ideas and present-day tendencies are measured is a moral standard; the optimist of her future, he reads the assurance written on its golden portals that beneath every noisy surface current of the day this deep, steadying counter-stream of the republic shall continue to flow silent and hidden, vet ceaseless and irresistible. He quivers with hope, and his soul echoes what his lips sing-

"Great Empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most."

Rates Verse.

IVY ODE.

BY MABEL C. ANDREWS.

Now the shadows soft are falling Round us as we gather here; Dim the future lies before us, Bright the past with peace and cheer.

With thy love, oh Alma Mater, Thou hast blessed each fleeting day, Bring we now our hearts' full burden, At thy shrine our homage pay.

Fairy hands the veil are lifting, Now before our eyes do rise Shadowy forms that point and beckon, While life's path before us lies.

But a glimpse,—then fades the vision,—And we stand united still; At our feet the pledge,—the token Whose bright promise we fulfill.

Clinging Ivy, may thy tendrils Deck with living green this hall; May on us—her waiting children— Mizpah benedictions fall.

CLASS ODE.

By Mabel C. Andrews.

Drifting, drifting adown the stream,
Through the long bright hours of the summer
day,

Through shady nooks, where willows green Softly whisper above our way, And fair white lilies idly dream On the river's breast where ripples play.

But shadows fall; the day grows late; The river is broader and swifter now; The current strong; resistless fate Bears us where deeper waters flow. Our joyous songs grow low and sweet As Mem'ry's chimes peal soft and low.

The golden gleam of morn now sped O'er our spirit broods like a dove of peace, The sunny glow of noontide fled Has crimsoned night's fair robe of fleece. The day now yields to twilight red And the boat drifts on while the winds increase.

Before us lies Life's ocean vast; All its shores unknown, all its waves untried; Great Pilot through all ages past, We humbly pray Thou will be our guide, And when Life's storms are o'er at last May we anchor safe on the other side.

CLASS ODE.

Again the fair flowers are blooming And filling with perfume the air, Again the kind angels of summer Have scattered the treasures they bear;

And now, while the birds sing the sweetest, And Nature's glad smiling face beams, We leave thee, our dear *Alma Mater*, Our pride and the joy of our dreams.

We leave thee, but cannot forget thee, For deep in our hearts there shall be, Where memories shall tenderly guard it, A shrine ever sacred to thee.

Other voices may sing in thy praises— Other voices thy triumphs may tell, But none can e'er love thee more truly Than we who now bid thee farewell.

BACCALAUREATE HYMN.

Great God, who with thy loving care Hast guarded well thy children's ways, To Thee we lift our hearts in prayer. To Thee we sing our songs of praise.

'Tis thine to lead, 'tis ours to go Where'er thy tender voice may call; From thee our richest blessings flow— To thee we owe our lives, our all.

Then, Father, may we strive each day To do thy holy will aright, Believing that where'er we stray We cannot wander from thy sight.

And as we sail Life's stormy sea,
Where dark waves lift their crests of foam,
May Christ our trusted Pilot be
To guide thy children safely home.

THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

O world of dreams, like rosy light
Transfiguring the darkest night,
I may not catch the meanings of thy ways;
So near thou seem'st in splendor bright
My wandering footsteps waning might,
When shadows dim in darkness thy fair rays.

— A STER.

BATES VS. BOSTON.

Ach Himmel! Ach Himmel! Die Leute ganz gehen, Die Buben von Boston Von Boston zu sehen.

Die Buben von Boston Mit Wörtern so lang Nicht nur zu sehen Hören zwar ihren Sang.

Ach Himmel! Ach Himmel! Die Leute ganz gehen Knaben von Batsen Von Batsen zu sehen.

Knaben von Batsen Mit Haar das ist lang Nicht nur zu sehen Hören zwar ihren Sang.

Ach Himmel! Ach Himmel! Die Leute sind da Die Buben von Boston In Stimme so klar.

Spreehen nun zu dem Leuten Und gut sprechen sie Dann Bates stehen auf Und Bates sprechen wie?

So gross und so lieblich Dass machtigen Hande Geben zum knaben Von schön Bosten Lande.

Die krone von Lorbeer Lautd sagen die Leute Knabeu von Batsen Gewinnen nun hente.

Die Buben von Boston Gehen weg zu dem Hausen Mit Stimme nicht grosser Als Stimme der Mausen.

Von Howard und Cuttsy Von Lande zum See Die Leute noch sprechen Und auch von Durkeé.

Und sprechen sie zu Von Carl E., das kind, Vor ihm fliegen die Colbys Als ein Blatt fliegt den Wind.

So lassen uns lustig Von Kopf nehmen Hut Und loben Mit Wörtern Knaben so gut.

WHEN THE BATES BELL RINGS.

[In the Lewiston Journal.] Of all the college champions The Bates are in the fore; They're sure of good positions When you figure up the score. But the music of their voices Would enrapture even kings. And the planets cease revolving When

Bates bell

rings.

Be it on the field athletic. In the contest of base-ball. Or the struggle of the intellect In historic Faneuil Hall, They are certain to be victors In those and other things. And the sky is full of rockets When

the

Bates bell

rings.

Ancient Bowdoin has her prestige In many an honored name: Of her laurels she's deserving, And we would not grudge her fame. While her poet, though in silence, Of the classic legend sings, The Lewiston boys are shouting When

the

Bates

bell

rings.

So keep your ears wide open When the bats are in the air, For our champions will be likely To get the lion's share. And when the game is over Listen, as the metal swings 'Mid the yells of doughty victors, When the

Bates

bell

rings.

STREAMS OF COMFORT.

Sad and lonesome in my sorrow. As shadows around me fell. I sat by an eastern window While the moonbeams wove a spell.

From the heavens rays of silver, Which were dimly slanting down. Threw a weird and mystic glimmer O'er the slumber of the town.

And the voices of the phantoms Which silently haunt the night, Without forms and without motions. Seemed whispering comfort bright.

For the souls which are not striving In pure and ennobling ways, Earth is an abode of mourning, And gloomy are all the days.

Light is source for all the righteous, The gift of our Father's grace. In the future bright and glorious We shall view His loving face.

-ASTER.

Collede and Interests.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '06.

Berryman, Isaac Pidgeon; residence, Sisson Ridge, Victoria County, N. B.; age, 27; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 158; expenses, \$900; earnings, \$725; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Democrat; favorite author, De Quincy; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, Botany.

Boothby, Oren Cheney; residence, Lewiston: age, 22; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 132; expenses, ---; earnings, ---; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Scott; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, English literature.

Coy, Joseph Bertrand; residence, North Bradford; age, 27; height, 5 ft. 91 in.; weight, 180; expenses, \$1,250; earnings, \$475; intended occupation, ministry; politics, Republican; favorite author, Emerson; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Maine Central Institute; favorite study, English.

Cross, Mary Abigail Wyatt; residence, Franklin Falls, N. H.; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 117; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$500; intended occupation, teaching; politics, prohibitionist; favorite author, Longfellow; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Laconia High School; favorite study, physics.

Cutts, Oliver Frost; residence, North Anson; age, 22; height, 6 ft.; weight, 195; expenses, \$1,400; earnings, \$710; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Macaulay; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Anson Academy; favorite study, English literature.

Dolley, Mary Emma; residence, East Waterboro; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 2½ in.; weight, 115; expenses, \$900; earnings, \$150; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Gorham High School; favorite study, Psychology.

Douglass, Herbert Leroy; residence, Gardiner; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 150; expenses, \$1,500; earnings, \$200; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite anthor, Dumas; religious preference, Baptist; fitting school, Gardiner High School; favorite study, chemistry.

Eaton, Hal Roscoe; residence, Auburn; age, 19; height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; weight, 150; expenses, ——; earnings, ——; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Dickens; religious preference, Congregationalist; fitting school, Edward Little High School; favorite study, German.

Fairfield, Roscoe Day; residence, Biddeford; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 7½ in.; weight, 147; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$1,250; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Browning; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Biddeford High School; favorite study, literature.

Gerrish, Lester Pierpont; residence, Lisbon; age, 20; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 175; expenses, \$1,500; earnings,——; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republicar; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, astronomy.

Gonld, Harry Treat; residence, Lewiston; age, 23; height, 6 ft. 1½ in.; weight, 170; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, electricity; politics, ——; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference,

Universalist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, chemistry.

Hanscom, E. I.; residence, Lebanon, Me.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 175; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$150; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author,—; religious preference,—; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, German.

Hanscom, O. E.; residence, Lebanon, Me.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 180; expenses, \$1,100; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Whittier; religious preference, non-sectarian; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, German.

Hilton, Fred Wallace; residence, Lewiston; age, 21; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 154; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$500; intended occupation, architect; politics, Republican; favorite author, George Harris; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, physics.

Howard, A. B.; residence, Sparta, Mich.; age, 27; height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; weight, 150; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$566.50; intended occupation, ———; politics, Independent Democrat; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, literature.

Hoag, A. B.; residence, North Berwick; age, 26; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 197; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$550; intended occupation, ministry; politics, Prohibitionist; favorite author, George MacDonald; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, North Berwick High School; favorite study, history.

Kavanaugh, A. L.; residence, Lewiston; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 8\frac{3}{4} in.; weight, 115; expenses, ——; earnings, ——; intended occupation, teacher; politics, Independent; favorite author, Bulwer; religious preference, Catholic; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, history.

Knapp, F. A.; residence, Peabody, Mass.; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 131; expenses, \$1,150; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Peabody High School; favorite study, geology.

Mason, Flora A.; residence, Milford, N. H.; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 135; ex-

penses, \$1,200; intended occupation, teacher in elocution; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Unitarian; fitting school, Cushing Academy; favorite study, literature.

Mason, Luther Smith; residence, Belfast; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 138; expenses, \$1,250; earnings, \$500; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Emerson; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Belfast High School; favorite study, chemistry.

McAllaster, Edgar Orville; residence, Lewiston; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 135; expenses, ——; earnings, ——; intended occupation, business; politics, Independent; favorite author, ——; religious preference, ——; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, Latin.

Norton, Augustus Peter; residence, Lewiston; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 130; expenses, \$1,150; earnings, \$250; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Independent; favorite author, Milton; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, mathematics.

Parsons, Ina Mary; residence, New Portland; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 4½ in.; weight, 110; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$340; intended occupation, teaching; favorite anthor, Browning; religions preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Cony High School; favorite study, English.

Plumstead, F.; residence, Wiscasset; age, 26; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 150; expenses, \$725; earnings, \$415; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Mugwump; favorite author, Irving; religious preference, non-sectarian; fitting school, Wiscasset High School; favorite study, chemistry.

Purinton, Frank Howard; residence, Limington; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; weight, 160; expenses, \$1,400; earnings, \$1,000; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Limington Academy; favorite study, political economy.

Purinton, Lester Given; residence, West Bowdoin; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 11\(\frac{3}{4}\) in.; weight, 175; expenses, \(\frac{\$\frac{5}\$}{1}\),000; earnings, \(\frac{\$\frac{5}\$}{600}\); intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, chemistry.

Peacock, Edith; residence, Gardiner; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 2\frac{3}{4} in.; weight, 142; expenses, —; earnings, \\$200; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Gardiner High School; favorite study, English.

Roberts, Junius Everett; residence, Newport, Me.; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 10\frac{3}{4} in.; weight, 150; expenses, \frac{\$\$1,000\$; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Browning; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Maine Central Institute; favorite study, German.

Thomas, George William; residence, Lewiston; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 155; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite anthor, Emerson; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, psychology.

Thompson, Ralph Leroy; residence, Lisbon, Me.; age, 23; height, 5 ft, 8½ in.; weight, 130; expenses, \$1,500; earnings, \$350; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Richard Harding Davis; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, chemistry.

Tibbetts, Luther Danforth; residence, Lisbon; age, 25; height, 5 ft. 6½ in.; weight, 140; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, ministry; politics, Republican; favorite author, Tennyson; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Edward Little High School; favorite study, German.

Vining, Elmer Chandler; residence, Phillips; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 136; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$600; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Macaulay; religious preference, non-sectarian; fitting school, May School; favorite study, Latin.

LOCAL FIELD DAY.

ORE than usual interest was manifested this year in our local field day, May 25th. Records were broken in three events, in the shot put and hammer throw, and in the half-mile, mile, and two-mile runs. The number of

points secured by the different classes was as follows:

'96				5	points.	
? 97				45	points.	
'98				45	points.	
'99				55	points.	

The following were the events participated in, with the winners in each and the records made:

100 yards dash, Tukey, '98. Time, 104-5 sec. 220 yards dash, Tukey, '98. Time, 24 3-5 sec. 440 yards dash, Stanley, '97. Time, 60 4-5 sec.

One-half mile run, Foss, '97. Time, 2m. 14s. One mile run, Foss, '97. Time, 4m. 49 1-5s. Two mile run, Foss, '97. Time, 11m. 29 1-5s. Mile walk, Conant, '98. Time, 9m. 11s.

Pole vault, Quinn, '99. Distance, 8 ft. 8½ in. Putting shot, Saunders, '99. Distance, 34 ft. 6½ in.

Throwing hammer, Saunders, '99. Distance, 86 ft. 10³/₄ in.

Running high jump, Costello, '98. Distance, 5 ft. 2½ in.

Running broad jump, Douglass, '96. Distance, 18 ft. 9½ in.

Foss won the cup offered by the College Club for running the mile in less than 4.50. Saunders won the cup offered to the Freshman winning the greatest number of points, winning 20.

MEETING OF M. I. A. A.

THE second meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held in Waterville. June 5th. Bates sent eleven men, which was the smallest team of the four and was kindly conceded last place by all. Colby, as is her wont, magnanimously chose second place. Bowdoin sent a fine team of well-trained athletes and secured every first, with two exceptions, winning a total of 109 points. Bates won second, with 13, and Colby

and M. S. C. third and fourth, with 10 and 4 points respectively. Foss of Bates and Pratt of Colby were the only men to win firsts from Bowdoin. Though Bates won only three points more than Colby, yet her general showing was such that she would probably have been an easy first if Bowdoin were barred. Below is a summary of events:

100 Yards Dash—Won by H. H. Horne of Bowdoin; R. M. Andrews of Bowdoin, second; D. B. McMillan of Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

One-Half Mile Run—Won by C. F. Kendall of Bowdoin; A. W. Foss of Bates, second; C. L. Clement of Colby, third. Time, 2 minutes 6 3-5 seconds.

120 Yards Hurdle—Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock of Bowdoin, second; A. L. Holmes of Colby, third. Time, 17 seconds.

440 Yards Dash—Won by C. F. Kendall of Bowdoin; R. M. Andrews of Bowdoin, second; C. F. Stetson of Bowdoin, third. Time, 54 3-5 seconds.

Two-Mile Bicycle—Won by H. N. Pratt of Colby; F. A. Stearns of Bowdoin, second; A. B. Pulsifer of Bates, third. Time, 5 minutes 4 seconds.

One Mile Run—Won by A. W. Foss of Bates; J. B. Sinkinson of Bowdoin, second; W. S. Bass of Bowdoin, third. Time, 4 minutes 50 seconds.

220 Yards Hurdle—Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock of Bowdoin, second; D. B. McMillan of Bowdoin, third. Time, 28 seconds.

220 Yards Dush—Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin; C. F. Kendall of Bowdoin, second; R. H. Tukey of Bates, third. Time, 23 3-5 seconds.

One Mile Walk—Won by C. S. Pettingill of Bowdoin; H. P. Merrill of M. S. C., second; J. O. Wellman of Colby, third. Time, 8 minutes 14 seconds.

Two-Mile Run—Won by W. S. Bass of Bowdoin; A. W. Foss of Bates, second; J. D. Sinkinson of Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 minutes 51 1-5 seconds.

Pole Vault-Won by E. T. Minott of Bow-

doin, 9.5 1-2 feet; J. H. Bates and F. B. Smith of Bowdoin tied for second place at 9.9 feet.

Putting 16-Pound Shot—Won by E. R. Godfrey of Bowdoin, 37.8 3-4 feet; J. H. Bates of Bowdoin, 34.9 feet; A. C. Grover of M. S. C., 34.0 3-4 feet. Godfrey, trying for a record, made 38.4 feet.

Running High Jump—F. B. Smith and A. A. French of Bowdoin tied for first place at 5.33-4 feet; F. A. Robinson and W. O. Stevens of Colby tied for third place at 5.23-4 feet.

Throwing 16-Pound Hammer—Won by J. H. Bates of Bowdoin, 105.2 feet; A. A. French of Bowdoin, 98.9 feet; E. R. Godfrey of Bowdoin, 90.5 1-4 feet.

Running Broad Jump—Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin, 19.4 3-4 feet; F. A. Stearns of Bowdoin, 18.8 feet; H. L. Hanson of Colby, 18.6 feet.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

HE fifth annual tennis tournament of the Intercollegiate Association was held in Portland during the days June 2d to 5th inclusive. Bates and Bowdoin sent full representations, while the other colleges sent each two men. The three cups were all won by Bowdoin by the brilliant work of Dana and Fogg, who won first and second places respectively in singles and first in doubles. Of the new men who appeared at the tourney, Shannon of Colby is by far the best man who has ever represented that institution, and should show up well in the future. Milliken of Bates also played a fast game in doubles. The following is the summary of matches:

Shannon (Colby) beat Boothby (Bates),

6-2, 6-0.

Fogg (Bowdoin) beat McFadden (Colby),

6-4, 8-6. Dana (Bowdoin) beat Sawyer (M. S. C.),

6-3, 6-4. Hilton (Bates) beat Clary (M. S. C.), 6-3, 6-1.

Fogg (Bowdoin) beat Hilton (Bates),

3-6, 6-0, 6-1.

Dana (Bowdoin) beat Shannon (Colby),

6-4, 8-6.

Dana beat Fogg, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4. Dana and Fogg (Bowdoin) beat

Stanley and Milliken (Bates),

7-5, 6-3.

Boothby and Hilton (Bates) beat Sawyer and Clary (M. S. C.),

6-2, 6-3.

Dana and Ives (Bowdoin) beat Shannon and McFadden (Colby),

Shannon and McFadden (Colby), 7-5, 8-6 Boothby and Hilton beat Dana and Ives,

6-4, 6-1, 6-3.

3-6, 6-1, 7-5. Dana and Fogg beat Boothby and Hilton,

IVY DAY.

Tuesday, June 16th, was the Junior Gala Day. The day was perfect and a large crowd witnessed the exercises. The programmes in the chapel and on the campus were as follows:

MUSIC,-PRAYER,-MUSIC.

Oration.

Everett Skillings.

MUSIC.

Poem. Selection.

Vivat '97.

Richard B. Stanley. Orchestra.

Crown.

PRESENTATIONS.

CLASS ODE.

PLANTING THE IVY.

The Ivy was planted on the northwest front side of the Chemical Laboratory.

Following were the presentations:

Innocence Abroad. Cow Bell. Ball Player. Glassware. Lazy Man. Porter. Over-worked Student. Medicine Case. Jack at all Trades. Assistant. The Modern Woman. Horse. Dude. Hat. The Ladies' Favorite. Hair Curler.

A party in the evening closed the day's events.

BASE-BALL.

Bates	15,			M.	S. C. 1	0.
Bates	19,				Colby	3.
Rotoe	16			Pο	wdoin 1	5

Cross, Mary Abigail Wyatt; residence, Franklin Falls, N. H.; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 117; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$500; intended occupation, teaching; politics, prohibitionist; favorite author, Longfellow; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Laconia High School; favorite study, physics.

Cutts, Oliver Frost; residence, North Anson; age, 22; height, 6 ft.; weight, 195; expenses, \$1,400; earnings, \$710; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Macaulay; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Anson Academy; favorite study, English literature.

Dolley, Mary Emma; residence, East Waterboro; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 2½ in.; weight, 115; expenses, \$900; earnings, \$150; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Gorham High School; favorite study, Psychology.

Douglass, Herbert Leroy; residence, Gardiner; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 150; expenses, \$1,500; earnings, \$300; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Dumas; religious preference, Baptist; fitting school, Gardiner High School; favorite study, chemistry.

Eaton, Hal Roscoe; residence, Auburn; age, 19; height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; weight, 150; expenses,—; earnings,——; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Dickens; religieus preference, Congregationalist; fitting school, Edward Little High School; favorite study, German.

Fairfield, Roscoe Day; residence, Biddeford; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 7½ in.; weight, 147; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$1,250; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Browning; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Biddeford High School; favorite study, literature.

Gerrish, Lester Pierpont; residence, Lisbon; age, 20; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 175; expenses, \$1,500; earnings,——; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, astronomy.

Gould, Harry Treat; residence, Lewiston; age, 23; height, 6 ft. 1½ in.; weight, 170; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, electricity; politics, ——; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference,

Universalist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, chemistry.

Hanscom, E. I.; residence, Lebanon, Me.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 175; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$150; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author,—; religious preference,—; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, German.

Hanscom, O. E.; residence, Lebanon, Me.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 180; expenses, \$1,100; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Whittier; religious preference, non-sectarian; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, German.

Hilton, Fred Wallace; residence, Lewiston; age, 21; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 154; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$500; intended occupation, architect; politics, Republican; favorice author, George Harris; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, physics.

Howard, A. B.; residence, Sparta, Mich.; age, 27; height, 5 ft. 11½ in.; weight, 150; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$566.50; intended occupation, ——; politics, Independent Democrat; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favoritestudy, literature.

Hoag, A. B.; residence, North Berwick; age, 26; height, 5 ft. 11 in.; weight, 197; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$550; intended occupation, ministry; politics, Prohibitionist; favorite author, George MacDonald; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, North Berwick High School; favorite study, history.

Kavanaugh, A. L.; residence, Lewiston; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 8\frac{3}{4} in.; weight, 115; expenses, ——; earnings, ——; intended occupation, teacher; politics, Independent; favorite author, Bulwer; religious preference, Catholic; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, history.

Knapp, F. A.; residence, Peabody, Mass.; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 131; expenses, \$1,150; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Peabody High School; favorite study, geology.

Mason, Flora A.; residence, Milford, N. H.; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 135; ex-

penses, \$1,200; intended occupation, teacher in elocution; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Unitarian; fitting school, Cushing Academy; favorite study, literature.

Mason, Luther Smith; residence, Belfast; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 138; expenses, \$1,250; carnings, \$500; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Emerson; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Belfast High School; favorite study, chemistry.

McAllaster, Edgar Orville; residence, Lewiston; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 135; expenses, ——; earnings, ——; intended occupation, business; politics, Independent; favorite author, ——; religious preference, ——; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, Latin.

Norton, Augustus Peter; residence, Lewiston; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 130; expenses, \$1,150; earnings, \$250; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Independent; favorite author, Milton; religions preference, Methodist; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, mathematics.

Parsons, Ina Mary; residence, New Portland; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 4½ in.; weight, 110; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$340; intended occupation, teaching; favorite author, Browning; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Cony High School; favorite study, English.

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Purinton, Frank Howard; residence, Limington; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; weight, 160; expenses, \$1,400; earnings, \$1,000; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Limington Academy; favorite study, political economy.

Purinton, Lester Given; residence, West Bowdoin; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 11\(\frac{1}{4} \) in.; weight, 175; expenses, \(\frac{5}{1},000 \); earnings, \(\frac{5}{6}00 \); intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite anthor, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, chemistry. Peacock, Edith; residence, Gardiner; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 2¾ in.; weight, 142; expenses,—; earnings, \$200; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Gardiner High School; favorite study, English.

Roberts, Junius Everett; residence, Newport, Me.; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 10\frac{3}{4} in.; weight, 150; expenses, \\$1,000; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Browning; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Maine Central Institute; favorite study, German.

Thomas, George William; residence, Lewiston; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 10 in.; weight, 155; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite anthor, Emerson; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Lewiston High School; favorite study, psychology.

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Tibbetts, Luther Danforth; residence, Lisbon; age, 25; height, 5 ft. 6½ in.; weight, 140; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$900; intended occupation, ministry; politics, Republican; favorite author, Tennyson; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Edward Little High School; favorite study, German.

Vining, Elmer Chandler; residence, Phillips; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 136; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$600; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Macaulay; religious preference, non-sectarian; fitting school, May School; favorite study, Latin.

LOCAL FIELD DAY.

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'98				45	points.
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Pole vault, Quinn, '99. Distance, 8 ft. 8½ in. Putting shot, Saunders, '99. Distance, 34 ft. 6½ in.

Throwing hammer, Saunders, '99. Distance, 86 ft. 103 in.

Running high jump, Costello, '98. Distance, 5 ft. 2½ in.

Running broad jump, Douglass, '96. Distance, 18 ft. 9½ in.

Foss won the cup offered by the College Club for running the mile in less than 4.50. Saunders won the cup offered to the Freshman winning the greatest number of points, winning 20.

MEETING OF M. I. A. A.

HE second meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held in Waterville. June 5th. Bates sent eleven men, which was the smallest team of the four and was kindly conceded last place by all. Colby, as is her wont, magnanimously chose second place. Bowdoin sent a fine team of well-trained athletes and secured every first, with two exceptions, winning a total of 109 points. Bates won second, with 13, and Colby

and M. S. C. third and fourth, with 10 and 4 points respectively. Foss of Bates and Pratt of Colby were the only men to win firsts from Bowdoin. Though Bates won only three points more than Colby, yet her general showing was such that she would probably have been an easy first if Bowdoin were barred. Below is a summary of events:

100 Yards Dash—Won by H. H. Horne of Bowdoin; R. M. Andrews of Bowdoin, second; D. B. McMillan of Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

One-Half Mile Run—Won by C. F. Kendall of Bowdoin; A. W. Foss of Bates, second; C. L. Clement of Colby, third. Time, 2 minutes 6 3-5 seconds.

120 Yards Hurdle-Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock of Bowdoin, second; A. L. Holmes of Colby, third. Time, 17 seconds.

440 Yards Dash—Won by C. F. Kendall of Bowdoin; R. M. Andrews of Bowdoin, second; C. F. Stetson of Bowdoin, third. **Time**, 54-3-5 seconds.

Two-Mile Bicycle—Won by H. N. Pratt of Colby; F. A. Stearns of Bowdoin, second; A. B. Pulsifer of Bates, third. Time, 5 minutes 4 seconds.

One Mile Run—Won by A. W. Foss of Bates; J. B. Sinkinson of Bowdoin, second; W. S. Bass of Bowdoin, third. Time, 4 minutes 50 seconds.

220 Yards Hurdle—Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin; E. S. Hadlock of Bowdoin, second; D. B. McMillan of Bowdoin, third. Time, 28 seconds.

220 Yards Dash—Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin; C. F. Kendall of Bowdoin, second; R. H. Tukey of Bates, third. Time, 23 3-5 seconds.

One Mile Walk—Won by C. S. Pettingill of Bowdoin; H. P. Merrill of M. S. C., second; J. O. Wellman of Colby, third. Time, 8 minutes 14 seconds.

Two-Mile Run—Won by W. S. Bass of Bowdoin; A. W. Foss of Bates, second; J. D. Sinkinson of Bowdoin, third. Time, 10 minutes 51 1-5 seconds.

Pole Vault-Won by E. T. Minott of Bow-

doin, 9.5 1-2 feet; J. H. Bates and F. B. Smith of Bowdoin tied for second place at 9.9 feet.

Putting 16-Pound Shot-Won by E. R. Godfrey of Bowdoin, 37.8 3-4 feet: J. H. Bates of Bowdoin, 34.9 feet; A. C. Grover of M. S. C., 34.0 3-4 feet. Godfrey, trying for a record, made 38.4 feet.

Running High Jump-F. B. Smith and A. A. French of Bowdoin tied for first place at 5.33-4 feet; F. A. Robinson and W. O. Stevens of Colby tied for third place at 5.2 3-4 feet.

Throwing 16-Pound Hammer-Won by J. H. Bates of Bowdoin, 105.2 feet; A. A. French of Bowdoin, 98.9 feet; E. R. Godfrey of Bowdoin, 90.5 1-4 feet.

Running Broad Jump-Won by J. H. Horne of Bowdoin, 19.43-4 feet; F. A. Stearns of Bowdoin, 18.8 feet; H. L. Hanson of Colby, 18.6 feet.

INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

HE fifth annual tennis tournament of the Intercollegiate Association was held in Portland during the days June 2d to 5th inclusive. Bates and Bowdoin sent full representations, while the other colleges sent each two men. The three cups were all won by Bowdoin by the brilliant work of Dana and Fogg, who won first and second places respectively in singles and first in doubles. Of the new men who appeared at the tourney, Shannon of Colby is by far the best man who has ever represented that institution, and should show up well in the future. Milliken of Bates also played a fast game in doubles. The following is the summary of matches:

Shannon (Colby) beat Boothby (Bates),

6-2, 6-0. 6-4, 8-6.

Fogg (Bowdoin) beat McFadden (Colby),

Dana (Bowdoin) beat Sawyer (M. S. C.),

6-3, 6-4.

Hilton (Bates) beat Clary (M. S. C.), 6-3, 6-1. Fogg (Bowdoin) beat Hilton (Bates),

3-6, 6-0, 6-1.

Dana (Bowdoin) beat Shannon (Colby),

6-4, 8-6. 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

Dana beat Fogg,

Dana and Fogg (Bowdoin) beat Stanley and Milliken (Bates),

7-5, 6-3.

Boothby and Hilton (Bates) beat Sawyer and Clary (M. S. C.),

6-2, 6-3.

Dana and Ives (Bowdoin) beat Shannon and McFadden (Colby), 7-5, 8-6

Boothby and Hilton beat Dana and Ives, 3-6, 6-1, 7-5.

Dana and Fogg beat Boothby and Hilton, 6-4, 6-1, 6-3.

IVY DAY.

Tuesday, June 16th, was the Junior Gala Day. The day was perfect and a large crowd witnessed the exercises. The programmes in the chapel and on the campus were as follows:

MUSIC .- PRAYER .- MUSIC.

Oration.

Vivat '97.

Everett Skillings. MUSIC.

Poem.

Richard B. Stanley. Orchestra.

Crown.

Selection.

PRESENTATIONS.

CLASS ODE.

PLANTING THE IVY.

The Ivy was planted on the northwest front side of the Chemical Laboratory.

Following were the presentations:

Innocence Abroad. Cow Bell. Ball Player. Glassware. Lazy Man. Porter. Over-worked Student. Medicine Case. Jack at all Trades. Assistant. The Modern Woman. Horse. Dude. Hat. The Ladies' Favorite. Hair Curler.

A party in the evening closed the day's events.

BASE-BALL.

Bates 15,			M. S. C. 10.
Bates 19,		1.	. Colby 3.
Bates 16,			Bowdoin 15.

Bates	7,				. Tufts 10.
Bates	14,				Bowdoin 12.
Bates	7,				M. S. C. 15.
Bates	6,		. "		. Colby 7.
Bates	6,				Bowdoin 11.

LOCALS.

Farewell, '96!

Promenade Concert this evening.

Class rides have been a pleasant diversion this term.

Miss Twort received the ten dollar prize for Junior essay.

Everything seems to point to a large Freshman Class next fall.

President Chase was in Massachusetts for a week, this term.

Professor Rand entertained the Seniors on the evening of June 4th.

Thompson, '96, will enter the Harvard Medical School next fall.

A third literary society seems among the probabilities of next year.

Boothby and Thomas, '96, will enter the Harvard Law School next fall.

Of the thirteen in the graduating class at the Latin School, eleven will enter Bates in the fall.

The last regular Y. M. C. A. meeting of the term was devoted to considering the fall campaign.

The meetings of the societies have been crowded the past term, and the interest at high-water mark.

The Y. M. C. A. will be represented at the Northfield Students' Conference this summer by a delegation of ten.

Wright, '97, has been promoted from private to corporal in the Nealey Rifles, over a large number of contestants.

C. A. Lincoln, our former instructor in history, has been elected to a fellowship in the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Cornish, '95, has been attending Professor Hartshorn's Browning Class during the last part of the term.

The subject for the Sophomore prize essay this term is "The Significance of the Crusades in the World's History."

Cutts, '96, has secured a fine position as teacher of elocution and athletics in the Haverford College Grammar School, Philadelphia.

Rev. F. E. Emrich, D.D., of the Class of '76, conducted chapel on the morning of May 21st, and made interesting remarks at the close.

Milliken, '97, represented the Stu-DENT at the annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association held at Boston last month.

We were glad to have Professor Robinson, of Boston, with us once more. During his two-weeks stay he has drilled the participants in the Junior exhibition and the Commencement speakers.

On Sunday evening Rev. Dr. Baldwin of Orange, N. J., preached a strong sermon before the Christian Association upon "The Power and Loveliness of the Christ of To-Day."

The Sophomore debate which regularly occurs on Monday afternoon of Commencement week was omitted this year owing to the death of Wells, '98, who was to have been one of the speakers.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached last Sunday by President Chase from the text, "I pray not that

thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil that is in the world."

Rev. Dr. McLeod, of New Brunswick, delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the Divinity School on Sunday evening, May 21st; and on the Wednesday P.M. following, Rev. F. E. Emrich, D.D., delivered the address before the alumni.

The Junior Exhibition occurred as usual on Monday evening of Commencement week. Payne's Orchestra furnished the music. The following was the programme:

The Fellowship of Suffering.

Mabel C. Andrews.

The Greatest Peril of Modern Civilization. Mary Buzzell.

A Complete Life. Emma V. Chase. Reality of Art. Caroline L. Cobb. Intimations of Individual Power.

J. Stanley Durkee. The Responsibility of the Scholar in Politics. Alvin W. Foss.

Manual Training. Stella James. The Indian and the European, or Dethroning a Monarch. James A. Marr. The Measure of a Man. Carl E. Milliken. Herostratus. Richard B. Stanley.

The Appeal of Armenia and its Response.

Everett Skillings.

'98 has elected class officers for their Junior year as follows: President, Wells; Vice - President, Hinkley; Secretary, Miss Hall; Treasurer, Knowlton; Orator, Landman; Toastmaster, Hawkins; Poet. Miss Sadie Brackett; Chaplain, Stickney; Odist, Miss Garcelon; Marshal, Hinkley; Councilmen, Stickney, Landman, Tukey.

The honors in '96 have been awarded thus: Valedictory, Miss Parsons; Salutatory, Norton; Psychology, 1st, Miss

Prescott, 2d, Bonney; English Literature, 1st, Miss Mason, 2d, Cutts; Modern Languages, 1st, Roberts, 2d, Knapp; Mathematics, 1st, Miss Dolley, 2d, Thomas; Chemistry, 1st, Fairfield, 2d, L. G. Purington; Physics, 1st, Hilton, 2d, Gerrish; Ancient Languages, 1st, Boothby, 2d, Miss Miller.

Tuesday was Class Day and the following was the order of exercises: Oration .- Our Monuments.

A. B. Howard. Class History. R. L. Thompson. Class Prophecies. Miss A. E. Bonney. Address to Undergraduates.

A. L. Kavanaugh. Address to Halls and Campus.

G. W. Thomas. L. D. Tibbetts. Poem. Parting Address. Miss G. L. Miller.

The Polymnian officers for next year are: President, Marr, '97; Vice-President, Wells, '98; Secretary, Miss Blake, '99; Treasurer, Costello, '98; Librarian, True, '98; Assistant Librarian, Blake, '98; Executive Committee, Cunningham, '97, Miss Maxim, '98, Wheeler, '99.

The long-looked-for wreath that was awarded Bates, as the winner of the first contest of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League, arrived on Friday, the 12th inst. After Chapel of that morning, President Chase presented it to the students in a fitting speech. He emphasized the fact that our opponents would redouble their efforts to take the wreath away another year.

The Eurosophians have elected the following officers for next year: President, Durkee, '97; Vice-President, Tukey, '98; Secretary, Miss Knapp, '99; Asst. Secretary, Miss Hayes, '99;

Treasurer, Foster, '99; Executive Committee, Milliken, '97, Hawkins, '98, Miss Gay, '99; Librarian, Saunders.

The following is the programme of the Commencement exercises this afternoon:

Salutatory.—The Dawn of Peace.

Augustus Peter Norton.

Sectionalism in American Politics.

Oren Cheney Boothby.

Modern Slavery. Alice Eleanor Bonney. The Soul is Architect and Sculptor.

Flora Anna Mason.

An Organized Public Conscience.

Oliver Frost Cutts.

Death is Life. Roscoe Day Fairfield.

Monuments of Art. Lester Pierpont Gerrish.

Woman in Medicine.

Gertrude Louise Miller.

The True Value of Biographical Study. George William Thomas.

George William Filon

Valedictory.—The Heights of Ambition.

Ina Mary Parsons.

The Athletic Association officers for next year are: President, Slattery, '97; Vice-President, Hinkley, '98; Secretary, Greeley, '99; Treasurer, Costello, '98; Directors, Burrill and Cunningham, '97, Hawkins and Wells, '98, Calhoun and Pulsifer, '99; Manager of base-ball team, Marr, '97; manager tennis, Milliken, '97; manager track team, Tukey, '98; advisory board, Skelton, '92, and Wilson, '92.

The last society meetings of this term were unusually interesting this year. Eurosophia's occurred Friday evening, June 12th, in Roger Williams Hall. About a hundred sat down to a banquet tendered by the Eurosophian members of '96, after which a number of toasts were responded to, showing that' 96 has

some of the coming after-dinner men. Saturday evening following, Polymnia held forth, and the good time was repeated.

THE POSTSCRIPT.

He asked fair Maud to marry. By letter she replied. He read it—she refused him; He shot himself and died.

He might have been alive now
And she his happy bride,
If he had read the postscript
Upon the other side.

-Ex.

The report of the Princeton football management for the past season shows expenses aggregating \$19,785.-64, and receipts of \$26,579.81. The receipts of the Harvard-Princeton game were \$11,614.43 against expenses of \$7,056.48.—Ex.

Why is it called the funny bone?

The reasons why are numerous.

The scientific one is that

It borders on the humerus.

—E

"Young man," said the professor, as he stepped into the hall and eaught a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has," was the reply.—Ex.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Robins singing in the tree-tops, Bull-frogs croaking in the pool, Boys beginning to play marbles As they wend their way from school— All these things are signs of spring-time, But the surest sign of all Is to hear, where'er you wander, Umpires calling out, "Play ball."

-Bowdoin Orient.

Musical Professor, on a slippery morning—"C sharp or you will B flat."

The largest salary of any college professor is \$20,000, paid to Professor Tum of Edinburgh University.

Around the Editors' Table.

IT is with regret that we come to another Commencement Number of the Student. How rapidly has sped the closing year! What unexcelled triumphs have come to us! pleasant relations have students and Faculty sustained! What joyful co-operation in every advance movement! The glory of Bates is her ability to discern true advance movements, and ally herself with them. We catalogue '96, giving a prophecy of each student's profession, and some of her leading literary parts, then shaking hands all around, she turns from us to meet the wide open future.

The years which have passed under the shelter of good old Bates, have seen but an introduction to the broader life beyond the college walls. Our country looks with hope upon each new graduate, trusting that each will employ his trained powers for her good. As the colleges must rule the future and shape the destiny of our Western Empire, the duty each graduate owes his country, as well as himself, is to be the best of which he is capable, in whatever calling he may pursue.

May the men and women who step forth to meet life at these commencements be true to themselves, their colleges, their country, and to that Being whose name we stamp upon our coin, saying, "In God we trust."

We who remain can hear the surf of life's sea beating in the distance, and may long to launch our vessels upon its tide and sail away with some of our friends of the out-going class. But soon enough we shall come to the shore.

And so, while we give the hand of parting to '96, wishing her all of life's triumphs, we must call "close up" to the remaining classes, and look hopefully into the future.

E have just finished another athletic season, and while the results have not been all that could be desired, yet they have been by no means uncreditable. In tennis and track athletics we were somewhat outclassed by Bowdoin, and we can only congratulate her on her brilliant work in both of these athletic departments. We also wish to compliment her on the record made at the Worcester intercollegiate meet.

Now that this spring's work is over we must look ahead to our foot-ball prospects. Bates has been steadily improving since she took up this sport three years ago, and next year is not the time to stop progression. While we lose several good men from the line and one back, still we have a nucleus of experienced players left and the prospect of good men in the entering class. If a competent coach is secured this material can be made into the best team Bates has ever had, so the question of our having a fast eleven hangs on having a good coach; this in turn depends only upon our ability to raise the necessary means to meet the expense. During Commencement week

and the first of the Fall term a subscription paper will be circulated, and it is hoped that in this cause the friends of foot-ball at Bates will be as generous as possible. We know the heavy demands made on students and alumni for this and kindred objects. We have only to say that if we can once raise the enthusiasm for the game in Lewiston to what it is in other college towns we shall have a revenue which will not only support foot-ball, but the other athletic branches, as is the case in other colleges.

HILE many students enter college and follow the course to its completion with a fixed purpose to enter upon some business or profession, yet there are a large number who even on graduating from college are still undecided what their life work is to be.

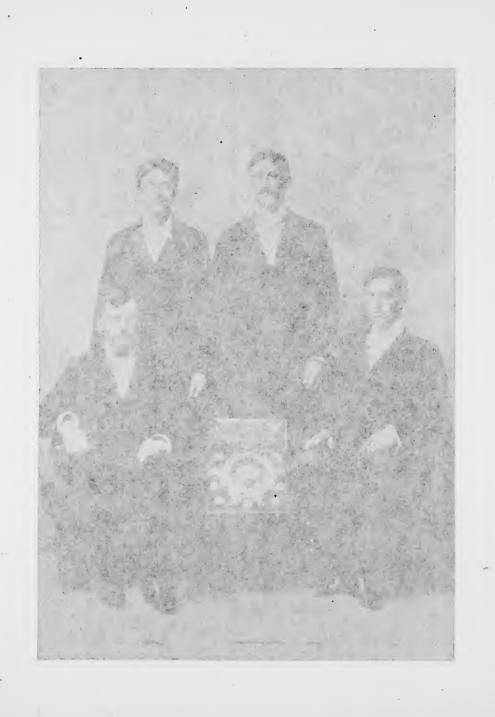
Such a student has received in college a broad, symmetrical training, and it remains to be decided where that training can be used to the best advantage. For him the question, "What Profession?" is of paramount importance. If he is wise he will face the question squarely, but will not be too hasty in deciding it. Too many, urged by the feeling that, college training being over it is time for the life work to begin, embrace the first opportunity that offers, set about the work which they can do easiest, and so drift as it were into a profession.

In most cases the student feels obliged to begin some work at once. But should he not hold this work subordinate without permitting himself to consider it his life work until it is clear to him what line of activity is best suited to his tastes and capabilities?

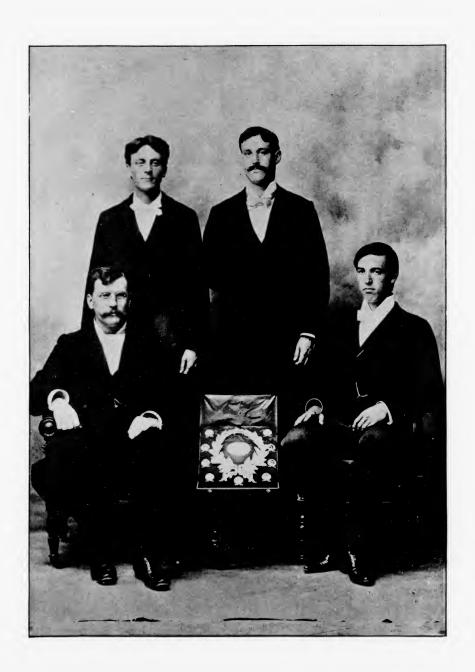
For what is worthy of more careful and earnest thought than the choosing of the business which is to occupy a man's life?

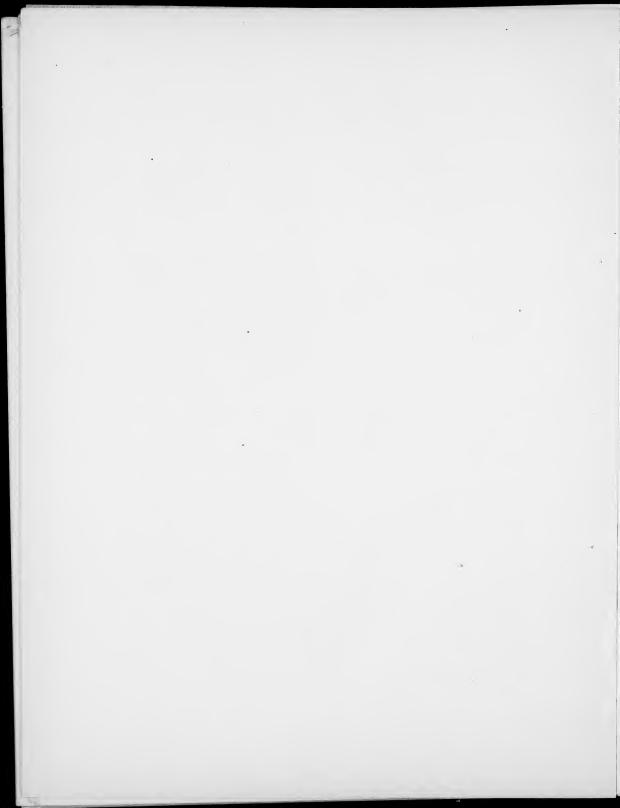
For the benefit of students who have this matter under consideration the symposium under the Alumni Department is presented in the hope that it may help some one to decide the allimportant question, "What Profession?"

THE traveler as he passes the milestones, marking the distance he has journeyed, thinks of the tracts lying behind him. And so we, as we come to the mile stones of our college course, are inclined to look back and to consider what we have so far gained. Each year is valuable in its own way. At the end of the first year the student has learned to know the college and its methods. He has become familiar with the library, the literary societies, the Christian Association; in short he is ready to make use of all the opportunities the college offers. At the end of the Sophomore year, in addition to the discipline gained by the regular recitation, he has developed his ability as a debater, and has become familiar with the common birds and flowers. By the time he reaches the third milestone he has gained facility in writing and has acquired a growing taste for good literature. And as a Senior, before he reaches the last mile-stone ending the college course, he has gained



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a greater mastery over his powers, and in a measure has prepared himself for his life work. Retrospect must necessarily be a little sad, for we think of the opportunities we have let slip unimproved. But if it helps us to do better in the future, surely our time is well spent.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

SYMPOSIUM: WHAT PROFESSION?

THE LAW AS A PROFESSION FOR BATES GRADUATES.

THE choice of a profession by a young man leaving college is, in many respects, at best, a blind choice. The requirements of any profession may be learned in advance with only partial accuracy. Inquiry of those who have become eminent in such profession may do much to enlighten in respect to its essentials, but the demands of a profession are constantly changing. What may make a man a success in a profession in one generation may make him a failure in another.

Again, few young men at the age when they leave college know themselves in any such way as to enable them to determine with certainty their fitness or unfitness for any profession—the tastes, the desires, the satisfactions of the mature man may be so different from those of the young man. The qualities of youth often give way to even opposite qualities in mature years. Men timid in youth grow strong and aggressive by contact with opposition; and men impulsive and combative in youth soon tire of action and eagerly

seek to avoid what they once as eagerly courted.

Thus briefly to show that no young man can say with certainty that he is fitted for one profession or unfitted for another. Within his sight, however, are certain monuments for his guidance marking different courses. Having chosen of these with the best deliberation possible, it remains for him, by a determination fixed and unvarying, to compel his line of life to keep constant. This in most instances means success.

Now, what of the profession of law for Bates graduates? Certainly the same for them, both in its demands and returns, as for other young men.

It demands, first of all, good health and strong nerves. Without these it is impossible to practice law with full measure of success. Upon the nervous force of a lawyer whose business is worth the having, the draft is constant and severe. His chief work is done in the face of opposition; he is constantly attacking or withstanding attack; he is every day asked to establish order where others have left disorder; to forecast and avoid the dangers of new and ever-varying business enterprises. None but the strong can stand erect in such a profession.

It demands the widest range of knowledge; familiarity with men and the motives which actuate them and capacity for practically dealing with them. It has to do with subjects as diverse as the pursuits and purposes of men. "The perfect lawyer," says Judge Story, "like the perfect orator, must accomplish himself for his duties by familiarity with every study. It may be truly said that to him nothing that concerns human nature or human art is indifferent or useless."

It demands honesty and integrity that are sterling. They are the sine qua non of the profession of law. Personal, domestic, and business secrets which come daily to the knowledge of lawyers cannot be violated without disaster to the lawyer more certain than to the client. Property of large value and business interests of great importance are freely and fully intrusted to lawyers without voucher save their professional honor. To violate such honor is the sure end of professional standing and success. Questionable methods in the practice of law can never accomplish true success. At the end the trickster has only played tricks,-the greatest upon himself.

The lawyer's business has so changed of late that oratorical or forensic ability is not an absolute essential to genuine success in the profession. The chief income of the lawyer is now derived from business done out of court. A brilliant and successful advocate, however, attracts clients and often thus enlarges and strengthens his general practice, and perhaps no lawyer should be called truly great in the fullest

sense, who has not the power of graceful and effective advocacy. But eminence and large pecuniary rewards may be, and arc, attained without it.

Viewed simply in the light of labor involved and pecuniary returns, the profession of law, save in exceptional instances, is certainly less attractive than a variety of business pursuits. Especially is this true in the smaller towns and cities. The large business centres afford the opportunities for the greatest success in the profession of law. It is possible there for a lawyer to devote himself to some special branch of the law, and, by thus narrowing the bounds of his efforts, to diminish the labor and at the same time to acquire especial pre-eminence and corresponding success.

In the profession of law as in all other professions or pursuits only a few attain the heights, yet any young man with good health, good education, honesty, persistency, and industry may be sure he cannot be a failure.

C. S. Cook, '81.

Mr. Milliken-My Dear Sir:

ERE I a Senior at Bates again, with the choice of life work before me, I should choose teaching as my profession.

I use the word profession advisedly, because a calling which demands just as full and complete an equipment as does any of the so-called learned professions, which offers the stability of a life tenure, after due probation, as here in Boston, has surely arisen to the professional rank.

Life tenure, what does it not mean?

What has it not done for the judiciary? And this is to be the possession in the near future, everywhere, of all successful teachers.

If any of you young men and women at Bates wish to do good in the world, and have an aptitude for tuition, become teachers.

Aptitude? Aptitude? How may you know what it means, and whether you are its possessor? Board round as master for a winter term in one of the back towns of Maine, as did the present eminent head of Bates College, and you will become enlightened. This tyro effort need afford no compunction, for the enrichment and inspiration which a live college man must bring to the community will more than counterbalance what he may deem an infliction.

Bates men stand well in all the professions, but that they have taken the lead in the teaching profession is universally admitted.

Why not help the college to maintain this lead? This can be done by establishing a pedagogic chair at the fountain head, and by more and more of her brightest minds entering, not as a makeshift, not as a stepping-stone to some other calling, but for life, and with heart and soul, into this, one of the noblest and greatest of professions.

Very truly yours,

Grenville C. Emery, '68. Latin School, Boston, May 30, 1896.

Boston, Mass., May 21, 1896.

Dear Mr. Milliken:

JOURNALISM a profession for Bates graduates? Most certainly, say I; and for as many of them as can possibly get into it—provided, of course, they

possess the right qualities, and would rather toil like slaves and be journalists than live at ease in any other profession.

A foreign writer remarks that Americans live in a kind of newspaper whirl or tornado. With not over a quarter of London's population, New York maintains a considerably larger number of daily papers. Doubtless this is all right for a country the author of whose famous Declaration of Independence once declared, "I would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers." The immeasurable influence of the press in this country makes it very desirable that a good proportion of the graduates of our college find their way into journalism, and the qualities requisite to success therein are such as to make it at least equally desirable that among the evidences given to the public of the excellence of the training received at Bates, is that furnished by graduates who have chosen journalism as a profession and have proven that they made no mistake in such a choice. BATES STUDENT is a gratifying indication that the college has students with strong potentialities, and I trust strong predilections also, for journalism.

Do you wish me to say anything as to the qualities necessary to success in journalism? They are many; and it may also be said that comparatively few, even of well educated persons, possess them to the degree, or in the precise combination, that will enable them to gain as much success in journalism as they easily might in another profession. It has been truly said that

the reason why so few men, comparatively, succeed in journalism, is because so few have for it the temperament and the constitution. A sound body (exceptions prove the rule) is indispensable. In the sound body must be the sound mind. There must be knowledge that is pertinent, sufficient, and accurate. "Learning is good, accuracy is better," said a good journalist. And there must be wisdom—a word that is very deep and comprehensive. To true success a good conscience, fidelity to the principles of rectitude, is necessary. They who doubt this will ultimately see their error. And wisdom includes tact, knowledge of human nature, and a quick perception of "the eternal fitness of things." Great power of application, great perseverance, large hopefulness, a perfect passion for work, what Napoleon called the courage of four o'clock in the morning-the successful journalist must have these. And he must have his opportunity! Ah, ves! Many have well-nigh everything but this. Verily, it is about as hard to get a good position in journalism as it was to be first at the Pool of Bethesda. Happy is the "born" journalist who early finds his opportunity!

> Very truly yours, C. A. BICKFORD, '72.

WHAT PROFESSION?

TRST of all, if you have decided to take a profession, choose one in which you can be consistently honest to yourself and to your profession. Choose one in which you most thoroughly and enthusiastically believe.

Select a living profession rather than a dying one; one of the present and future, not of the past. Do not join a profession encumbered by dogmas that will require a life of constant struggle to maintain, but one that acknowledges its needs and its intention to learn more, and to get nearer the truth as knowledge widens. Start in a profession you can leave, if circumstances or a maturer judgment compel you, without suffering moral or social violence, without feeling that you have wasted your time, but that the training you have received has fitted and not unfitted you for other things. Lastly, choose a profession so progressive that you will have to hurry to keep up with it, not one in which you must needs loiter to keep within speaking distance.

To the student and thinker of to-day, there is no field so attractive and inviting as that offered by the medical pro-For the last twenty years only, has the attention of the profession been directed to a careful study of organic germ life and its association with disease. During this time, the progress made in the medical world is quite beyond the comprehension of those not actively engaged in its development. It has passed beyond the stage of empirical investigation, and is fast becoming an exact science. As a more definite knowledge of the cause of disease is attained, preventative as well as curative medicine is sought for As new discoveries are and found. daily brought to light, the application to existing conditions is continually widening the field of medicine and

opening up new and diverse channels that need the intelligence of energetic men. The influence of the profession is felt in every branch of business, in every other profession, and in every philanthropic and social reform. It is continually knocking at the door of legislation for wiser and better hygienic, sanitary, and criminal laws. In our municipal government it shapes the laws establishing our water supply and drainage systems, the distribution of charities and the inspection of food, the management of our penitentiaries and hospitals, the care of our schools and our homes. Of all the advances in sociologic science, the greatest may justly be attributed to scientific medicine. The attempt to reduce criminalogy to a rational and materialistic basis, constitutes a great advance and marks a distinct epoch in scientific sociology. The crime question has baffled the combined efforts of preacher and lawmaker. Their results have been dismal failures. When the fact becomes established that crime is hereditary, the remedy is simple,-however difficult the application of the remedy may be.

The medical profession is half a century, at least, ahead of the times, ever looking brightly to the future. It has not yet crystallized. Its teachings are not always heeded nor its usefulness appreciated. It is a profession that demands patience, perseverance, and hard work. It is not remunerative. They who enter it expecting to accumulate wealth, will fail. But they who enter it with a desire to do the greatest good to the greatest number of their fellow-men, will be bountifully re-

warded. It offers the greatest opening of all the professions for ability and for progressive and far-reaching practical good. What field is broader, what inspiration is grander, than to prevent disease and relieve those who suffer?

E. M. HOLDEN, '84.

[It is a matter of great regret that we are disappointed in not receiving the article representing the ministry which we had hoped to have from the pen of a distinguished representative of that profession.—ED.

OBITUARY.

F. EVERETT PERKINS.

OR the first time since graduation the Class of '94 is saddened by the loss of a member. Mr. F. Everett Perkins died at the home of his parents in Ogunquit, Me., Thursday, May 14th. On Monday of the same week he performed his usual duties as instructor of mathematics in Dow Academy, Franconia, N. H. Tuesday he gave up work and reached home Wednesday night before his death Thursday. While friends with whom he came in contact realized early in March that consumption had her fatal grasp upon him, none of his old school-mates had the least intimation of his condition, and to them the news of his death was as unexpected as it was painful.

Perkins joined the Class of '94 in the Sophomore year, having absented himself from his earlier class to secure the funds necessary for continuing his course. While the same necessity often detained him from his work, he nevertheless maintained an excellent standing in his studies, and in some instances showed more than ordinary strength and keenness. It was a general feeling that, under more favorable circumstances, he might have been among the leaders in scholarship.

Perkins's absolute silence in regard to his illness is most characteristic of the man. It is doubtful if a student ever graduated from Bates who lived more entirely within himself. Always pleasant and social in daily intercourse, he was absolutely reticent upon his own affairs, either as to his circumstances or purposes. Of the former, we know that they were most difficult and that he struggled against them with a sturdy determination that was truly heroic. Of the latter, we can believe that they were worthy of the courageous means which he bent to their promotion, and that in their accomplishment there would have been honor both for himself and his college. This reticence can be attributed largely to the natural isolation of stern circumstances and partly, perhaps, to his sensitive nature; for while he was strong enough to incessantly battle with these obstacles, he could not fellowship them with the pride which they merited. The final triumph over these embarrassments, which he was steadily attaining, was destined to exert a strong influence upon his character and personality.

Absolute fearlessness was another leading quality of our classmate. He formed and expressed his opinions and beliefs as independently as he undertook his daily work. He was always Perkins. His ability to correctly distinguish genuine and assumed virtue

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Perkins was born in Ogunquit, January 21, 1868, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Perkins. In recent years most of his time not spent in study was devoted to teaching, in which profession he had enjoyed excellent and universal success. Father, mother, two sisters, and two brothers survive him, and in their bereavement have the heart-felt sympathy of his classmates and college acquaintances.

L. J. Brackett.

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Foreing through crevices of jagged rock,
And only gained their life-sustaining food
By striking deep to fertile depths below.
Poor struggling oak!—and yet a mighty storm
Has swept that mountain and the fir lies low,
Uprooted by the blast, while, battle-scarred,
But firm, triumphant o'er the tempest, stands
The deep rock-rooted oak, undaunted still.

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The Peabody Record for May is an excellent number. "The Southern Cavalier" is a touching and beautiful tribute to the Southern soldier and the chivalry of the South. The poem, "But Once," does not seem at all like the work of an amateur; we read it repeatedly and admired its pathos, though we must condemn the thought. Verses:

AT MIDNIGHT.

Sweet with the sweetness of the song Whose echo now alone remains; Sweet with the sweetness of the dream, That faintly life's glad zest retains, Come memories in dear innumerable trains.

Clear in the stillness of the night I hear the past's beloved sounds;
Bright in the darkness of the night I see a vision that abounds In joys now faded dim in time's long rounds.

— The Morningside.

MY BOAT AND I.

The Storm-King's reign of ice is o'er, The duty of the frost is done,
The lowering clouds obscure no more The genial presence of the sun.
The chilling blasts have given way
To whisperings of a summer breeze;
While all the budding blossoms sway,
And verdure green bedecks the trees.

My boat is standing high and dry;
It does not rest upon the waves;
Its keel is turned up toward the sky,
Its stern alone the water laves.
"I am forsaken here, you see,
My usefulness is at an end!"
It makes this mute appeal to me,
The mute appeal of friend to friend.

Forsaken? This old friend of mine With whom I ofttimes used to roam Through bays o'ershadowed by the pine, Or out beneath the sky's blue dome? We wandered in the summer night, We two—my friend, the boat, and I—

The waves reflecting, clear and bright, The twinklings of that far-off sky.

Here rocked to sleep by breezes low, And listening to the lullaby Of water breaking 'neath the bow, And crooning thus so soothingly— This is the life to live—to see, A life in which was naught but joy; Here is the place where we were free From ceaseless troubles that annoy.

And now to-day the sunlight bright
Shines out again revivingly;
And now in vain the waves invite—
Forsaken will my boat not be—
No! It is now thrice dear to me;
Again, to-day o'er waves we fly,
And in this joyous spring will be
Still closer friends—my boat and I.
—University of Tennessee Magazine.

THE PARTING.

Closing the door, she calls to me "Good-night." Slowly I start, and with reductant feet, Turning once more to see that vision sweet; But as I look she passes from my sight. Alone I stand without that presence bright. The hollow hall echoes her footsteps fleet Faintly, more faint, as I stand in the street. What makes it dark where all before was light?

She took the radiance and left me the woe; Whither I turn I neither care nor know. Ah, for the time when at the dark street door There's no "Good-nights," no partings any more.

And we can pass our own dear threshold o'er Into the house with love-light all aglow.

—University of Virginia Magazine.

Cornell has a class in Russian.

The attendance at Yale has increased 50 per cent. during the last six years.

The honor system in examinations is coming into favor in many of the larger eastern colleges.

The concert receipts of the Princeton University Glee Club for the season '94-'95 were \$15,599.50.

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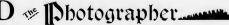
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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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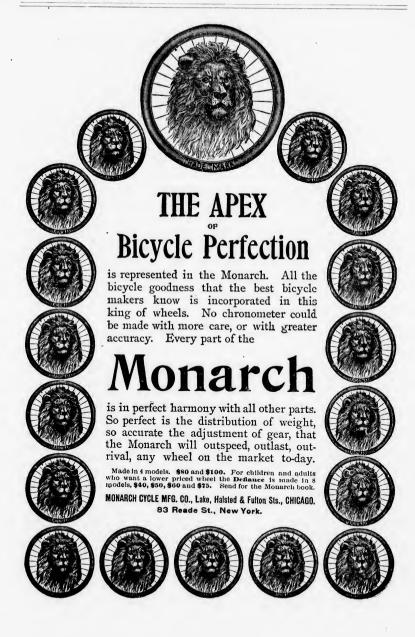
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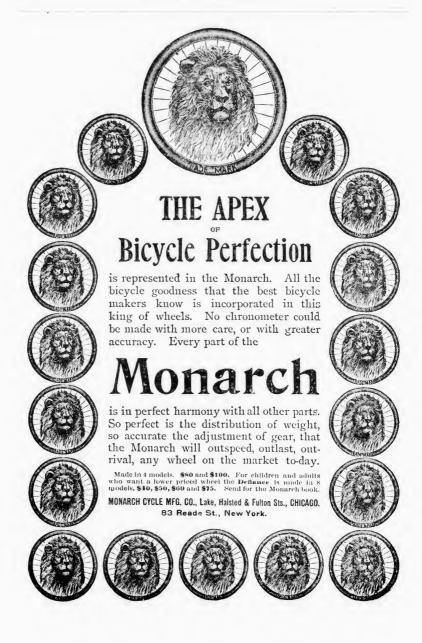
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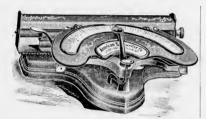
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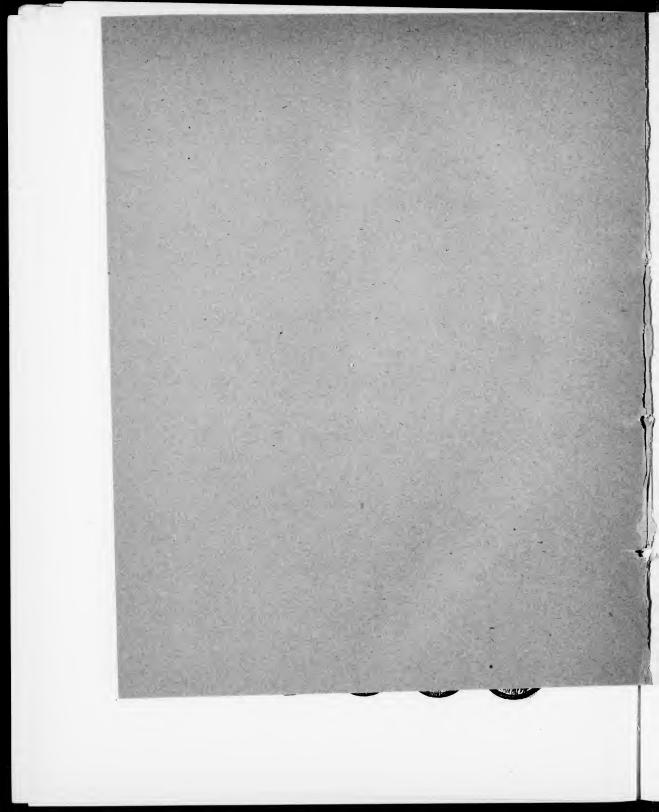
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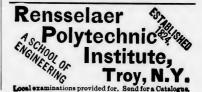
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VOL. XXIV.

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No. 7.

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A COMPLETE LIFE.

N artist paints a beautiful picture, and the world stands in wonder and admiration before it. Among the throng some venture an opinion. One says, "The artist's skill consists in graceful drapery"; another, "Rich coloring gives the painting its beauty"; and still a third, "The painter excels in delineating faces." But all these fail to interpret the complete beauty of the picture. They do not see that while each element alone may be beau-

tiful, the richness, the perfectness of the work is due to the presence of each part, blending with and enhancing every other, thus forming a symmetrical and beautiful whole.

And just as these failed to understand this picture, so do men continually fail to understand, what is of vital importance, the truly beautiful life. Some few think they discover life's meaning. This one would give all for pleasure; another says knowledge is the only worthy aim for man; while

that one yonder exclaims, "Learn to do one thing well, and your life will succeed." But all these are wrong. As with the picture, no one gift or power makes life strong and beautiful. The best life requires each part, whether physical, mental, or spiritual, fully developed, but subordinate to one perfect whole.

The symmetrical, complete life is the ideal one; but how far we are from realizing this. Look at humanity, and behold how one-sided, ugly, deformed! At first thought we say, how strange this is when such a beautiful life is possible. But consider: It is only the few who look life in the face and try to understand its meaning. The mass accept the world's standards almost without a thought. In the hot race for wealth, position, fame, "Who will be first?" is the cry. And the throng rush blindly on, each trying to get ahead of his neighbor, each eager for the lion's share of these seeming treasures. In this delusive race men spend their whole lives; and only realize the emptiness of these treasures when it is too late. They are slaves to the world's opinions; and almost all of us feel this bondage in some degree. Perhaps we read foolish books because they are popular. Possibly we follow some silly fashion, when we know that it violates our sense of the beautiful. And sometimes, it may be, we do not dare to take the unpopular side of a moral question. When we think how wantonly we cramp and deform our lives, does it seem strange that they fall so far below the ideal?

Some look to learning to do away

with all these evils. But while knowledge may do much to broaden and elevate us, just as long as we persist in squandering our powers on the empty things of life, there is nothing that can develop our whole nature. We fail by making our lives artificial and selfish. Moreover, one of the hardest qualities to acquire when it is lost, and yet one that is absolutely necessary before the whole man can develop, is simplicity. When we learn to like things and want them simply because we know in our inmost souls that they are true and beautiful, then are we ready to take the good God has for us in this world. And just as we need simplicity, so also we need unselfishness. As soon as a man makes himself the centre of the universe, he will find that only very little worlds can revolve about him. The selfish man has merely his own small interests to feed his soul on; so that he soon becomes dwarfed and incapable of appreciating the true and the noble. But the man with the warm, open heart has the whole universe to develop his powers; so that his soul is continually growing more beautiful and complete.

Then if we would have our lives perfect and symmetrical, we should remember that only as we make them simple and unselfish is this possible. On these two qualities depends our power to use the gifts God has given us for making our lives capable of all the happiness, the usefulness, and the beauty in the divine plan.

If we have these two qualities, then will each part of life do its share toward forming this complete whole. Youth, life's morning, will be rich in hope and earnestness, and will furnish a wide and firm foundation. Then the noonday of life, from the fierce battles fought and won, will bring strength and experience; and old age will pick up the dropped stitches, smooth the rough edges, and blend the parts together into a graceful whole. And just as the fair day ends with the bright sunset hues, so the beautiful life closes not in gloomy clouds, but with a glorious revelation of what may be hereafter, in the presence of the Father of Lights, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

EMMA V. CHASE, '97.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

E often hear it said that "the world is what you make it," and there is surely much of truth in the words; for the optimist life has more of light than shadow, while the pessimist under the same circumstances reverses this rule. Yet even the lightest heart must sooner or later have its Gethsemane, for we and all mankind alike live under a law as unalterable as the law of sin and death, namely, the law of suffering.

Go out under the open sky some sunshiny morning. How gentle the breeze! How sweet the flowers by the roadside! How all Nature rejoices! Watch those birds; how proud and happy they seem over their nest of birdlings. Yet within an hour their joyous songs may be changed to mourning, while an empty nest sways in the summer wind. Yet

walk on, and let Nature with her joyousness beguile you into forgetting that there is such a thing as sadness, when suddenly you start and shiver. What is that blot on the landscape? Only a funeral train, but somehow as the slowmoving procession passes out of sight the light of the morning seems to have faded. Ah! need you go farther to learn the lesson? Yes, to learn it perfeetly, it may be; yet in the midst of youth's glad harmonies your reluctant ears can have scarcely failed to catch at times the minor chord, while into life's prime there has come again and again some dim perception, vaguely felt at first, of the meaning of the words, "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

Since, then, this is life's great law, let us seek to find its meaning. There is said to be off the northern coast of Ceylon a submerged bank of about twenty miles in length, where, for two thousand years, extensive oyster fishing has been carried on. The oysters are sought, however, not for food but for pearls, and so many are found that the profits of the business in a single year are often over a million dollars. But what are pearls? Whence do they come? What causes them? We are told that a tiny grain of sand, it may be, works its way inside the shell of the oyster, and this coming in contact with the flesh, causes pain. The little creature cannot rid himself of the irritating substance, but Nature in time furnishes relief by forming a crust of hard, calcareous matter about it. This constitutes the pearl-the product of pain. The larger and more irritating the substance, the larger and more beautiful the pearl.

In the beautiful temple of Solomon the sacred altar and all the vessels of the inner sanctuary, the most holy place, were made of pure gold. But no gold untried by fire could have found acceptance there.

In the early days of the Christian era, an aged man is banished to a lonely isle. Faithful has he been to his life's mission, yet the more fiercely for that seems to break the cloud, big with persecutions, on his head. Yet to whom is it granted to look into the opened heavens; to see the walls of jasper and the streets of gold; to see the throne and Him that sitteth thereon? To whom but to this aged saint, purified by persecutions and afflictions; and to his own wondering questioning as he gazes at the great multitude which no man can number, is returned the answer, These too "are they which came up out of great tribulation." And how did they get into the Holy City? Through gates of pearl. The entrance to perfect blessedness can only be through gates of pain. We love to think of the beautiful figure of the gates of pearl and streets of gold, and the wonderful wall of precious stones. Do we know as well the value of the pain they symbolize? Mrs. Whitney, in her beautiful interpretation of the wall of jasper and sapphire, says: "See! this crimson that lies at the very beginning,-it is the color of passion, of suffering. Out of the crimson we climb into the blue, -that is truth and calm; beyond is the white glistening chalcedony, for purity; and next flashes out the green—the hope of glory. Then they mingle and alternate,—the tenderness and the pain and the purifying. It is the veined sardonyx stands for that,—the life-story."

Yea, truly the life-story and the lifelesson as well; the pain and the purifying and the tenderness which grows out of it all. Have you ever had some great sorrow come into your life? Then you remember how, after the first shock had passed, your heart went out in a great passion of tenderness and longing to comfort all earth's weary, moaning multitudes: how even a little child's passing grief seemed no longer trivial to you, but how every tear seemed to ease the burden of your own sorrow, which lay too deep for tears. Ah, that is the fellowship of suffering, and only when we have learned that lesson may we begin to understand the love of Him who through suffering was made perfect.

MABEL C. ANDREWS, '97.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

considered in its deep and true significance, what problem is more difficult than the measurement of a man! It is easy to sound the depths of the ocean and compute the position of the stars, for to man it is given to measure all else in God's creation. But who shall measure man himself, created in the image of God?

Yet, in all the relations of life, this problem is constantly confronting us. Some one has said that "Every man has three selves: the man as he appears

to others, the man as he knows himself, and the real man." Society, for each of us, is composed of men and women as we know them. Vaguely and unconsciously, perhaps, but constantly we are measuring our fellowmen; we are measuring ourselves, and in proportion as our estimates are just, our views of life are true and right.

Of supreme and vital interest, then, to every thinker, is the question: What is the truest standard for the measurement of a man?

We measure man by his possessions without regard to the chance of birth or fortune by which those possessions may have been acquired. We measure man by his deeds and forget to reckon the external influences, the accidents of opportunity which have helped to determine the character of his deeds. Such standards as these are conventional and superficial. They deal with the exterior of the man and show him as he seems to be; but as true criterions of character they are, at best, partial and insufficient.

The real man is measured neither by what he has nor by what he does, but by what he needs; by the things which he finds necessary to make his life complete.

The savage has few needs. A meagre subsistence from the proceeds of the chase, a rude shelter from the storm, a few bright feathers or bits of shell with which to deck his person, and he is satisfied. But the rising scale of civilization is accompanied by a corresponding increase of needs until, at last, the highest stage is reached when man's needs are bounded only by the world. Thousands toil to supply him

with food and shelter. From the uttermost parts of the earth are brought the necessaries for his table. Music, art, and literature are summoned to supply the needs of his higher nature.

Increasing need is the constant law of growth. The tiny twig which shoots up from the swelling acorn in the spring needs but a ray of sunshine and a little clod of earth to make it grow. But as years pass on the trunk thickens and roots and branches spread until the kingly oak draws its life from the soil and sunshine of half the hill-side. So a man's needs grow as his life expands. Each victory brings new battles to be fought; each attainment reveals new possibilities.

Sir Isaac Newton said of himself near the close of his wonderful career: "Like a little child playing on the sea-shore, I have found here a shell, there a pebble more beautiful than the ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." And it is ever so. He that lacks least needs most. He that rises highest has the broadest outlook. Need, then, indicates not poverty, but wealth, and a man's life is broad and noble in proportion to the breadth and nobility of his needs.

Moreover, this is not only the surest but also the finest and most subtle test by which to take the measure of a man. For a need is the expression of a man's whole nature. He needs nothing which does not find some response within himself. The queen delights her royal eyes with the beauties of earth's fairest garden-lands, and the ragged child in the city streets gazes wistfully at the beautiful flowers in a florist's window. But, whether found in queen or beggar child, the need of beauty, the passion for the beautiful, means beauty in the soul. Thus, no matter what the outward circumstances may be, each need reveals unerringly a corresponding trait of character. Count up, if you will, all a man's words and deeds; weigh them in the balances and pass upon their worth, and yet you may have misjudged the real man who is behind it all. But discover his needs, the true fountains of his life, and the real man stands revealed before you.

True education, then, is the creation of needs so broad and noble as to make a return to the former narrow life impossible. For the college student the crucial question is not How much knowledge have you gained? but How much that is true and beautiful and noble are you making essential to your life? How much broader is your vision? How much more do you need to-day than yesterday? For true nobility reveals itself most surely in noble aspiration.

He that is most needs most to help him live. And who shall say that needs, divinely high and infinitely broad, are not to be the measure of the perfect man in the grand, eternal life beyond?

C. E. MILLIKEN, '97.

HEROSTRATUS.

IN all its matchless symmetry and simplicity stood the temple of Diana, the embodiment of the loftiest idealism of the Greek, the glory of Ephesus,

the wonder of the world. Grander even than Solomon's temple, grander than Athens' Parthenon, a nobler work never came from hand of man. Through the snowy columns were wafted the solemn chantings; through the courts glided the silent priests; round the smoking altars of the crescent goddess thronged the pilgrims; the perfection of pagan worship was here. But into this beauty, stealing through the massive shadows, comes the destroyer, and in a lurid pillar of fire ascends this grandeur, a very sacrifice to its own patron, leaving only heap upon heap of smouldering ruins. Then from the torture of the rack, uttered between the groanings of the man and that of the terrible wheels, we may hear this confession: "I burned your temple that my name might live forever," and in the last agony comes the dying shriek, "and my name is Herostratus!" Despite man's edicts and decrees, that name comes writhing and hissing from the past to the present, and will go on in its twisting way into the dim beyond of the future, a synonym of all scorn and infamy, until in the last great day God shall take his book and blot it out. But a new temple arose under the hand of one of the world's heroes, Alexander of Macedon, born by singular coincidence on the very night of its destruction.

The resistless power, then, that drove Herostratus to this infamy was false ambition, the striving for what should not be his. Myriads of men are driven like him to like fate. There is all the difference of east and west between this and the high incentive of a noble life. Strange that men should mistake the paths, both leading from the twilight of the morning, but one into the blackness of the night, the other into the glory of the perfect day; the one ending with the flickering beam that wavers and dies away, the other ending in light triumphant, guiding every truly noble soul over life's pathway. It was this glimmer of false ambition, the bane of every life it shines on, that urged Thomas Wolsey on into the darkness of artfulness, dissimulation, and diplomacy, and then went out, leaving him on the dizzy heights which such as he are never fit to reach, to fall like Lucifer into the abyss of obloquy, crying his warning to us all: "Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.

By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't? Love thyself last."

But as the new temple, more beautiful, more sublime than the old, rose from the ruins, so from the heel of the destroyer rises every truly noble thing, a certain proof of greatness. If Providence permitted each malignant shaft to reach its mark, then all that is good on earth must surely pass away; but there is an angel's correction for each devil's work. You thought, Caiaphas, when you sealed that stone before the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, that you had destroyed the temple of our Lord; but you failed, and your people are your living witnesses. You thought, Julian and Voltaire-you now think, Robert Ingersoll, that the tenets of Christianity may be destroyed; so thought Canute the Dane that he could command the sea.

"Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,

And albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng

Troops of beautiful, tall angels to enshield her from all harm."

Finally, in Herostratus, we may see a type of every man who, blindly imagining that fame is life's only end, attacks the world's true and beautiful, and falling from the recoil of his own crime, receives in the very counterstroke the curse of that he longed for. And, too, let us set this down: that nothing lasts like an evil name. Conspirators, assassins, and traitors are ever remembered. Guy Fawks waiting to blow parliament into eternity, Benedict Arnold rowing down the Hudson, and my lord of Jeffries laughing in the bloody Wiltshire shambles, were making the destiny of their names such as we speak only in loathing, but which still live on. If all of life were to leave a name, whether pure and shining, or stained and tarnished with corruption, there were many a tortuous way to reach that goal.

But what should be the restitution to such Herostrati? Surely the rack, man's punishment, is little. But the Almighty, acting beyond our wisdom, gives such their only wish, and thus metes out an awful justice, a name to be as the mark of Cain. To be called through eternity by a name won thus on earth, must be a bitter reminder of a misspent life.

Thus, from the contemplation of such a man, we do well if we grasp this thought: To live only for the best, and then if we win a name it is well prized; but to do one conscious act for fame alone, that is the depth of baseness. A name unfairly gained is like the haven of the Sirens, easily reached, but best steered clear of.

RICHARD B. STANLEY.

May 29, 1896.

College News and Interests.

NINETEEN HUNDRED.

EVENTY-FIVE young ladies and gentlemen filled the Freshman seats at first chapel, September 8th, and will be known henceforth as the Class of 1900, unless they wisely devise a briefer If first impressions count for anything the class is certainly a promising one. Two-thirds of it are young men, - certainly, all will agree, a right proportion. Already they have given evidence of physical prowess, and we believe many of them will shine on the athletic field. Following are their names and fitting schools:

Frank Percy Ayer,
Jane Eliza Avery,
Ira Allen Butterfield,
H. M. Briry,
Alice Mary Baldwin,

Dearborn-Morgan School, Orange, N. J. Edward Percival Chase, Auburn High School. Bessie Roberts Cole, Guilford High School. Daniel Marston Crosman,

Monmouth Academy.

Silas Oliver Clason,

Lisbon Falls High School. William Wentworth Courser,

New Hampton Literary Institution. Alison Graham Catheron,

Beverly (Mass.) High School.
Carl Sargent Coffin, Maine Central Institute.
Rena Dresser, Lewiston High School.
Emma Clark Dixon, Lewiston High School.
Harry Elmer Dunham, Latin School.

Charles Page Dennison,

South Paris High School. Ed. Payson Davis, Lewiston High School. Richard Stanley Merrill Emrich,

Framingham (Mass.) High School.
Perley C. Elder, Lewiston High School.
Mary Belle Ford, Lewiston High School.
Ethel Grace Files, Lewiston High School.
Charles Lewis Foster, Latin School.
Horace Mayland Fernald,

Thornton Academy.
Leslie Wilbur Glidden, Latin School.
George Llewellyn Griffin,

New Hampton Literary Institution. Floe Louise Getchell, Lewiston High School. Harold Clifford Goddard,

Auburn High School.
Carl Perry Hussey,
Guy Ernest Healey,

Friends School, Providence, R. I.
Ernest Forrest Johnson, Latin School.
George Herbert Johnson, Latin School.
William Sylvanus Jones,

Maine Central Institute.
Albert M. Jones,
Miss Joyce,
Mary Belle Lamb,
Arthur W. Lowe,
Parker Samuel Littlefield,

Maine Central Institute.

Mabelle Alice Ludwig,

North Yarmouth Academy. John Francis Murphy, Lewiston High School. George Edward Manter, Latin School. Mabel Emery Marr,

North Yarmouth Academy.
Maude Frost Mitchell, Littleton High School.
Frank Henry Miller, Latin School.
Herman Rowe Parsons,

Edward Little High School.
Edith Stone Parker, Latin School.

Annie Perry, Latin School.
Royce Davis Purington, Latin School.
Bertram Everett Packard,
Litchfield Academy.

Lester Lovett Powell,
Maine Central Institute.
Phillip Lowell Pottle, Lewiston High School.
Hugh Pendexter, Latin School.
Harriet Davis Proctor,

Northboro High School.

Justin Noble Rogers, Monson Academy.

Dennet Lervy Richardson,

Maine Central Institute.
Richard S. W. Roberts, Latin School.
William Alvin Robbins,

Batavia Union School.

Alpheus W. Rich, Higgins Classical Institute.

Everett Binney Stackpole,

Edward Little High School. Blanch Burdin Sears, Lewiston High School. Pearl McAllister Small,

Edward Little High School.
Milton Gorham Sturgis,
Latin School.
Grace Summerbell,
Lewiston High School.
Ferris Summerbell,
Ledwiston High School.
Adelaide Sweetzer,
Lucy Jane Small,
Lisbon Falls High School.
Hattie Skillings,
Lewiston High School.
Leroy Gilbert Staples,

North Berwick High School. F. Harold Stinchfield, Lewiston High School. Clara Maria Trask,

Peabody (Mass.) High School. George Nelson Thurlow, Latin School. Grace Adrianna Tarbox,

Lewiston High School. Florence Ethel Thompson,

Lewiston High School.

Artemas Ward Wing, Latin School.

Daniel Webster Wentworth,

Berwick Academy.
Howard Gordon Wagg,
Lewiston High School.

THE NORTHFIELD STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

HE only intercollegiate fraternity in which Bates can claim membership assembled in annual convention at Northfield last July. In its ten representatives, our college had the banner delegation of the state. M. S. C. sent five, Colby four, and Bowdoin two.

As usual the conference lasted ten days, and they were days of spiritual uplift. The daily conferences on association work, such as Bible study, religious meetings, work for new students, equipped those in attendance with valuable methods for the work this year. The subjects of prayer, the Holy Spirit, the Bible, missions, reform work, practical Christian living, etc., were considered in the form of platform addresses by such men as Dr. Alexander McKenzie, Robert E. Speer, Dr. R. L. Torrey, Dr. A. F. Shauffler, and Mr. Moody. The address of Mr. Speer on "The Unspotted Man," a manly presentation of a practical subject with college men, was the most impressive of the entire session. The presence of Charles E. Studd of England, one of the famous "Cambridge seven," gave enlivened interest to missions. The famous "Round Top" meetings, back of Mr. Moody's home every evening at seven, were very popular. Each meeting of the session seemed preparatory for the next, and the closing session on the last Sunday night will long be remembered by those present. It seems impossible to estimate the influence which the 487 delegates in attendance will carry to their respective colleges, scattered through all the states, the coming year.

THE Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD.

N the tenth of July last, between three and four hundred young women assembled at Northfield for the fourth annual convention of the Young Women's Christian Association.

One who has attended any of the summer conferences at this spot, which Mr. Moody has done his utmost to make attractive, knows how impossible it is to explain what a thrilling sound the very word "Northfield" has to us who have been there. The enjoyment to be derived from the surpassing beauty of the surrounding scenery, combined with the wonderful inspiration to be obtained from attendance upon the meetings, make the place to seem scarcely less than perfect.

The Bates Y. W. C. A. was represented this year by four of our girls, three from '97 and one-from '98.

Perhaps the regular programme for the day would give the best idea of how busy we were while at Northfield.

The morning devotional service was followed by Mr. Sallmon's class on the "Life of Paul." Next was the college conference, in charge of Miss Nellie J. Allen. This, in turn, was succeeded by a Bible hour, and then the programme of the forenoon was concluded by "Talks on Association Work," by Miss E. K. Price, the leader of the conference.

The Missionary Conference in the afternoon was very practical and full of suggestions which have been helpful to us in making our plans for the year.

The Sunset Meeting on Round Top was the most grandly inspiring meeting of the day. This was followed by the closing service of the day. At these times we were addressed by Dr. Mac-Kenzie, Mr. Speer, Dr. A. C. Dixon, Dr. Pierson, Mr. Moody, Miss Price, and others.

In conclusion, let me say that the

four Bates delegates have returned, praying that the Christian earnestness and consecration exemplified at Northfield, may penetrate the whole College this coming year.

BERTHA F. FILES, '98.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

To the work!

Foot-ball is "on" in good earnest.

Who will resurrect the college band? Miss Butterfield, ex-'97, is with 1900.

Childs will complete his course with '97.

Haven't we material for a good glee club?

The building fund has gone up to \$1,200.

Miss Cobb, '97, presides at the piano at chapel.

The Latin School has an entering class of 21.

Tucker and Landman pull the bell-rope this year.

Butterfield, ex-'99, has become a member of 1900.

Misses Hicks, Rounds, and Hastings, ex-'98, are with '99.

A much-needed enlargement of the Y. M. C. A. room was made the past summer.

Slattery, '97, and Pulsifer, '99, were stars in the Knox County league this summer.

Steam heat has been put into the gym, thanks to the enterprise of Professor Bolster.

Prizes in the Junior exhibition were awarded to C. E. Milliken and Miss

E. V. Chase; the prize for Sophomore essay to M. E. Stickney.

A few improvements have been made in the Polymnian room during the past summer.

She gazed across o'er the muddy street, It would float the whole of H. B. M.'s fleet, Across to the distant black concrete, Then ruefully down at her dainty feet.

A youth approached to the other side, His whiskers were into his bootlegs tied, His Populist's hair blew far and wide, And he wished this maiden to be his bride.

He had no mantle there to fall, He had never heard of Raleigh at all— But what is the use of an old red shawl To a man of Populistic gaul?

He tied a rock in the whisker strands
And threw it across to the maiden's hands.
Well, now they are living in western lands,
And he hoops those whiskers with silver
bands.

Skillings, Peacock, and Glidden are the teachers from the college at the Latin School this year.

Mr. John Corbett of Harvard has been secured as coach for our foot-ball team for the entire fall.

Mary Buzzell, '97, again attended Dr. Sargent's summer school at the Heminway gymnasium, Harvard.

If there is no New England league team in Lewiston next year, Bates's financial prospects will be clearer.

The STUDENT has received from the publisher, F. W. Helmick of New York, a march dedicated to Major McKinley.

The Y. W. C. A. tendered the Freshman young ladies a reception at Cheney Hall on the evening of September 21st.

Knapp, '96, has been engaged as permanent teacher at the Latin School

and also as assistant in Chemistry at the college.

'99 welcomes to itself E. S. Grover, formerly of Dartmouth, '98. Mr. Grover comes here with excellent promise as a track athlete.

Professor Strong and his geology class make frequent excursions and are doing some interesting work in local mineralogy.

Through the efforts of Professor Strong the lecture room of the physical laboratory has been very attractively fixed up during the summer.

'99's officers for this year are as follows: President, Bassett; Vice-President, Wheeler; Secretary, Miss Blake; Treasurer, Graffam.

An improved edition of the Students' Hand-Book, issued by the Christian Associations of the college, appeared at the beginning of the term.

1900 has organized with the following officers: President, Johnson; Vice-President, Stinchfield; Secretary, Miss Baldwin; Treasurer, Sturgis.

Several have come to Bates from other colleges. F. R. Griffin of Amherst joins '98; Grover of Dartmouth and Hutchins of Colby join '99.

The society meetings have attracted large numbers each Friday evening, and the programmes have been excellent. Over half of 1900 have become members.

Bates won three seconds in the field day at Northfield—Tukey in the fifty and hundred, and Foss in the 440 yard dashes; Daniels, the Cornell crack, winning the three firsts.

The participants in the Sophomore Champion Debate, postponed from last Commencement, will read their parts privately before a committee, Saturday evening, September 26th.

One of the most important acts of Commencement week was the election of Rev. F. W. Baldwin to the prospective chair of history and economics. Dr. Baldwin will leave a parish in New Jersey, and take up his duties in the winter term.

The Psychology class is treated occasionally to such paradoxes as this: Prof.—"We are so far behind in our work that we will begin this morning with pain." Immediately the victim called upon began to demonstrate that pain is an enigma.

Mr. C. H. Lincoln, who was for a time instructor of history and economics in Bates, has recently received the degree of Ph.D. from University of Pennsylvania and also been elected to a fellowship in the university, which means a good salary and an honorable position.

The following is this season's football schedule as it stands at present:

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September 19.	Alumni.	Lewiston.
September 30.	N. H. College.	Lewiston.
October 3.	So. Berwick.	Lewiston.
October 9.	N. H. College.	Dover.
October 10.	Exeter.	Exeter.
October 17.	M. S. C.	Lewiston.
October 24.	M. S. C.	Orono.
October 31.	Open.	
November 4.	Colby.	Waterville
November 7.	Open.	
November 14.	Bowdoin.	
November 18.	Colby.	Lewiston.

The Seniors have elected officers for the coming year as follows: President, Foss; Vice-President, Sampson; Secretary, Miss Winn; Treasurer, Brackett; Executive Committee, Sampson, Cunningham, Miss Knowles, Miss Hanson, Miss Cobb; Councillors, Burrill, Durkee, Slattery, Skillings; Orator, Marr; Address to Undergraduates, Durkee; Address to Halls and Campus, Milliken; Prophet, Miss Twort; Poet, Miss Morrill; Odist, Miss Andrews; Historian, Stanley; Parting Address, Miss Houghton.

On September 10th occurred the usual reception to the entering class, tendered by the Christian Association. Marches and conversational topics occupied most of the evening. After refreshments a short programme was carried out, consisting of address of welcome for the Y. M. C. A., by Milliken, '97; for the Y. W. C. A., by Miss Morrill, '97; in behalf of the college, by President Chase; a declamation by Parsons, '98; and recitation by Miss Vickery, '97. A large number was in attendance and an enjoyable time was spent.

On Wednesday morning, September 16th, we all laid aside recitations and repaired to the base-ball field, where the Sophomores and Freshmen crossed bats in their customary ball game. The new-comers showed themselves foemen of worthy steel, and fielded all around the Sophs. They were, however, outbatted, and lost by a score of 13 to 9. Each of the grand stands was handsomely decorated with class banners and streamers. As usual, plug hats, horns, and cow-bells were abundantly in evidence and there was lots of noise. After the game everybody quietly dispersed without the least semblance of a rush. As usual, the Sophs held forth down town in the evening.

Around the Editors' Valle.

HILE the claims of the different activities, athletic and literary, of Bates are being presented to our attention at the year's beginning, it will not be amiss to speak a word regarding the work of the Christian Associations. No branch of college life is generally admitted to be so indispensable as this, whose avowed object is to maintain a pure college atmosphere and wholesome influences. it may be said in no cynical spirit that it is the first to suffer, to become neglected, when those things which engross the attention, peculiar to each season, rush upon us. If each will take this fact of the past as a caution for the future, we believe that the Christian work, so auspiciously begun and so full of hopeful promise, may be brought to that condition which is its due, where spasmodic effort will be absent because unthought of, where all activity will be even, systematic, premeditated, vet energetic. And all this may become actual fact by the year's end. Let each member show his fidelity to his association by practical co-operation in those lines of work which have constituted the established policy from year to year. Let him hold its interests primary, and seek to obviate any occurrence that would militate against those interests. Let the members of 1900 understand that the Christian Associations are not closed corporations, but that enrollment in college entitles them to the right of membership in these organizations, and hence it will not be bad form for them to apply for membership without waiting to be approached by the membership committee.

A new departure in policy is to be made this year by the Y. M. C. A. in establishing a graded course in devotional Bible study. There will be three grades, as follows: For Freshmen the Life of Christ with McConaughy's outlines; for Sophomores the Book of Acts with Speer's outlines; for Juniors and Seniors the Life of Paul with Sallmon's outlines. The classes are to have student leaders who attended the Northfield Conference and have been preparing for the work by summer study. Probably before this issue of the Student, the classes will have been started. The reflex benefit to the association as an organization, to be derived from this course, as well as the direct benefit to the individual student, is selfevident. It seems to us that this new effort is just what the work has been waiting for these few years past, and that upon its success depends the realization of that most desirable condition of association affairs, mentioned above.

THE foot-ball season of 1895 was the most important of any in the history of the game. Not only were radical changes in methods of playing considered, but whether there should any longer be such a game was a serious question. In all parts of the country the objection to the game's alleged

brutality was raised, and so strong was this that in some instances it was openly announced that the coming season was the last if roughness was not minimized. Then Yale and Harvard did not meet, and as these colleges have always been considered the leading exponents of the American style of play, it was feared that there would be a falling off in enthusiasm in these two institutions, with consequent similar results to less important colleges. Again, two sets of rules to constantly conflict were not conducive to harmony, and many charges of unfair officials are traceable to them. The fact that there were these obstacles to the game, and the greater fact that they were fairly met and overcome, has made, we repeat, the season of 1895 memorable in football annals. From the first practice game to the day when Thorn of Yale ran through the Princeton team. the game was living down the disgrace of the previous year's Harvard-Yale contest, and to-day is more firmly lodged than ever in the hearts of America's college youth.

There were few quarrels about rules, none of them important; the Princeton and University of Pennsylvania elevens made it interesting enough for Harvard, and Yale found her match in Brown; as for brutality, it was as noticeable for its absence as it had sometimes formerly been by its presence. At home we had our own little troubles, but after the first falls the game got onto its feet and walked, and is going to walk one more season at least. It is proved that there can be foot-ball without brutality; it is proved that the players are better

students and better gentlemen for it; the new rules are clear and explicit; and as far as healthful influences are concerned, one may read the letters in the rule-book edited by Walter Camp, from which we would quote were the book not to be so common. The game is with us again, and let's boom it; if there is ever going to be a time when we want Bates to boom, it is now in this fall term of '96; so turn out, thirty men in uniform and all the others to watch and cheer, and let's make Bates a leader in grand old Rugby.

ITH the opening of our new college year, the students are once more confronted with society work. The large entering class will bring strong additions to our working force, and when each member of 1900 has found his home in one of our excellent societies we hope he will determine to put forth his best efforts for the improvement of himself here. Amid all the advantages Bates is offering to her students, none exceed those of activity in our literary societies. May every member of 1900 realize this at the first of his college course, and thus gain the greatest possible good during his stay here. The intercollegiate debates will soon be claiming our attention, and upon the floors of the societies our men are trained for this work. Thorough preparation, fearlessness in speaking convictions, and great enthusiasm should characterize the debates.

Another line we hope to see brought prominently to the front this year, is our musical talent. Bates has much of musical talent, both vocal and instrumental. The excellent glee club she maintained for a year shows what can be done. The entering class brings us talent of the first order. Why should not our glee club be reorganized, and the influence of our college extended in this way? Let there be speedy gathering of forces, and a permanent club formed. Our old leader could probably be secured, and under his direction we could make our college famed for her singing as well as in other lines. Further, we hope to see a mandolin and guitar club speedily organized. With these clubs in active training, it would mean much to the individual members. and vastly more to Bates.

As we love our college let us push every line that will tend to increase her influence. All these interests are fostered in our societies, and to them we look for movement in these directions. A few students have gone through their course at Bates without taking active part in either of the societies, or in any of her vital interests. Such students look back, to-day, to see the great mistake they made, and claim that their course was not complete, because of this.

We hope to see every member of 1900 enrolled upon the society books, and each taking active interest in all that pertains to society success and harmony.

"EVERY season has its charms," says the sage old almanac editor, and certainly the opening season of the college year is no exception. What with the reunion of friends and classmates after the long summer vacation, the

welcome presence of many new faces about the campus, and many inviting fields of work and pleasure lying open before us anew, there must come a sense of realization that student life is indeed thoroughly busy and intensely attractive.

This season of the year is one of special activity with the literary societies of the college, and as the editors meet about their table they cannot refrain from making at this time some observations on society work. Rivalry does not mean antagonism; a spirit of rivalry between the two literary societies may be necessary to the best results in the work of each, but a spirit of antagonism must surely work to the disadvantage and discomfort of both. Each should treat the other in this time of special competition with courtesy without bitterness. The past two years have seen a great improvement in this direction, but there is opportunity for further improvement.

Slandering is ever a mark of ill-breeding, and any under-handed means of "society chinning" will be spurned by any one capable of making a rational choice. To bring all powers of persuasion to bear in order to capture a prize may be honorable enough in the eyes of the majority, but however susceptible a person may be to attention and homage, he will generally not relish being treated as though incapable of making a decision for himself. There is nothing to be criticised in "putting the best side out," but drag not forth your rival's skeleton from its closet and put it on exhibition, if she be so unfortunate as to have one.

We look hopefully forward to a year of increased friendliness between Eurosophia and Polymnia, more union meetings than in the past, and heartily wish both a year's prosperity.

S Bates to be victorious in the intercollegiate tennis tournament next June? This question is of interest to every Bates student. For although many of us regard tennis merely as a recreation, yet it counts as one of four branches of athletic contests in which we meet annually the other Maine colleges.

Moreover, this question should interest us now, for its answer depends very largely on the amount of attention given to tennis this term. The time for practice in the spring is short, and our intercollegiate team must get a large part of its training this fall. We have material equal to that in any Maine college. It remains for us to develop it properly.

This can be done best by a lively interest in the fall tournament. Let every man in college who plays tennis at all enter the tournament and make some one work hard to beat him. In this way, if he does not make the team himself, he will have contributed largely to the development of players who shall represent us worthily next June.

If T the beginning of the college year, especially to those who have just entered college, and in a less degree to all the students, it is natural to look ahead and plan what this year shall mean to us. Each of us has aspirations. We all want to make our college course a success. And while no doubt the courses are planned so that one cannot but be helped by them, yet how much good they shall do us, depends largely on ourselves. Opportunities can be improved in different degrees. We should remember that our lessons are not the end but the means to the end, and that our education does not depend upon how much Greek and Latin we have read, but upon our power of thought and our ability to do. Those who work simply for rank and prizes, while they may secure these, generally in the end get but a narrow education. There is much truth in what Ruskin says: "It is the effort that deserves praise, not the success; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has." In the rush of college life it is very easy to forget this broader view. However, if we are going to make the most of these four years, our motive for work must be to gain for ourselves a broader and fuller life.

Bates Verse.

HAST THOU FORGOTTEN, DARLING?

Hast thou forgotten, darling, The days of long ago, The joyous hill, the meadow, The wood where orchids blow? Hast thou forgotten, darling, The glow of childhood's dream, The vows we plighted then, dear, Beside the silver stream? Hast thou forgotten, darling, Our love's encircling light,
The shining of whose glory
Makes e'en the darkness bright?
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
The days of long ago;
The shadows of the evening
In silence whisper low.
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
My lonesome heart replies.
Thou hast forgotten, darling,
The strain in echo dies.

Oh, Joy and Light and Heaven-born Love! Aye some are fashioned but to die, To touch a shadow with their cry, To know no blessings from above.

The gifts of glory to the fair!
The plundered treasure of the sad,
The only brightness that I had,
Nor ere was answered earnest prayer.

A cry from deepest springs of gloom,
The anguish of a dying soul,
A silent blank behind the scroll,
Eternal darkness in the tomb.

THE SEASON'S PRAISES.

" Praise ye the Lord."

The dancing brooks in Spring,
O'erflowing in their glee,
Bring this refrain to me—
"Praise ye the Lord."

"Praise ye the Lord."

Summer swells the song
In glad, full, throbbing notes
From bird and insect throats—
"Praise ye the Lord."

" Praise ye the Lord."

The softly-falling leaves Whisper the minor strains Of Autumn's sweet refrain—

"Praise ye the Lord."

"Praise ye the Lord."

Trimnphant, loud, and clear, Through Winter's frosty sky The north wind sings on high— "Praise ye the Lord."

—S. M. B., '98.

THE SONG OF SIGHS.

I sing a silent song of sighs, The murmur of a mournful moan, The lonesome love of life alone, The dimming dusk of Paradise.

I only worshiped from afar, A radiant glory round me shone, A glory while for me alone, Now vanished as a fallen star.

The sunlight shines not in the shade, Her darkness never sees the day, A myriad woful wailings stray, To linger in that gloomy glade.

THE PALACE OF AKHMED.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

Northward from Niris Lake, in the province of Khoristan,

Persian Persepolis sleeps, dreaming of ancient days.

City of crumbled walls, city of ruins and mould,
Where the shadows of things long gone walk
the deserted streets.

Mingled with dust of years its towers and minarets lie,

For thus has the power of Time mocked at the labor of men.

Silent, in revery deep, through those ruins of splendor and show,

Akhmed, the Language magician, the builder who builded with words,

Wandered at close of day, and watched where the moonlight fell

Full on the marble shafts and the ghostly pillars that stood

Silent sentinels there 'mid the relics of kingly wealth.

Then from his heart he spoke, pondering deep in his mind

Over the changes that come as the ages move on in their course:

"Silent town of ancient wealth, Where, like ghosts, traditions rove, Laid at rest thy glory sleeps In the shroud the centuries wove;

"On the veiled Past's hallowed ground Only weeds of Fancy wave, And Oblivion sits all day Watching over Memory's grave;

"Thus forgotten are the deeds That once promised endless fame, And these royal ruins here Cannot tell their builder's name.

- "Yet must it ever be so? Must the labor that mortals bestow On the works that their genius has planned Be like letters inscribed in the sand? Must the structures my fancies create Meet the same deadly combat with fate? Must my name be a dream of to-day, That to-morrow shall vanish away? Can nothing endure to the end, But must all in forgetfulness blend? Then the efforts of life are in vain, And all that man's strivings can gain Is just the mere knowledge of weakness-Life's cost and life's value made plain. No, no. In my heart a voice cries, Bidding Hope from her sepulchre rise.
- "Though the marble's rich ruins may lie, Scattered dust where the desert winds blow— Sad reminders that all things must die As the swift marching years come and go,
- "Yet ever Ambition leads on,
 Pointing still to some far-away goal,
 And from heights that my strivings have won
 Come whispers of hope to my soul.
 I will build me a palace so grand
 That in all the ages to come
 Men shall behold it and stand
 In wonder and reverence dumb;
- "Not from the stone that falls Crumbled like these old walls, But from things that the mind conceives, From fabrics the fancy weaves-Mine shall a structure be Built for eternity. Towers of wisdom shall rise, Piercing the blue of the skies, Proclaiming to all the nations The name of Akhmed the Wise. Gems in the towers shall gleam-Poesy's gems, that shall seem Rich as the opals and diamonds the angels Wore in Mohammed's dream. Out from my palace shall roll Music, the voice of the soul-Music so grand and sublime That through all the cycles of time Its echoes unceasing shall ring, And Art her bright garlands shall bring To hang o'er the portals which ope

To the life-breathing whispers of Hope. Then shall my palace of fame Render immortal my name, And future-born races shall tell That Akhmed has builded well."

Deep in the quarries of Thought, where the treasures of learning lay hid,

Akhmed, the Language-magician, the builder who builded with words,

Wandered and pondered long as to what the foundation should be

On which in its grandeur should rise his palace, the wonder of men—

Wandered and pondered long, for there where he walked and searched,

Side by side in the depths of the mystical caverns of Thought

Truth and falsehood lay-truth with its surfaces rough,

But falsehood polished and smooth, worked out by the cunning of Sin.

Wandered, yet not alone, for close at his side there walked

The spirits of good and ill that speak in the hearts of men

When dark doubts shadow the mind, and Reason's light burns dim.

Then the spirit of good whispered in Akhmed's ear:

"Akhmed, beware of doctrines false, that gleam

For a brief season brighter e'en than truth, Yet crumble when the light that Reason gives Falls on them with its all-destroying glare. Take for thy firm foundation lasting truth, That shall endure through all the years of time."

Silent, the spirit of ill walked closely at Akhmed's side—

Silent, yet all the time pointing where falsehood lay,

Sparkling there in the gloom with its dazzling, lustrous light.

Once in the lives of men comes a moment of infinite worth,

A time when the soul is weighed, and the future unchanging is shaped.

Thus all unheralded came the moment in Akhmed's life—

Moment of question and doubt-moment of weakness or strength.

Then did his mind decide, and his building's foundation was planned.

"Not on rough truth shall arise My palace to dazzle the eyes. Give me the glamour and glare Of falsehood sparkling there."

Thus did Akhmed decide as he delved in the quarries of thought.

Then into Poesy's mines, agleam with bright diamonds and pearls,

Searching with diligent care on the banks of the river of Rhyme,

Aklimed dreamily walked, gathering all the while

Jewels of priceless worth to adorn his palace of fame.

Thus as the years wore away, on the structure his genius had planned

Akhmed unceasingly toiled, Ambition still leading him on.

Thus, as the years wore away, grander his building became,

Brightly gleaming afar to dazzle the eyes of men,

Till with his work complete, Akhmed, the builder, slept.

Things that gleam brightly to-day may fade ere another dawn comes;

Not by one age or one race can the worth of a life be declared.

So the bright palace of fame, that gleamed with such dazzling light,

Quickly its grandeur lost when the hand of old Akhmed was still.

Quickly the finger of Time worked with its magical touch,

Till falsehood gleamed brightly no more, and Akhmed's foundation sank low.

Gone is that palace of fame and vanished the labor of years—

All unremembered and lost has the name of the builder become,

Save when a lover of books, a searcher of chronicles old,

Finds here and there scattered gems—the diamonds from Poesy's mine,

Dropped from that temple of fame and covered with dust of long years.

Faintly inscribed upon each are letters uncertain, that spell

"Akhmed, the Language-magician, the Builder who builded with words."

-L. D. Тіввеття, '96.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

PERSONALS.

'68.—Rev. Arthur Given, D.D., has removed from Roxbury, Mass., to Auburn, R. I.

'71.—Prof. James N. Ham, principal of the Oxford School, Providence, R. I., came to Lewiston during the vacation, and has been ill in the hospital.

'72.—Rev. F. W. Baldwin, D.D., was elected, last commencement, Professor of History and Economics, and it is hoped that he may begin his duties January 1, 1897. Dr. Baldwin came

to Lewiston at the opening of the term with his daughter, who entered the Freshman Class. He was present at first chapel and assisted in conducting the exercises.

'72.—George E. Gay, formerly principal of the High School at Malden, Mass., has been chosen superintendent of schools in the same city.

'73.—President J. H. Baker, of Colorado University, presided over the collegiate department at the meeting of the National Educational Association at Buffalo.

'74.—Robert Given, Esq., is one of the lecturers of the Colorado University Law School.

'74.—Prof. F. P. Moulton, senior teacher of Latin in the Hartford, Ct., High School, has published through Ginn & Co. a beginners' text-book in Latin.

'75.—J. R. Brackett, Dean of Colorado University, has been visiting friends in the East during the summer vacation.

'76.—E. C. Adams, formerly principal of the Newburyport High School, has been elected principal of the High School at New Britain, Ct.

'76.—W. O. Collins, M.D., has resigned his position as superintendent of schools at South Framingham, Mass., in order to give his entire attention to his increasing practice in medicine.

'77.—Hon. O. B. Clason of Gardiner is elected state senator from Kennebec County. Mr. Clason is a very popular man in his native city. He has been mayor for three terms, and received a large majority at the last election.

'79.—W. E. Ranger, formerly principal of Lyndon Institute, has accepted the position as principal of the Vermont Normal School, Johnson, Vt.

'82.—W. H. Dunn has resigned his position as principal of the High School at Ellsworth, in order to enter business.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy, formerly pastor of the Somersworth, N. H., Free Baptist Church, has accepted a call to the Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist Church, Boston.

'83.—J. B. Ham, formerly a teacher in Lyndon Institute, has been elected

teacher of mathematics and sciences at the Vermont State Normal School.

'83.—Prof. A. E. Millett, principal of the High School in Utica, Mich., has been visiting friends in this vicinity during the summer.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett, formerly of the Columbia University library, has gone to Berlin for a three years' course of study.

'86.—H. M. Cheney, editor of the Granite State Free Press, Lebanon, N. H., is the Republican candidate for representative to the New Hampshire State Legislature.

'86.—J. W. Goff, Professor of English Literature in the State Normal School, Madison, South Dakota, has recently been visiting in the East.

'86.—E. D. Varney is studying in the Theological Department of Chicago University.

'87.—J. R. Dunton, formerly principal of the Lewiston High School, has entered the law office of his brother in Belfast, Me.

'87.—Rev. E. C. Hayes has been compelled by ill health to resign the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Augusta, Me., and will take a year's rest.

'87.—Alexander B. McWilliams was drowned at Crescent Beach while bathing. A sketch of his life will appear in the next Student.

'87.—Rev. Jesse Bailey died September 9th at his home in Buffalo Creek, Col. A sketch of his life will appear in the October Student.

'88.—Frank A. Weeman died in Lewiston, September 5th, after a long illness. We shall print in the October number a sketch of his life written by President Chase for the *Lewiston Journal*.

'88.—N. C. Adams, formerly principal of the High School at Groveland, Mass., has been elected principal of the High School at Saugus, Mass.

'88.—C. W. Cutts has entered upon his duties as Professor of Mathematics in Keuka College.

'88.—G. W. Snow is principal of the Sullivan School at North Berwick, Me.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts has resigned his professorship of Latin at Hillsdale, and is studying for the degree of Ph.D. in Chicago University.

'89.—F. J. Daggett, Esq., and wife, of 42 Court Street, Boston, have been visiting friends in Lewiston.

'89.—Prof. G. H. Libby, who has been for the past five years teacher of Latin and Greek in the Denver, Col., High School, has been elected principal of the Lewiston High School. The following item is taken from the Colorado School Journal:

Mr. George Hobart Libby, for several years teacher of Greek and Latin in the Denver High School, has accepted the principalship of the High School at Lewiston, Me. Mr. Libby was a Bates man and will, no doubt, find the work pleasant in his old college home. The personality of the man and the character of his work cause his loss to be a matter of deep regret to all who were associated with him in Denver.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett has returned from Europe and has been visiting in Lewiston recently.

'90.—Prof. H. B. Davis of Ashburnham, Mass., delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture before the

Chautauqua assembly at Ocean Park last summer. The subject of the lecture was "The World's Greatest Hero," and it was illustrated by a series of very fine stereopticon views.

'91.—F. E. Emrich, Jr., A.M., has been elected Professor of Mathematics in Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla.

'91.—N. G. Howard has been elected superintendent of schools at Northborough, Mass.

'91.—F. L. Pugsley has been elected principal of Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'92. — Cyrus Blanchard has been elected representative to the legislature from Wilton, Me.

'92.—A. D. Shephard is studying a special course at Brown University, in order to fit himself for a librarian.

'92.—E. E. Osgood will teach Latin and Greek this year at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'93.—Miss Grace P. Conant has entered upon a graduate course of study at Cornell University.

'93.—L. E. Moulton has been chosen principal of the Rockland High School.

'93.—W. F. Sims has been elected principal of the High School in Northborough, Mass.

'93.—E. W. Small has been chosen principal of Lincoln Academy, Lincoln, Mass.

'93.—C. C. Spratt has been elected principal of Bridgton Academy.

'93.—C. H. Swan, Jr., is travelling in Europe and writing letters to the Morning Star.

'93.—E. J. Winslow has been elected sub-principal of Lyndon Institute.

'94.—C. C. Brackett has been elected principal of the High School in Wilmington, Mass.

'94.—E. J. Hatch has been chosen teacher of mathematics in Dow Academy, Franconia, N. H.

'94.—Rev. W. H. Harris has accepted the pastorate of the Somersworth, N. H., Free Baptist Church.

'95.—Miss Dora E. Roberts has been chosen assistant in the Auburn High School.

'95.—Miss Staples has been elected assistant in Foxeroft Academy.

'95.—W. S. Brown is principal of the Dexter High School.

'95.—Miss Nash is assistant in the Presque Isle High School.

'96.

Miss Bonney is teaching in an academy near Boston.

- O. C. Boothby delivered an able lecture on "The Duty of the Citizen in Politics," at the Chautauqua Assembly, Ocean Park, Me. He will enter Harvard Law School.
- J. B. Coy is principal of Pike Seminary, Pike, N. Y.
- O. F. Cutts is teaching mathematics and English in Haverford Grammar School, Philadelphia.

Miss Dolley is assistant in the State Normal School, Madison, South Dakota.

- H. R. Eaton will be in the employ of Brown, Durell & Co., Boston.
- L. P. Gerrish will enter the Harvard Medical School.
- O. E. Hanscom teaches at Georgetown, Me.
 - A. B. Howard preached his first ser-

mon at Phillips, Me., during the summer. The church was crowded, and the sermon was regarded by some of the audience as among the ablest which they had ever heard.

A. B. Hoag is principal of the High School at Groveland, Mass.

F. W. Hilton is principal of the High School at Sabatis, Me.

A. L. Kavanaugh is to study law at Manchester, N. H.

F. A. Knapp teaches in the Latin School, and is also assistant in the departments of Physics and Chemistry in the College.

Miss Miller is assistant in Bridgton Academy, and is meeting with good success in her work. She teaches rhetoric and ancient languages, and also instructs the young ladies in the gymnasium.

A. P. Norton is acting as substitute clerk in the Lewiston post-office. At a recent meeting of the Maine Epworth League he was elected first vice-president of that organization.

Miss Parsons is teaching mathermatics in the Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H.

Miss Peacock is assistant in the Gardiner High School.

· Miss Prescott is teaching in the South Portland High School.

G. W. Thomas will enter the Harvard Law School.

R. L. Thompson will enter the Harvard Medical School.

L. D. Tibbetts has entered Cobb Divinity School.

Beside the above personals we notice the following marriages, of which lack of space forbids more than a brief mention:

'91.—F. J. Chase and Miss Ray Summerbell were married at the residence of the bride's father in Lewiston, September 14th. They will make their home in Kansas City, Mo.

'91.—Charles R. Smith and Miss Hadassah Goodwin were married at Wells, Me., August 6th.

'92.—O. A. Tuttle and Miss Hattie S. Warner were married August 19th. '92.—Herbert E. Walter and Miss

'92.—Herbert E. Walter and Miss Alice E. Hall were married, August 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, Lyndon, Vt. Their home will be in Chicago, where Mr. Walter is teacher of biology in the public schools.

'93.—E. W. Small and Miss Alice M. Spear were married at the residence of the bride's father, Hon. A. M. Spear, in Gardiner, September 1st.

'94.—Daniel F. Field and Miss Clare E. Hinkley were married at Phillips, Me., July 7th.

'96.—F. A. Knapp and Miss Carrie E. Southwick were married at Peabody, Mass., August 26th.

College Exchanges.

OUR table at this writing groans under the weight of some forty baccalaureate sermons and an equal number of class orations, addresses, and poems, all included within the covers of our exchanges.

As many of the last issues are given over almost entirely to commencement parts, there is little variety in the matter we review this month. With a few exceptions a general excellence prevails among these parts, but limited space prevents our mentioning only a few of the best. We, however, invite the attention of our readers to our exchanges, and we are sure an hour spent over their contents will not be wasted.

The "Class-Day Oration" by O. H. Smith in the *Tuftonian* is a masterly written part, the best we have read.

The Colby Echo is entirely given up to abstracts of commencement and Junior parts, and contains some of exceptional merit. "The Pathos of the Humorist" is especially pleasing.

The Red and Blue, from the University of Pennsylvania, is, on the whole, our most readable exchange for June. In "Epitaphs and Epigrams" there is to be found a rare combination of wit and satire; its opening exhortation, "In the name of a bored world let the ordinary man adjust his spectacles of exaggeration and contemplate the universe therewith," explains the nature of the article, and in it many curious old epitaphs, epigrams, and bonmots are brought to light.

From an excellent editorial in the *Harvard Monthly*, commending an increasing interest in the work of university teams, we clip the following, as the thought it contains is universally true:

Hero worship is a wise and ennobling thing for any university; inevitably it makes heroes

and raises ideals; and it is, too, a dominating characteristic in all healthy, vigorous youth. When a man acting in any field, athletic or literary, feels that he has about him a great company of eagerly sympathetic men, he will do better than his best, and he can never, in the nature of things, act ignobly.

We select the following as being, in our judgment, the best specimens of college verse appearing in June outside of the class poems, which we have not space to reprint:

LIGHTS.

Ah, softly bright is the tender light From the stars of the milky way; The rippling river of liquid serves The realm of fairy and fay.

And clear and bright is the mellow light From the floating moon o'erhead; The ship that sails o'er the river vast With the souls of the latest dead.

And strong and bright is the pulsing light From the molten sun on high, The beacon that guides, to its journey's end, This ship across the sky.

And yet more bright than all the light Of stars and moon and sun Is the light that beams from a soul that fought Against Satan's wiles, and won.

-The Mountaineer.

Das Schöne.

What know we from our earth,
Gray at the turning of night?
From the songs of the forest,
Awake at the coming of light?
From the far sweep of the tides
On the wide shore of the world,
And the roar of the winter tempests
Around its mountains whirled?

What know we from the summer,
The silence of autumn days,
The glow of the evening sunlight
Along the forest ways?
Across the snows of the winter,
Past the clouds on the blue,
What do we know forever,
Firm forever and true?

That music is never silent
And beauty is ever young;
And the sweetest songs of our grave old earth
Are waiting to be sung;
And upon her breast in her endless sweep,
On the sea of eternity,
The spirit of beauty ever lives,
Wild and joyous and free.

—Nassau Lit.

Our Book-Shelf.

My Garden, by Alexander H. Japp, must prove an attractive book. It is filled with a love for the birds, the flowers, and the fields, and is written in a simple, delightful style. In the first chapter the author takes us into one corner of his garden, a spot devoted to the common flowers and the birds, where he talks to us about them, telling many of their pretty habits and what poetry has said of them. In other chapters we accompany him on interesting excursions, visiting woods, ponds,

brooks, and fields, meanwhile noticing the plants and animals and learning about them. The book reveals to us a close observer of nature and a lover of poetry. Many of the thoughts are finely expressed. We notice this expecially in the chapter, "Through the Wheat," where the author describes the beauty of the waving wheat-fields and tells us of the sweet cadence of the wind blowing through the grain. He calls the wheat "the eternal Æolian harp of nature." Some of the descriptions of Scotch scenery are very

good. We are glad of the little glimpse we get of Scott's home on the Ashestiel, of which Mr. Japp says: "Close under the windows, on the one side is a deep ravine, well wooded, and down this tumbles a little brawling rivulet to join the Tweed. All around are the green hills, silent, reposeful, looking from the level like a billowy sea." The author has imparted to his book much of the freshness and beauty of the scenes he describes.

A delightful book, one which is brim full of the freshness of summer, has been written by Alice Brown, under the title, By Oak and Thorn.2 We would gladly be among her "comrades who shared the footpath way," and join her in her "gypsyings." Her book takes us across the sea, where with her we drink in the summer delights of old England, reveling in the "corpulent" strawberry, the "weal pie," and the Cornish bun, "soul-satisfying and plummy," and listening to the delightful strains of the nightingale. She then takes us into many of the spots made famous as the haunts of heroes, where traces of them are still to be found. In Devonshire she feels the presence of Charles Kingsley, and finds his a household name among the simple, sea-faring inhabitants, who say of him: "He was in and out of every house, as welcome as a bit of sunshine on a wet day, and asking how was this one and how was that, and had the lads got home from sea? Ah, we loved Mr. Kingsley!" Here, too, the author finds traces of Sir Francis Drake and recalls his history. Cornwall she pictures as the scene of the

legendary King Arthur and of the valiant knights of the Round Table. Again, Yorkshire is interesting as the home of the Bronté sisters. Amid its desolate moorland scenery she imagines the three sisters living their lonely life, and quotes the beautiful tribute Charlotte paid Emily: "My sister Emily loved the moors. Flowers brighter than the rose bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her; out of a sullen hollow in a livid hillside her mind could make an Eden." In Warwickshire she finds traces of George Eliot, and in the quaint little village of Kuntsford, Cheshire, she seeks out the scenes of Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford. The author has an attractive off-hand style, and she relates many bright little incidents which give to her book a joyous, light-hearted tone.

A rather bright, interesting book has been written by Roy Devereux on The Ascent of Woman.3 The author finds, in the woman of to-day, freedom and intelligence at the expense of grace and beauty, but she attributes this fact to a lack of assimilation of woman's new-gained powers, and looks for a more promising type in the future. She is evidently an ardent worshiper of beauty. The book is largely devoted to woman in her connection with the æsthetic. The author thinks it woman's mission to charm, and she encourages every art and form of dress which may aid her in this mission. Especially does she deplore the lack of taste shown in dress at the present day. She particularly emphasizes the thought that one's apparel should reveal her personality. In her words, "a perfect

toilet reaches the same level of art as a great symphony or a glorious poem, though it may not share the same intrinsic immortality." And again, in speaking of the art of dress, she says: "It is, I maintain, a great art, only inferior to music, painting, and poetry, because the materials it works in are more perishable. On the other hand, its ethical influence is far greater. A dress might be a robe of righteousness or a priestess of any sin, and whether intentional or no, it is a revelation of the heart and taste of the wearer." The book shows a fine æsthetic sense, but it is disappointing from a moral standpoint. We cannot uphold the

author in making external beauty the chief end of life.

Professor Alfred W. Anthony has recently written an *Introduction to the Life of Jesus.*⁴ This book contains in a brief form the historical evidence of the existence of Christ. The work is an excellent one of its kind and seems to take a place which has been filled by no other book.

¹ Hours in My Garden. By Alexander H. Japp. (Macmillan & Co., New York; \$1.75.)
 ² By Oak and Thorn. By Alice Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York; \$1.25.)

³ The Ascent of Woman. By Roy Devereux. (Roberts Bros., Boston.)

⁴ Introduction to the Life of Jesus. By Alfred W. Anthony. (Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.)

Clippings.

A class stood on the Lyceum stair,
The Prof. had not appeared,
The chapel bell pealed out its air,
But not a student cheered;
The hour passed, they did not go,
For they were fresh and did not know.

She—"Did you know that Maud has a dark room on purpose for proposals?" He—"Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself, last night."

Said the whiskered "med"
To the fair "co-ed,"
"I'm like a ship at sea—
Exams are near,
And much I fear
I will unlucky be.
Then murnured she,
"A shore I'll be.
Come, rest, thy journey o'er."
Then darkness fell,
Aud all was well,
For the ship had hugged the shore.
—Ex.

In the city of Berlin, an American girl,
Out of breath, to a "cabby" thus spoke:
Es ist spat und ich bin von dem Haus weit
entfernt,

Mein Herr, sind Sie denn schon verbolt?
"Mein Gott," said the "cabby," with look of
dismay.

"I am not and I never shall be."

"Dann ist's gutt," said the maid: she smiled a sweet smile,

"Ich hab Eile—nun—nehme ich Sie." -Ex.

11.30 р.м.

A sprinter he was, but the maiden thought
As time sped on and he heeded naught,
"He may run like the wind and speed like
a dart,

But how on earth does he ever start?"

Lips bewitching, red and smiling,
Sadness from my heart beguiling.
How thy pearly teeth so bright
Look like tombstones in the night!
Tell me honest, tell me true,
How much did them teeth cost you?
—Ex.

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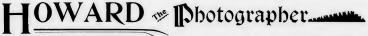
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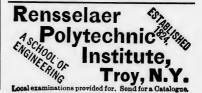
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REALITY OF ART.

RT is the highest form of expression, and exists for the sake of expression. It is the highest manifestation of thought, of passion, of intuition. Through it thoughts and conceptions become manifest.

Why is it that we are so touched and inspired by the tender yet majestic strains of music? Why is it that we are carried far up and beyond all earthly ties, into another world of thought and

of action? It is because music is the language of one soul to another. One's heart is thrilled with a feeling of joy, grief, or aspiration, and unconsciously responds. Music is the embodiment of all noble and beautiful thoughts and qualities. Why is it that we move away from a great painting, that melody of form and color, feeling that our lives have received an impression which can never be erased and that we shall be nobler and better for having seen it?

It is because of the noble conception in the artist's mind; it is owing to the wonderful portrayal of the noblest and best in his soul and because in it are collected the scattered perfections of the world.

A poor old man who had begged permission to carve in one of the largest cathedrals of Germany, was one day found dead before his work. He had chiseled in a secluded corner a face of marvellous beauty, the likeness of a loved and lost friend. This the artists pronounced the most wonderful work of all, for it was the work of love.

"The greatest statue ever chiseled is but a melody in marble." Every artifice of man expresses the sentiment of its author and of his time. Temples are but the expressions of man's recognition of the divine artist; national monuments are but the manifested national gratitude and appreciation. It is said Michael Angelo but directed the hose-pipe of a huge reservoir of treasure, power, national genius, and culture, when he played into the air that vast petrified fountain, curving down in domes, streaming down in columns, rainbowed with mosaic-St. Peter's.

The greatest paintings and the greatest statues have been painted and chiseled with words, and their message is as clear and forcible as if just fallen from the lips of man.

The effects of art upon the human life are many and important. It reveals nature to us and thus the very heart of the Divine Artist; it embodies the characteristics of artist and age; it educates the senses, training them to precision

and sensitiveness; it creates in one the appreciation of the beautiful and of the divine infinitude.

But we are not all equally sensitive to the influences of art. Yet the Divine Artist gives us wonderfully constructed material instead of beautiful and complete structures. This material we are to use to imitate the highest and noblest model.

Man, as a finite being, images the Infinite One: he possesses, in a poor degree, the same reason, imagination, and perception of the beautiful and the good. The human mind and body-"That engine of living steel and throbbing marble, alike the workshop and palace of the soul "-is capable of the highest and most perfect development. It is a beautiful thought that spirits superintend the growth of flowers; but no less beautiful is the thought that the development of our minds, soul, and body is directed by the Great Spirit. We are placed in a world of beauty, and of art. To those who are awake to the great truths therein found, the minute creation is constantly revealing Every cloud that passes over them reminds them of their creator; every floweret that peeps from the sod and every star in the garden of heaven, smiles to them the smile of God.

Yet this world is not an art gallery for our amusement alone; it is a great school of design and of industry for the development of our souls. Much is said of the wonderful harmony of the music of Beethoven and Wagner; yet what is that compared with the harmony and proportion of a complete life? We often think of the wonderful

laws of the planets and stand in silent awe and admiration as we see the stars whirling through space. But is that any more wonderful than the grand combined action of the human intellect and soul?

Every brain is a gallery of art, and every soul, to a greater or less degree, is the artist. The soul, the artist, compares the paintings of nature, the statues or lives of men, selects what is particularly pleasing to it, and what impresses it most, and reproduces these, in a new picture or statue.

As no great work of art ever suggests weariness or labor, so every great life should be without effort, the unconscious expression of the soul. "To express desires, lougings, and passions; to cause love, hope, heroism, and triumph; to reflect the purity of dawn, the intensity and glory of noon, the tenderness of twilight, the splendor and majesty of night; to combine all these in one human life, this is art."

CAROLINE L. COBB, '97.

THE GREATEST PERIL OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

S we review the history of man from his existence in barbarism, through the various stages of civilization, we look with admiration and pride upon the grand results of to-day. We behold stately institutions of learning; large and beautiful dwellings; busy, whirring manufactories, and applications of light, heat, and electricity, beyond all comprehension. And we exclaim, "Truly, there was never a time of such intelligence, wealth, activity, and comfort as now." But are

times as propitious as they seem? Is there no peril lurking within this grand display?

The great promotor of civilization from the first, has been the division of labor. In early times each man worked for himself, became farmer, carpenter, hunter, or warrior, as occasion demanded. As time advanced, men began to specialize in work, and exchange their services. This division of labor has increased until to-day we find a most complicated industrial organism. The advantages of the division of labor are evident: social intercourse and dexterity in the individual work, producing extra time for the individual and a more finished product. But is there no limit to the advantages of the division of labor? Will civilization increase in proportion as labor is divided, or is there a limit beyond which we can obtain only injury?

Let us look at the extent of the division of labor in our own country to-day. Look into our mills and factories. They are filled with people who spend their whole lives in the performance of one kind of work, insignificant in itself. Look at our men of science, whose field of labor is becoming more and more narrow, and who forget that the truth cannot be found except by a harmonious knowledge of all sciences. Look at our teachers, training themselves in special lines of study, without adequate knowledge in another. Look in any and every branch of industry, of hand or head and we find the same strong tendency of specialization, with the neglect of everything outside. And here, it seems, lies the greatest peril of modern civilization. It is the extreme extent to which the division of labor or specialization is being carried.

It is a common desire to gain wealth and a good position in the world, and the easiest way seems to be specialization. But this extreme specialization of to-day is injurious to the individual himself, and to society at large.

Let us look at our brain laborers. In olden times, a good physique was necessary to maintain life. Men earned their bread by muscular strength and fought the enemy in personal conflict. To-day, we have machines upon machines, inventions innumerable which earn our bread, make our clothes, and fight our battles, while we superintend them by brain-power. But are strong, well-regulated bodies unnecessary on that account? By no means. Our bodies are complex organisms, whose parts are closely connected. Any defect in one throws the whole system into disorder. Only by vigorous exercise can we have good digestion, good blood, a good circulation. Only by good blood and a good circulation can we have well-acting brains. Greeks, who stand pre-eminent in all intellectual culture, made physical training the basis of all their education.

Again, the mind must have a variety. The man who, day after day, year after year, works in one restricted line without attention to other forces at work about him, be he scientist or manufacturer, becomes prejudiced and narrowminded. He is a quack in his own branch, while to cope with the world and fulfill his relations with his fellow-

creatures he is totally unfitted. We must understand the thoughts, life, and surroundings of others before we can fill our places in human society or do ourselves and others justice.

The results of our one-sided development and steady application in one line of work are being shown to-day in our nervous, disordered constitutions, in our dyspeptics and gloomy pessimists. They are shown in our contemporary fiction, wild and gloomy, often indecent, and advancing ideas of fatalism and irresponsibility, which in itself indicates a mental fatigue and nervous exhaustion.

We must have specialists. necessary in our state of civilization. But not the eramped, narrow kind that are crowding themselves upon us today; but men who have laid a good foundation of general knowledge, who have taken a broad view of their own department, and look upon the world, not as a grand machine for making money, but as an opportunity for doing good. We look with hope toward the future. We have faith in the sense and strength of our people. We see well equipped gymnasiums scattered throughout our country, and a fine system of common schools. And we await with faith the time when our statesmen shall not be political bosses, when our eapitalists shall not use their wealth to grind down the poor, when our literature shall return to its former purity, when our women shall be women, and our men, men. But this can never be until we have a broad basis of education, physical and mental, and learn that the chief object in life is not to obtain money, but to gain a fully developed body, mind, and soul.

MARY BUZZELL, '97.

THE INDIAN AND THE EUROPEAN; OR DETHRONING A MONARCH.

THE fifteenth century was all but spent. The mellow fields and withering vegetation gave sign that the year was fast on the wane. The eleventh October sun had already set, and, peering over the summit of the eastern hill, once more he was ushering in a new dawn, the brightest by far, yet among the saddest of all history—dawn to a new world, darkness to a human race.

Looking out upon the waters, an Indian village was suddenly startled on beholding three strange objects; like phantoms they appeared in the gray, uncertain light; surely, they thought, a visitation from the spiritland. 'Twas only a messenger from across the sea; a meeting of kindred, though now separated and changed beyond recall by the lapse of time and its ceaseless mutations; a coming together of old friends of a common household, whose recollections lay buried in a long forgotten past.

Since parting, both had traveled far, but in widely-divergent paths. Partly from choice and certain fixed laws, each had assumed strange features; new attributes, unlike gods. The one had expended his energies in the mastery of forest craft, his highest aspiration; the law of the talents, if ever known, he had long since forgotten; progress had gone out from his character, and, grown haughty of mind,

though simple of heart, his loftiest conceptions were met in his all-surrounding nature, of which he had become but a part. The other came of a people now swayed by ambition; restive yet enduring and progressive; whose ideals still kept far in advance of attainments; schooled in all the arts; that sighed for fresh adventure, and dreamed of new heights to climb—new worlds to conquer.

The red man turned about. His estate was ample and secure, his lakes vast, his forests unbounded; before him he beheld the morning beams lighting up broad fields that stretched far out and beyond the horizon, a noble heritage, the lands of his fathers—the home of his own proud race; but the dark night-clouds that hovered round the pale brows of the strangers he saw not, as kindly he gave welcome and received them to his native shores.

The news of discovery went back and others came; pilgrims, fleeing persecution, searching for freedom, dedicated to liberty and eternal right. The Indian, friendly, took them in, gave lands and taught its culture, and, when hunger was about to claim its victims, brought them corn and fed the flickering spark that yet remained.

Gradually increased the strangers, and with numbers their manners changed; humbleness turned to dignity; doubt to confidence; entreaty to demand. The venturesome, aggressive spirit that braved the elements and tried unknown seas was no longer to be stayed; the struggle for mastery had begun—a struggle that could end only in extermination and death to

the weaker. For like blades of grass are the races of man that spring up from the same bed, by earthly measure each with equal right to exist, yet by higher laws one saps the life and flourishes on the ashes of its companion; the fittest alone survives.

The contest was not uncertain. Treaties might intervene, promises be held sacred for a time; the inevitable end was fast approaching. Already the dread war-song was becoming faint; slowly the circled camp-fires were ever narrowing. The Indian of stalwart form and death-defiant heart was withering from the earth. Once more he gathers his councils for a last desperate resistance; again the wild yell, the deadly grapple, breaks upon the still night, but all in vain. In the green mound, the stricken but, he reads his hastening doom. Sadly he gathers his shattered remnants and begins his last retreat. The tall pine sighs, the panther skulks; the lord of the forest is being driven forth. Now he turns for a last farewell. Where are his oncehappy villages? A few charred spots are all that now remain. Over the sleeping dust of his fathers he sees the furrow run unheedingly. Eternal memories rush from his heart, but from his lips there comes no sound. Bewildered, he looks up to the heavens. Too late! His gods are fled, his star is set, and forever alone, yet fearless still, he climbs the mountain and looks off into the gathering gloom. Over his countenance sets calm despair. Homeless, and from henceforth a wanderer till his native earth shall close in peace over his wretched head, beyond reach

of his pursuers, safely at rest. This is a fine ending. Let his exterminators prove not unworthy of the trust they have assumed, nor forget the fate of the Indian. Let them remember that progress only and virtue insure possession.

J. A. Marr, '97.

INTIMATIONS OF INDIVIDUAL POWER.

"THE true philosophy of life is the endeavor to realize our aspirations, to live our best thoughts, which, like wandering angels, visit us in our better moments." Words by Joseph Johnson, in a book to young men.

Hours of quiet and retirement, when the throbbing world is barred admittance, bring to us those unseen visitants of our best selves; give us glimpses of life's possibilities and our own power of attaining.

To heed the voices when they speak, to live the life which then dawns upon him, is man's best and highest wisdom. Then the chief essential of life is to know what one lives for—the object and purpose of his being. Therefore self-realization is the highest law of life. Hence the burning question to a young man is, What shall I do? What shall I be? For it is not so much where one stands to-day as in what direction he is moving.

To be truly living means that each have ideals towards which he strives. But life is not dreaming. To be, not seeming to be, is the essential of all enjoyable existence. Yet the man without a definite plan, a living ideal, is but a plaything in the hands of fate, a football of destiny, which we make or mar.

But once that power is recognized and that living ideal is set up-far, far up the height it may stand, ought to stand-then the forces which seemed to hinder, lend their aid. Difficulties become stepping-stones; obstacles become stairways; a thousand voices seem calling to attainment. Music rolls with more triumphant note. Poetry inspires, for it tells of life as but the machinery which fashions each into his desired perfection, and of the appalling fact that each chooses the tools which shall shape him into a vessel of honor or dishonor. Oratory awakens all the latent powers of the soul, gleams the eyes, steels the muscles, and flashes victory through the dim, misty years.

These feelings are untranslatable; these words cannot be set to music. They are the voices of the soul calling, pleading. And to what do they call? To attainment, to victory, to power—power to elevate, to ennoble, to better the world; and such living ideals make Luthers and Lincolns.

And shall those intimations of power go unheeded? Shall those latent forces lie forever unused? Shall another of lesser talents take the crown from him, whom nature favored more? Wait each for genius?

Fichte says: "Genius is nothing more than the effort of the idea to assume a definite form:" Who has not felt the struggle in his own breast? There is no genius like that which grasps the now. Such a genius holds the keys of the future. Yet some lives are spent wholly in the pursuit of means with which to kill time. Strange employment this, for an immortal being,

with an eternal future before him! When youth is gone, old age looks back through the vista of the past, yearning for those lost years.

The past lies dead; but flowers may spring from its grave, to sweeten memory. The present, a suppliant, waits. "Success rides on every hour." Grasp it! Make it a part of life! The future, the great, dim, shadowy future, upon whose islands we build castles of beauty; along whose bays and inlets we sail our phantom boats; from whose watchtowers we catch the gleam of distant lands; across whose mystic river we build bridges of victory; the future beckons!

"Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires,
We ourselves must pilgrims be.
Launch our May-flower and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the future's portals
With the past's blood-rusted key."

As a shadow follows the body, so a shadow of what each one might be, might become, might do, ever walks by his side. Some one has said, "We are born mud; we may die marble." Yet it will only be through striving and struggling.

Is the passage from the furnace blast, the worker's bench, to the crown of the orator, the bay of the poet, a mere touch of the wizard's wand, and lo! the clown has become a prince; the mud, marble; and at an instant there flashes out a thing of beauty? Rather, is it not the heeding of those powers, the tireless pursuit of life's ideal, the coronation of a life of toil? And what shall be that twilight coronation? The ruined life of a Marlow, who might have surpassed Shakespeare in grace of

language, and from whom the "myriad-minded" poet drew his plots? The dream life of Coleridge, before whose majestic fancy there floated such visions as would have made our mother tongue of richer melody, had they been written? The pathetic words of Del Sarto, "All that I was born to be and do, ends only in a twilight piece"? Or shall those powers have been so employed that when the horizon is reached—life's labor accomplished—the flaws shall have been removed; the vessel shaped to honor; the water turned into wine; the mud changed into purest marble?

J. STANLEY DURKEE, '97.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CRU-SADES IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

"URBAN and Peter! The corpses of two millions of men lie heavy on your graves, and will fearfully summon you, on the day of judgment."

Thus would the crusades seem, to a superficial observer, to be a vast failure, a wholesale slaughter of men, the extremity of fanaticism. For more than two hundred years those so-called holy wars raged in Palestine, and the number of lives lost thereby has been estimated at from four to nine millions; and still the Holy Land remained in the hands of the Turks. Certainly the enterprise does look like a failure.

But there is another side to be considered. Although the crusades failed to dislodge the unbelievers from the Holy Land, they really accomplished results of far greater importance to the civilization of Europe, and met needs,

the very existence of which was then unknown.

Perhaps the first thing noticeable in giving the crusades significance, is the fact that they were universal. All Europe took part in them. They were the first European enterprise. Indeed, Guizot says that until then Europe did not exist. They gave unity of thought to all nations and all ranks of people. Thus men were drawn from the individualism of the rude life of those times, into touch with, and sympathy for, each other.

Again, it opened up a new world to the thought and mind of christendom. "Europe lost the Holy Land, but she gained the whole earth." The East and the West were thereby brought together, and the old ideas and notions of the one stimulated thought and action in the other. From the Arab masters, many scholars of Europe came to learn the treasures of ancient Greece. The philosophy, logic, and natural history of Aristotle came to be studied and admired. In other ways learning was revived through the crusades; Greek and Jewish scholars, driven by the fury of the Turk from Constantinople, came to settle in Italy and France. The Greek and Hebrew languages came to be studied again in Europe; the history, poetry, literature, philosophy, and arts of the ancients were revived, and the wave was set in motion that swept over all Europe, flooding it with intellectual light. Poets, artists, sculptors, and historians, sprang up and gave to Europe a new intellectual status.

In the arts as well as in the sci-

ences, the crusades were instrumental in bringing the treasures of the East into the coffers of the West. Gothic architecture, so prevalent in Europe, with its grouped columns, its lofty peaks, and its interlacing arches, had its origin in the types of Eastern building, or still farther back, in the shadow of the stately palms and widely spread-The splendor of the ing banyans. Eastern structures, and the luxurious manner of living in Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria, were not forgotten by the returned warrior; and many new ideas of domestic life and comfort were thereby introduced into Europe. The castle began to look less like a dungeon; furniture, having more or less beauty, took the place of the rough benches and stools; carpets and mattings appeared; marble of varied color took the place of rough stone floors, and beautiful mosaics were introduced. The walls were ornamented with paintings, sculptures, and carvings. Candles and lamps gave light, instead of torches of pine knots. Thus home-life gradually took on new phases. Agriculture was likewise influenced by the movement; the sugarcane, the plum, and the maize were brought back by the wanderers, and introduced into western soil.

Perhaps the influence of the crusades is most peculiarly marked in the great impetus given to trade and commerce. Merchants of both religions soon began to follow in the wake of the armies, and met each other. The rich silks and tapestry, the precious gems, the beautiful glass and China-ware of the East, were conveyed, by no longer

unsafe nor unfamiliar routes, and introduced into Italy. A thriving trade sprang up between the various countries of the East and West. New needs became manifest, and men began to exert themselves to meet those needs. Ships were improved. and shipping interests grew with wonderful rapidity. The use of the mariner's compass became known, and so, longer voyages could be made with safety. Thus the various parts of the world were brought nearer together, and opportunities were given for the interchange of thought and ideas.

As the conditions of life changed, social existence began to show new phases. People had new interests and occupations; they were drawn by trade into towns, and made to mingle more freely with each other. The growing towns began to create a demand for agricultural productions, and that led to a more systematic prosecution of that art.

Again, the crusades dealt to feudalism a mortal blow. Many of the barons who left their castles and went to the holy wars never returned, and their possessions fell into the hands of the industrial classes. Many others returned to find their retainers gone, and were unable to reach and maintain their former position and power. Many had been compelled to mortgage their estates to obtain means with which to equip themselves for the holy wars, and, returning impoverished, redeemed the mortgages by giving many of the cities under their control the right of self - government. Thus the lower classes came to know something of

freedom, and to rise in importance and dignity.

And while the crusades resulted in weakening the power and resources of the baronial lords, they strengthened the authority of kings, and established the proper government of law in place of the arbitrary will of petty chiefs, whose actions were controlled only by their impulses, or their selfish interests. The tendency of feudalism was toward disintegration; that of the crusades toward unity; and the latter spirit proved the stronger.

In military affairs the crusades wrought a great change. The characteristics of feudalism were peculiarly adverse to progress in military arts. Great stress was laid on individual prowess, and in general war, among so many independent and ever-rival chiefs, unity of action was impossible. The armies of the crusaders were at first simply masses of men, as wholly lacking in discipline-as their leaders were in military science. But they in time became aware of some of the demands of warfare, and some sort of organization was naturally developed. As the chiefs became conscious of their inability to accomplish everything by their own valor, they gave better attention to the arms and discipline of their men, and thus learned the power of numbers in war. The Greek fire, so terrible to the crusader, suggested gunpowder, and thereby introduced a new era in the history of warfare.

Another result of the crusades, that must not be overlooked, is the barrier they raised to Mohammedan conquests in Europe. An invasion of Europe by

the Turks in the twelfth century would have been a terrible calamity. The loss of millions in the Holy Land can not be compared to it. Had the Turks, instead of the Latins, taken Constantinople, all Europe might have submitted to their rule. As it was, the sacred wars averted that capture several hundred years, and when it finally fell into Turkish hands, Christendom was strong enough to resist the Moslem power.

The crusades were a spontaneous movement, a great tidal wave, which swept over Europe. They bore away all classes of men; they effaced for the time all other interests. The movement was the great event of the times, giving tone and character to the middle ages. Great in itself, it must fill a large place in history. It cost infinite suffering and countless lives, but was that too great a price to pay for civilization?

M. E. STICKNEY, '98.

TABLE D'HOTE.

We were gathered round the table; Not a soul had dared to speak, Though the pie was burned and milk was turned,

And tea was passing weak.
Thus in silence we were sitting,
Thinking sadly of our ills,
But not making any protest,
For we hadn't paid our bills.

It was a Harvard student who, being caught by a college professor at a bonfire in the college campus, after his associates had fled, said in reply to an expression of surprise that he should be found in such company, "Why, I see nobody here but you and me, Professor!"

Around the Editors' Valle.

E regret to learn that the concerted movement on the part of Bowdoin, Colby, and Bates, to place French among the requirements for admission, beginning with 1897, has been abandoned. It is quite apparent that such action was deemed necessary by the failure of the preparatory schools to take kindly to this additional burden. Few will dispute the desirability of transferring elementary French and German to the fitting schools; but that more do not advocate this step is small wonder, since these schools are pressed for time to meet the requirements already laid upon them.

The key to the perplexing problem of a scheme of education is contained, it seems to us, in two propositions now before the educators of our country. The first is the replacement of our present system of weights and measures by the metric system. The German boy, we are told, on entering the gymnasium has completed the calculus, while his American cousin, entering a corresponding grade, the high school, is just beginning elementary algebra. Why the difference? Not because the former is the brighter, but simply because he has the advantage of the use of the metric system. The one trudges, for years, a weary road learning to reduce miles, bushels, and pounds, when the other in one-fifth of the time gains facility in reduction by the metric system.

Besides, the German boy has an advantage in the matter of spelling,

and this introduces us to the second proposition, which is to dispense with the silent letters which exist in so many of our words. Why write though when tho answers the purpose? To be sure, such an innovation would cover up the etymological track in many cases; but the majority of people care nothing for etymology, while to the student the change brings no additional difficulty. Certainly the difference of time required for the American school-boy to master his spelling-book would be considerable.

The two proposals are indeed reforms; they strike at the very root of our present system. They can be established only gradually, with the passing away of a generation or two. Yet the thoughtful person must be convinced that in readjusting our education only that reform will have any efficacy in it that moves slowly and strikes deep. Once these changes are accomplished, learning's road may still be far from royal, but it will be much less disagreeable.

THE annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League was held at Boston, October 9th. On account of the few delegates present the meeting was adjourned one month. In the meantime the executive was instructed to write those colleges not represented, asking them for definite answers as to their intentions of remaining members of the league. Cheering news comes this morning

from Boston University, that she wishes to retain membership and is ready for enthusiastic work. Tufts College sent a representative to inquire into the workings of the league, and intimated that, if the league was full of life, she would consider very favorably the invitation to become a member. We hope that each college will respond to the appeal of the executive, and aid in making this year of debating among the New England colleges, one of marked success. It is certainly true that the league attracted great attention from the press last year. It seems to meet a demand of the public, that our colleges train men' in forensic, as well as in athletic, skill. Certainly when the leading newspapers of the East devote editorials to praising those colleges which formed and carried on the league, it proves that we are in the right way in this matter at least. The executive committee certainly has a strong desire to see more colleges in the league, and a very enthusiastic meeting when it shall be again called in November. A hearty invitation is thus extended to all colleges to become members of this league.

"HERE is unwritten poetry," declares the essayist, and the editor who labors hard to keep up the department of college verse doesn't deny the fact, yet cannot help wishing that some of "the poetry which is in all living hearts" would abandon its coyness and consent to being embodied in suitable form for publication. With two hundred-forty students in college it seems humiliating to be obliged to call upon

the alumni for contributions in order to keep up a department of college verse in the STUDENT. While the work of the alumni is always gratefully received, we look to the students to support the department in the main, and we desire to call attention to our lack of sufficient support from them in this line, and to request all who write verse at all to work up something and send it in. We promise to consider carefully everything received, and shall be glad to publish anything meritorious. We do not expect from busy students many long or elaborate poems; those of but few lines, if they but reflect something of the poetry of real life, are surest to be read and appreciated.

We hope that among the members of nineteen hundred there are many who can claim the friendly aid of the Muse, and to such we would especially extend this invitation and appeal.

the college activities is the college bell! About it seem to cluster all the experiences of our life here. In solemn accents it daily summons us to prayers, and with a peremptory tone it calls us to recitation. It is the herald of prayer-meeting, society-meeting, in short, of every college exercise. And this same bell is the messenger of joy. How every Bates heart glows with happiness when its exultant tone peals out "Victory," whether won on the diamond, the gridiron, or in the more subtle contests of the forum!

This bell of ours has a twofold mission. It trains us to promptness, and it helps us to love our college. May

it long continue to do this double duty for succeeding classes, and may many be the victories it shall proclaim.

Erelong, when the chapel bell rings, no more will we assemble at its call. Yet may we so well have learned its lesson, that when we hear the voice of duty, as if summoned by some echo from our college days, we shall be prompt to act. Erelong no more will we hear the college bell ring out triumph. And yet may we ever feel the same glow of loyalty in our hearts when we hear of any new victory won by dear old Bates.

HE articles published in our last issue from the pens of Mr. Milliken and Miss Chase, were the Junior orations, receiving the first and second prizes, respectively, in the June contests. The article this month, by Mr. Stickney, was the Sophomore prize essay. These awards were made during last Commencement week.

COMMUNICATION has been received from the Harvard Non-Partisan Sound Money League, giving an account of the formation of the League and urging that a similar one be formed at Bates. The object, as indicated by the name, is to advocate the principles of sound finance, particularly in the present campaign as opposed to the financial theories represented by Mr. Bryan and his associates. The organization is non-partisan and opens its membership to all students believing in the principles for which it stands. Now it has not been our custom to discuss political questions around this editors' table. Such discussions are, in general, likely to be without the sphere of a college magazine. issue of the present campaign, however, is peculiar in this respect: the study of history and political science, the experience of our own country, and the opinions of leading financiers and political economists, all point in one direction. Heretofore there has been difference of opinion among experts; now all reliable authorities agree. The campaign is one of education, and college men, as men who are enjoying the advantages of education, are bound to speak with no uncertain sound. Therefore we desire to express our hearty and active sympathy with the movement inaugurated by the Harvard Non-Partisan Sound Money League, and our hope that the principle which it represents may be triumphantly victorious on November 3d.

The students of the College of Laws of Syracuse University have adopted the following descriptive yell:

Agency, contracts, bills and notes, Equity pleadings, sales and torts, Domestic relations; raw! raw! raw! Syracuse' Varsity, College of Law.

It was a Yale Senior who, having "proposed" to a young lady, was answered: "Yes, I will be yours on one condition." "That's all right," he responded, unabashed; "I entered Yale with six."—Ex.

"Oh hum!" yawned young Willieboy,
Waking one morn,
And his watch ticked at ten and a quarter;
"I find if I would

Be up with the sun, I mustn't sit up with the daughter." -Ex.

College Dews and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

The bell fast is swaying, The Trio is playing, Attention to win.

The students loud chatter, When lo! what's the matter? What husheth the clatter? What stilleth the din?

Tucker is coming, Hear his low humming, Hush! he's within.

The camera fiend is abroad.

The tuition has been raised to \$50.

Colby has beaten M. S. C., 10-0.

Bowdoin has beaten M. S. C., 12-6.

Pay your term bill before November 1st.

D. F. Field, '94, was in town recently on business.

Seventy new singing books have been placed in the chapel.

Bailey, '97, is teaching the high school at Milton Mills, N. H.

Again the college band begins to play, after a year's silence.

Emery, '92, and Wilson, '92, were about the campus for a few days last week.

Mr. John S. Stone of Boston has contributed a \$1,000 scholarship to the college.

The Faculty have shut down on class rides, and the Freshmen have taken to walking.

. The receipts from the Maine State game, October 17th, amounted to over eighty dollars.

Has everybody heard Sprague sing

his song? The Dover, Exeter, and Portland press indorse it.

The daily foot-ball practice at Lee Park attracts a large audience both of the young men and ladies.

A large number from the college attended the Latin School reception on the evening of October 3d.

There are over forty taking the Bible study work in the new graded courses just established by the Y. M. C. A.

Bolster, '95, Garcelon, '90, and Emery, '92, have assisted in the coaching in the absence of John Corbett.

"Now, Mr. T," the good Prof. said, As with a kindly air Over our class his glance swift sped,

"You may go on from there."

First sighed the youth unfortunate, Then hope lit up his brow.

"Pardon me, Prof., the hour is late, Your train is soon due now."

"My time is not exhausted quite,"
The Professor answer made.

"I can wait while you recite," And so the good Prof. stayed.

Sad is the sequel, all men say As they tell it o'er again, Poor A. D. T. he flunked that day, But Prexy caught the train.

Dr. Penney of Auburn delivered an interesting lecture on Bible Study recently, before the Christian associations.

President Chase attended the meeting of the Maine Free Baptist Association at Bath last week, and made an address.

Mr. W. B. Millar, intercollegiate secretary, paid a visit to the Y. M. C. A.

Sunday, October 4th, on his way to the state convention.

The New Hampshire college game, scheduled to be played here on Friday, October 1st, was postponed on account of the stormy weather.

We are happy to have Professor Robinson with us again. He is drilling the Freshmen for their prize speaking, which occurs at the end of the term.

The Young People's Society of the Main Street Church proffered a very enjoyable reception to the Freshman Class on the evening of October 22d.

Bowdoin, we understand, is to have a revival of debating. President Hyde, in one of his Sunday addresses, recommended that they should occur regularly in the Senior year.

Corbett has returned to Bates and is giving the foot-ball squad vigorous coaching. The following is the general line-up of the two elevens during the week before the second M. S. C. game:

Stanley,	r. e.		l. e.	Frost.
Sturgis,	r. t.		l. t.	Mason.
Bruce,	r. g.		l. g.	Tetley.
Saunders,		c.	.,	Jones.
Wentworth,	l. g.		r. g.	Palmer.
Bean, Sprague,	1. t.		r. t.	Brackett.
Foss,	l. e.		r. e.	Richardson.
Purinton,		q. b.		Pulsifer, '98.
Murphy,	r. h.	-	l. h.	Griffin, 1900.
Pulsifer, '99,	l. h.		r. h.	Collins.
Hinkley,		f. b		Minard.

Beside these men, Brackett, '99, Griffin, '98, Littlefield, Parker, Hutchinson, and Powell, are with the squad, and Nason and Wright are temporarily laid off by sickness.

Among the habits recommended to the Psychology Class is the following, which we are curious to see tried by the whole college—to get up on rising. All are cordially invited to contribute results of their trial to the Local department for November.

The scholarship prizes for last year were awarded as follows: '97.—Foss, first; Milliken, second. '98.—Miss Tasker, first; Tukey, second. '99.—Merrill and Miss Hayes, both first prizes.

Within that staid reception room Where gay students congregate, Two merry youths are talking With the maids on whom they wait.

When the clock upon the mantel Disturbs their mind's repose, One short half hour, and that, alas! Their Paradise would close.

The maidens too with anxious look Survey that student's bane. One, tripping slyly to the shelf, Turns the hands to nine again;

Stopping the swaying pendulum, Reverses the clock's fair face, Till it is hidden from their sight As if 'twere in disgrace.

The talk flows on; the hour is ten. They dream not how tempus flies. Where ignorance is bliss, my dears, 'Tis folly to be wise.

But list! a voice falls on their ears:
"I'm sorry, gentlemen,
I must bid you say good-night,
The clock has just struck ten."

Mr. W. F. Garcelon, '90, has been spending a few days at the college. At noon on October 12th he addressed the students on the foot-ball outlook. For a number of days he did some effective coaching for the teams.

The library has received a number of new books during September. The most important gift is that of a set of the Century Dictionary by A. B. Morrill, '87. About thirty books have been added by purchase, among them Poole's Literary Index for 1893-94-95,

Durkee, '97, as vice-president of the Intercollegiate Debating League, went to Boston about the middle of the present month, for the purpose of organizing the league for the coming year. We understand that the other colleges failed to send representatives, and the meeting was postponed for one month.

Four minutes flit by,
Freshies' watches are fast.
"What fun!" they cry,
A cut now at last!"

"Sound forth the yell
With a jolly hurrah!"
How sad to tell,
Ere they reach "O mamma,"

The Prof.'s hand is laying On one Freshie's arm, While others, fast straying, Are stayed by alarm.

Now just notice take When you try it once more, Five minutes, cuts make, But never do four.

The Divinity School tried its hand at base-ball on Saturday morning, September 26th, when the upper floor of Roger Williams Hall was pitted against the lower floor. They plainly demonstrate that ministers do know how to have lots of fun if they cannot play ball. The game resulted in a victory for the lower floor by a score of 17 to 6. Professor Anthony umpired very satisfactorily.

Each of the classes except the Freshmen have had a class ride this term. The Seniors on September 25th took barges for Mt. Apatite on a geological excursion. The Juniors have been to Mechanic Falls. It is whispered that on the return they lost their way. The

Sophomores went to Poland Springs October 6th. They rowed on the lake and drank all the spring water they wanted, and reached the city by six o'clock P.M.

The annual Tennis Tournament of the college took place Friday and Saturday, October 9th and 10th. 1900 covered itself all over with glory, winning the championship in both singles and doubles, Summerbell taking the championship in singles and Summerbell and Stinchfield in doubles. Each class had large delegations present to witness the contests, and the Freshmen were not at all slow in showing their appreciation of the work of their representatives. The entering class argued the matter all by themselves in the semifinals, Summerbell defeating Pottle, and Stinchfield defeating Davis. In the finals Summerbell beat Stinchfield in a hotly contested deuce set match. The struggle of the tournament came, however, in the championship round, when Burrill, '97, relinquished his right to the championship only after five well contested sets had been played. The following are the summaries:

Singles.

First Round.	
Summerbell, 1900, beat Emrich,	
1900,	6-3, 6-2
Courser, 1900, beat Goddard, 1900,	6-0, 6-2
Pottle, 1900, beat Elder, 1900,	6-0, 6-2
Bruce, '98, beat Minard, '99,	By default
Richardson, 1900, beat Hinckley,	
'98,	By default
Davis, 1900, beat Sprague, '98, .	By default
Conant, '98, beat Millet, '99,	By default
Stinchfield, 1900, beat Blake, '98,	By default
Second Round.	
Summerbell, 1900, beat Courser,	
1900,	3-6, 6-2, 7-5
Pottle, 1900, beat Bruce, '98,	

Davis, 1900, beat Richardson, 1900, 7-5, 6-4 Stinchfield, 1900, beat Conant, '98, 1-6, 6-0, 6-4

Semi-Finals.

Summerbell, 1900, beat Pottle,

1900, 6-3, 6-2 Stinchfield, 1900, beat Davis, 1900, 6-0, 6-1

Finals.

Summerbell, 1900, beat Stinchfield,

1900, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3

Championship Round.

Summerbell, 1900, challenger, beat Burrill, '97, holder, 6-3, 3-6, 3-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1

DOUBLES.

Preliminary Round.

Blake and Griffin, '98, beat Hussey and Littlefield, 1900, . . . 6-1, 3-1, 6-3

First Round.

Conant and Stickney, '98, beat Blake and Griffin, '98, . . . 6-3, 6-4

Clinton and Bruce, '98, beat Courser and Emrich, 1900, 6-4, 6-2

Burrill, '97, and Pulsifer, '99, beat Sprague, '98, and Pottle, 1900, 6-1, 6-4 Stinchfield and Summerbell, 1900,

beat Davis and Goddard, 1900, 6-4, 6-4

Semi-Finals.

Conant and Stickney, '98, beat Clinton and Bruce, '98, . . . By default. Stinchfield and Summerbell, 1900, beat Pulsifer, '99, and Burrill, '97, 8-6, 0-6, 6-1

Finals.

Stinchfield and Summerbell, 1900, beat Conant and Stickney, '98, 6-0, 6-1, 6-3

The foot-ball team has thus far played three games and scored three victories. Under Corbett's energetic coaching the gaps in the team left by '96 men were filled, and enough material left for good substitutes.

The game on September 30th with South Berwick on Lee Park opened the season. The visitors were heavy but unwieldy, and Bates made good gains by end plays. Two touchdowns and a goal were scored in the first half; the game was called in the second half after Bates had scored another touchdown and goal, in order that South Berwick might catch a train. Score: Bates 16, South Berwick 0.

On October 9th, Bates played New Hampshire College at Dover. The team was weakened by the absence of Bruce and Sturgis. Bates scored and kicked a goal in the first half, and scored again in the second. New Hampshire succeeded in scoring just as time was called on short rushes through Bates's line from the twenty-yard line. Score: Bates 10, N. H. C. 6.

On the following day Bates won from Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter. The game was not in doubt after the first rush. Hoag of the Divinity School played a fast centre, and changes of the position of linemen made the line stronger than on the day before. Bates showed good interference and snap. Exeter scored on a muffed punt, the ball rolling over the line and being secured by an Exeter end.

The Bates line-up in these games has been as follows:

Right End-Stanley.

Right Tackle-Sturgis, Wentworth, Nason. Right Guard-Bruce, Tetley, Wentworth. Center-Wentworth, Saunders, Hoag.

Left Guard-Bean.

Left Tackle-Sprague.

Left End-Wright.

Quarterback-Purinton.

Right Halfback-Murphy.

Left Halfback-Nason, Pulsifer. Fullback-Hinkley.

M. S. C., 4; Bates, 4.

Bates played her second game of foot-ball on the home grounds, Saturday, October 17th. Her opponents were the Maine State eleven, and from the fact that Bowdoin and Colby had both beaten this team, much of the Maine foot-ball problem could be solved

from the outcome of this game. Maine State was confident of victory, from the fact that she outweighed Bates seventeen pounds to a man. Bates, on the other hand, placed reliance on her speedy backs and the interference taught her by Corbett. Both teams played in a somewhat crippled condition, Sturgis, Wright, and Bean being laid off from Bates; and Sawyer, Farnham, and Noyes from M. S. C.

The crowd was the largest ever drawn to a Lewiston foot-ball game, and was impartial in its applause. Many Bowdoin men came up from Brunswick.

Maine State chose the kick-off, and lined up on the north side of the field. Gilman made a low kick to Sprague, who advanced the ball twenty yards. After one rush of ten yards by Murphy, Abbott gave the ball to M. S. C. for off-side playing. Bates held for four downs, and then by brilliant running got the ball to Maine State's five-yard line. Purinton sent Pulsifer round the end; he left his interference, and darted out till he came near the side line, then turned in and touched the ball between the goal posts. Wilson decided a touchdown, which was protested by Maine State, on the ground that Pulsifer went out of bounds. Wilson then changed his decision and gave the ball on downs to M. S. C. on the fifteen-yard line, where it was alleged that Pulsifer went out. The spectators were unanimous in saying that Bates honestly scored a touchdown.

From her 15-yard line M. S. C. brought the ball to her 45-yard line, when time was called, neither side having scored.

Bates kicked off in the second half to Sawyer, who entered the game at this point. She then held for four downs, and then by quick playing pushed Pulsifer over for a touchdown at the extreme corner of the field. This made Hinkley's goal difficult to kick, and he missed it by a narrow margin.

M. S. C. kicked off to Hinkley, who ran 30 yards to the 40-yard line. Bates lost the ball on Sprague's fumble, and M. S. C. with her revolving wedge gradually worked the ball up the field till Ellis was pushed over for a touchdown. Gilman had the easiest kind of a goal to kick, but the ball went wide, to his own disgust and the joy of Bates, leaving the score a tie, as it remained to the end of the game.

Bates kicked to Sawyer again, and the ball changed hands till time was called with the ball in Bates's possession on Maine's 10-yard line.

The game was the hardest-fought and most closely-contested ever played in Lewiston. Bates outplayed her opponent, keeping the ball in her territory all the time except the few minutes in which Maine State scored. Bates sent her backs round the ends for long runs, while Bates's ends checked every rush of Ellis and Palmer without gain. The revolving wedge in which Maine massed her heavy line on Bates's lighter forwards was her only means of advance, but Bates's backs got into the holes so quickly that it took three downs to get five yards without exception.

For Maine State, Sawyer, Sturgis, and Palmer excelled. For Bates, Murphy was easily the star. Bruce against Lawrence was invincible, breaking through in every play and once blocking a punt of Gilman's, which gave Bates her chance to score. Sprague and Pulsifer advanced the ball well, and Bates's ends were impassable.

In rule 21 of the rule book there is a law to this effect—that when the man with the ball is stopped or the motion of the ball is stopped, the referee shall blow his whistle and the ball be down. Any piling up is punishable by a penalty of fifteen yards. Now again and again when Bates backs were stopped or called "down," the Maine State forwards piled upon their lighter antagonists and pulled and fought for the ball, while Abbott looked on and waited to hear in the tumult the cry "down" from a man at the bottom of the pile with the wind pressed out of him by two men like Gilman on his chest. This is not proper foot-ball. Again it is a question that Abbott may know how to answer best, if it is allowable for a man who is an official to coach a team between halves. A coach never ought to be an official any way, and if he is he should ignore those functions altogether while the game is in progress.

The line-up was as follows:

BATES.		M. S. C.
Stanley.	Right End.	Smith.
Nason.	Right Tackle.	Wormwell.
Bruce.	Right Guard.	Gilman.
Saunders.	Center.	Bird.
Wentworth.	Left Guard.	Lawrence.
Sprague.	Left Tackle.	Sturgis.
Foss.	Left Eud.	Pierce.
Purinton.	Quarterback.	Webber.
Murphy.	Right Halfback.	Ellis.
Pulsifer.	Left Halfback.	Palmer.
Hinkley.	Fullback. John	nson, Sawyer.

Score—Bates 4, M. S. C. 4. Touchdowns— Pulsifer, Ellis. Referees—Wilson and Abbott. Umpires—Abbott and Wilson. Linesmen and time-keepers—Hayden, Reade, and Higgins. Time—20 minute halves.

Y. M. C. A. STATE CONVENTION.

WHE State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. occurred at Waterville, October 16-18th. The Bates Associa-They have tion sent eight delegates. returned from the convention with renewed purpose to keep the religious activity of our college in the foreground with all others. It was inspiring to come in contact with other young men, who, though in different walks of life, have pretty much the same problems to be solved and ambitions to realize. But it was especially helpful to meet the Associations of the other colleges, and it is to this part of the convention that we shall devote our report. While the business man had his share of the programme, the college man was not overlooked. In fact, one officer of the State organization was overheard to remark that the best reports for the year came from the college associations. Hence it was not surprising that more time than in previous conventions was given the colleges at this convention.

On Saturday afternoon the conference of the colleges and fitting-schools took place at the Coburn Classical Institute. All four colleges, and Kent's Hill, Hebron, Bucksport, and Coburn Classical, were represented. The fact seemed to be realized that at this conference is the only opportunity for the associations to come together on common ground, and mutually benefit one another by a frank and free discussion of the work and experience of the past year, whether successes, failures, new lines of work, or backward steps.

There were eight topics discussed, covering the principal lines of work of the association.

Each college opened two of the discussions by papers from two of their delegates. Bates presented the papers on Bible Study and Personal Work. We are glad to say that our representatives took an active part in the discussions, endeavoring to point out the means of our successes of the year, and to get ideas to solve the problems still before us. Saturday evening a college session was held in the Baptist church. There were reports for the year from each of the colleges, followed by an address by President Butler of Colby, on "The Place of the Young Men's Christian Association in

the College." We wish here to acknowledge our appreciation of the cordiality with which President Butler welcomed the Bates men. Most of the delegates remained to the impressive farewell service, Sunday evening.

The State convention affords to the college man the opportunity of judging the religious status of our colleges. To all who attended this year it was certainly encouraging; not so much because great results have been realized, although these have been not a few, but the many problems which each of the colleges has presented as unsolved, indicates that there is being a great deal of serious thinking done, from which results must inevitably come.

Bates Verse.

SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Twilight curtains slow descending, Purple tints on hill-tops play; Soft the stream its way is wending At the closing of the day.

Peace the strife of earth is spurning
Weary men to free from care.
Finite souls have secret yearning
Towards the Infinite in prayer.

Yonder thicket and tangled brush With music is welling, With glad notes swelling, Lo! the song of the hermit thrush.

Clear the tones as a silver bell;
There's joy in his singing,
The copses are ringing,
Souls expand with the music's swell.

Sways the bough in time with the song; So sweetly he's trilling, My soul now is thrilling; Notes like these to heaven belong. Deepest darkness now is reigning Over forest, vale, and plain. Thrush, from softest note refraining, Silence brings akin to pain;

But I know that with the morrow
Earth will wake to life anew,
Sylvan songs will banish sorrow
From the soul that loves the true.
—W. S. C. R., '95.

CLOSED GENTIAN.

What spell is on thee, never-blooming flower? Here in the roadside places where the wind Talks gaily with the gossip golden-rod, And crimson leaves a-whisper in the sun Thrill to the bird-songs in the branches bright, And all the social wood-folk revel keep, Thou only standest somber and apart, As if the sunshine and the joy of life Found no response in thee this perfect day. Art thou a living soul in bondage shut, Denied expression, whether love or fear,

Sorrow or joy, within thee are at work? So might I think; -for tho' that sunbeam warm Lingered forever on thy bud of blue, Or yonder cloud for grief at thy strange fate Burst in a never-ending rain of tears, No sign might come from that sealed heart of

E'en though it mutely broke to answer them. -M. S. M., '91.

A WOMAN'S LIFE.

In the spring-time of life, shy and modest, A violet scenting the air. Soon changing, then, to a pink rose, A blushing bride so fair.

Later a haughty matron With autumn leaves on her breast. At last, a sprig of holly Where the withered hands lie at rest.

And that is all my story. A woman lives and dies. One is much like another Whether she smiles or sighs, Save in this-the violet's sweeter, The blushing rose more fair, The autumn leaves are richer, The holly dearer there, If the life is lived for others, With the motto, "Bear and Forbear."

-SUCHE.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

IN MEMORIAM.

R. FRANK ALBERT WEEMAN, Bates, '88, died Saturday, September 5th, at the home of his sister, Mrs. F. A. Jones, College Street. Mr. Weeman, son of Jesse and Fannie Newell Weeman, was born in Harmony, Me., July 5, 1852. He prepared for college at the Latin School, entered Bates in 1884, and graduated with honor four years later. All who knew him in college will recall his scholarly spirit and attainments, his pure and exemplary life, and his natural and unalloyed refinement. He was a quiet student, with an individuality so marked that it made its own distinct impression alike upon stranger and acquaintance. A country boy, thrown early upon his own resources, and with no special favors of fortune or society, he was always, even when tested by a conven-

tional standard, a thorough gentleman, with that utter absence of affectation which characterizes one "to the manner born." After graduating from Bates, Mr. Weeman engaged in teaching, attaining distinguished success in every position that he filled. He was principal, successively, of high schools in Wilton, N. H.; Stow, Mass.; Trinidad, Col.; and Crescent City, Cal. In every place in which he taught he won honor for himself and his calling. He had the love of his pupils and the confidence and regard of school authorities and patrons. His health, however, was never firm, and he was compelled to make frequent changes in order to reinforce his waning strength by alliance with more favorable climatic conditions. But the battle was a steadily losing one; and when in March, 1895, he left Crescent City for Southern California, although he had high hopes for regaining his health and resuming his cherished occupation, it was to engage in a fruitless quest. He carried with him from Crescent City the tender sympathy and affectionate regard of the entire community. In the somewhat more than three years spent there he had made hosts of friends and raised his school to a standing that attracted the attention of the leading educators of the state. He was on the way to rare eminence, and that without awakening ill-will or envy. Said Judge Murphy of the Superior Court of Del Norte County: "To my knowledge he did not have an enemy in the whole county, but was universally admired for his talents and geniality."

In the pursuit of health Mr. Weeman visited in succession Southern California; Phœnix, Arizona; and Albuquerque, New Mexico. But every effort was futile. He found himself "dragging at every step a lengthening chain," and July 4, 1896, he started for the East, arriving on July 10th at the home of his sister, Mrs. Jones.

The last weeks of his short life were tranquil, undisturbed by laments or misgivings for the future. He died as he had lived, calm and courageous and trustful. So quiet was the transition as searcely to be observed by the devoted watchers at his bedside. Funeral services were held at the house of A. M. Jones, Esq., College Street.

G. C. C.

Two courses in Celtic and one in Russian have been established at Harvard.

JOHN EDGAR HOLTON.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Boothbay in May, 1855, and passed his boyhood and youth in that town. It early became an object of desire with him to obtain a thorough education, and he set about this with the determination and painstaking energy that marked all his work. He prepared for college at home, lacking the advantages of schools whose special work it was to give such preparation. Sometimes a friend was found who was able and willing to give him private instruction; the schools of the town furnished opportunities to a certain extent, though their grade was not high; and when nothing else was available, there was always a chance to study by himself. This no one could take from him.

Preparing himself in this way, in the fall of 1877 he passed the necessary examinations and entered Bates with the Class of '81. The class included young men of excellent scholarship, who had taken regular preparatory courses of study; but he took a high position among them from the outset, and soon came to be recognized as easily first in his favorite lines of work. His classmates saw in him an almost ideal character. No matter what question involving moral principle might arise, he was always on the right side. Others who meant to do right might sometimes be led into little acts of dishonesty or of discourtesy to those in authority over them; but this was never the case with him. Yet he never assumed any credit for this. It never entered

his thoughts that he did better than He simply followed quietly and modestly his own instincts of right. He received one of the graduating honors at the end of his course, and for several years taught in different places whenever his health, never very good, permitted. In 1889 he became teacher of Latin and German in Maine Central Institute. Here he remained for four years, loved and respected by his pupils and by all with whom he came in contact. In the midst of physical weakness and pain he did all his work with the same painstaking care that characterized his whole life. the end of this time, hoping that a year of rest might bring him needed strength, he went to his old home in Boothbay, where his remaining days were passed. During his last illness he exhibited his usual courage and patience. He was not afraid to die, vet he wished to live for the sake of his friends and for the sake of the further work that he might do.

He was a rare man in intellectual endowments. His love of books and of scholarly attainments was remarkable. He collected a library, not very large, but well selected, and thoroughly his own by right of loving appreciation. To those who knew him best the thought of him and of his books seemed almost inseparable. Extreme accuracy characterized all his work. There were no slipshod methods for him. He was a rare man, too, in the higher qualities of the heart. He was rare in his devotion to those who stood near him in ties of relationship, and rare in his faithfulness to those who were counted among his friends. To the value of his friendship very many can testify. He was a rare man in a moral and religious sense. He seemed always naturally to choose the right. Truly, a good man has fallen. Fortunate are they who knew him as a friend.

O. H. DRAKE, '81.

PERSONALS.

'71.—James N. Ham of Providence died in Lewiston, October 2d. A sketch of his life will appear in the November Student.

'72.—A graduate of the Newton High School, of which Professor E. J. Goodwin is principal, has taken the prize for entrance examinations at Amherst this year. This is not an unusual occurrence, as Prof. Goodwin's pupils have repeatedly taken the same prize in previous years.

'74.—F. L. Noble is a candidate for the attorney-generalship of the State.

'78.—F. H. Briggs is President of the Lewiston and Auburn Musical Association. This is an organization which has been recently formed for the purpose of fostering the love of good music in the two cities.

'79.—E. W. Given has been visiting friends in Auburn recently. Prof. Given has recently changed his residence from Orange to Newark, N. J., where he is teacher of Greek and Latin in the Academy.

'81.—O. H. Drake, Principal of Maine 'Central Institute, gave an address setting forth the work of the Institute, at the session of the Maine Free Baptist Association, at Bath, October 8th.

'81.—Hon. Reuel Robinson has returned from an extensive tour of the United States in the interests of the Masonic fraternity.

'81.—F. H. Wilbur lately read a paper before the Knox County Teachers' Convention, on "The Study of Longfellow in Grammar Schools."

'81.—C. P. Sanborn is connected with a chair-manufacturing firm in Gardner, Mass. His residence is 51 Tufts Street, Somerville, Mass.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy was given a reception by the church and society of the Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist Church, Boston, on the evening of October 14th.

'83.—Mrs. E.S. Franklin is engaged in missionary work at Akola Bera, India.

'83.—Mrs. E. R. Clark has opened the "Waban" School for young ladies at Newton, Mass.

'85.—Rev. G. A. Downey is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Buxton.

'87.—Mrs. Nancy Little Bonney came from Denver, Col., to attend the wedding of her brother, J. R. Little.

'87.—Prof. F. W. Chase is to deliver an address on "Consciousness and Habit," before the Ministers' Association at Lawrence, Mass.

'89.—F. M. Buker is principal of Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

'90.—Miss Mabel Wood is teacher of mathematics at a select school in Walliston, Mass.

'92.—Mr. Jacob R. Little and Miss Mabel Hill Lowell were married, October 14th, at the home of the bride's parents, No. 2 Laurel Hill, Auburn, Me. '93.—A. P. Irving, Superintendent of Schools at Rockland, Me., recently read a paper before the Rockland teachers on "The Position of the Teacher and his Relationship to his Pupils."

'94.—Howard M. Cook is studying law in Bangor.

'94.—Julian C. Woodman has entered the Harvard Law School.

'95.—Miss Williams is teaching in Wakefield, Mass.

'95.—Miss Hastings is studying library work in Chicago.

'95.—F. S. Wakefield has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, but is convalescent.

'95.—Miss Marsh is teaching at Isle au Haute.

'96.—L. G. Purinton will enter the Bowdoin Medical School.

'96.—A. L. Kavanaugh has been appointed Justice of the Peace at Manchester, N. H.

'96.—H. T. Gould is to take a special course in electrical engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

DON'T YOU CARE.

When the cold wind sweeps the woodland, Whistling through the branches bare, And you hear old Winter's footsteps, Spring will follow. Don't you care.

When your money fast is failing
And your pocket-book grows spare,
While your tailor waxes anxious,
Luck is turning. Don't you care.

When your best girl's heart grows frigid, While another gets your share, And you hear her call you "Mister," There are others. Don't you care.

When, with sorrows and with troubles, Life's great load seems hard to bear, And this old world palls and wearies, There's a Heaven. Don't you care. -F. Putney, Jr.

College Exchanges.

THE small number of fall exchanges received up to the time of going to press, furnishes the exchange editor very little material with which to work this month, and necessitates an abbreviation of this department.

It is plain that the Bachelor of Arts is very much alive to all the vital issues of the present time. In the October number is a fine article on "Democracy and Socialism," written in clear and forcible style, which denounces socialism on both philosophical and practical grounds. It is worthy the most careful reading of students. From "Lines to College Graduates of '96," in the same number, we quote the following:

No life is futile that is nobly bent
To honest ends, whose deed is of his best;
From out the cycles of our failures grows
The strength of better things; and whoso lives
Unto the conscious truth within his soul,
Needs not the breath of praise or civic wreath;
For on his heart is wrought the word, Success.

No more pleasing variety could be offered than that furnished by the *Tennessee University Magazine*. Between its covers are always to be found in plenty, the solid literary part, poem, story, and fanciful sketch, and all is good. We clip this bit of verse from the current issue:

DISILLUSIONMENT.

The line that marks the seeming from the true
Is like that low-laid thread—that shadow
dim

Which forms the sky and sea-lines welded rim,

Sometimes we look and then it seems the blue Is wedded to the ocean's misty hue.

But sterner glance our judgment craves, Revealing but a shadow on the waves, While, far away, the sky-line 'scapes our view.

Thus, in the tumult of this life of ours,
Anon we seem to know the truth as truth.
Then comes that moment—saddest of all hours
Which reads the final lesson to our youth:
We learn that truth, aye beauty, ever flies
And leaves a nameless wraith with hollow
eves.

The *Dickinson Union* contains some excellent remarks on extemporaneous speaking, and its usual number of well written literary parts.

In Education for October there is a long article entitled "The Proper Pronunciation of Greek," which may be read with profit.

INDIAN MAIDEN SONG.

Ghostlike and dim are the cypress-trees, Silent and still is the rustling breeze, And the blood-red moon Streaks the black lagoon; A fish jumps,—splashes, is gone.—

Wigwam fires are burning low;
Fire-flies sparkle to and fro;
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden,

Indian maiden, sleep.

Vine-twined branches are wet with dew,
A pale mist sleeps in the hushed bayou,
Through the chilly white
Shoots a crimson light;
A bird starts, chirps to its mate,—
Indian maiden, wake.

A poor little beam has lost its way
Down in the everglades veiled in gray,
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden, wake.

-Brunonian.

Our Book-Shelf.

N exceedingly practical and helpful book on English composition has been written by Professor Arlo Bates. Talks on Writing English, as it is called, treats in an interesting and individual way all the subjects usually included in a rhetoric, from punctuation to novel-writing and criticism. It is evidently the work of a scholar who has the rare gift of giving advice so that it is interesting and inspiring. The author is in sympathy with his readers and writes earnestly. book makes one feel how invaluable is a good use of the pen, and how necessary to acquiring it is patient practice. The work is logically arranged, beginning with the simpler mechanical rules of composition and closing with the interesting but elusive subject of style. The last chapter is of special merit, inspiring the reader to be sincere and true to himself in his composition. Professor Bates calls style "the expression of selfhood," and further says: "Style is the unconscious revelation of the writer's attitude toward life, and if this be not serious all good gifts and graces of technical skill and mental eleverness, all adroitness of wit and strength of intellectual perception, even all vividness of imagination, will fail of making work great and permanently effective. Incidentally, throughout the book the author states his opinion of many recent writers. No thoughtful reader can fail to find this work helpful.

My Fire Opal and Other Tales,² written by Sarah Warner Brooks, is a collection of seven short stories, dealing with prisoners and prison life. The author says in the preface that she writes partly from personal observation. The stories hold the attention and show a good play of the imagination. The incidents related appeal to our sympathy and deal almost wholly with

the pathetic side of life-"behind the bars." Sometimes the writer contrives to have the prisoner tell his story in his own rough way. Many of the tales bring out the craving after sympathy and the appreciation of kindness found among convicts. The author's power in managing the wild and the terrible, and the vividness in many of the scenes, are specially commendable. She shows her skill best in the second number, The Story of John Gravesend, which relates how a kindly but rough man in a drunken frenzy murders his friend, and his subsequent remorse.

A little book on the very interesting subject, Old Colony Days, has recently been written by May Alden Ward. The work treats of New England's early history, taken in several different We hear again the neveraspects. tiresome story of the Pilgrim Fathers. The author then dwells on the close relation of church and state in the early days, and the purity of the oldtime magistrate, as typified in Judge Sewell. Next she discusses at length the witchcraft superstition, and closes with a chapter on the Puritan poets. The odd story of Judge Sewell's courtships, the almost incredible details about the conviction of witches, and the quaint old verses quoted from the "Bay Psalm Book" and elsewhere serve to add interest to the book. Here is a stanza quoted from the third of the four ages of man:

"The Cramp and Gout doth sadly torture me, And the restraining lame Sciatica, The Astma, Megrim, Palsy, Lethagrie, The quartan Ague, dropsy, Lunacy."

The book is written simply and well.

¹Talk on Writing English. By Arlo Bates. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.50.)

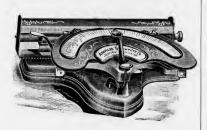
² My Fire Opal and Other Tales. By Sarah Warner Brooks. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.)
³ Old Colony Days. By May Alden Ward. (Roberts Bros., Boston; \$1.25.)

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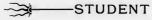
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MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Weutworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH:
In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and one of the following English Classics: Shakespeare's
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Tales (second volume).

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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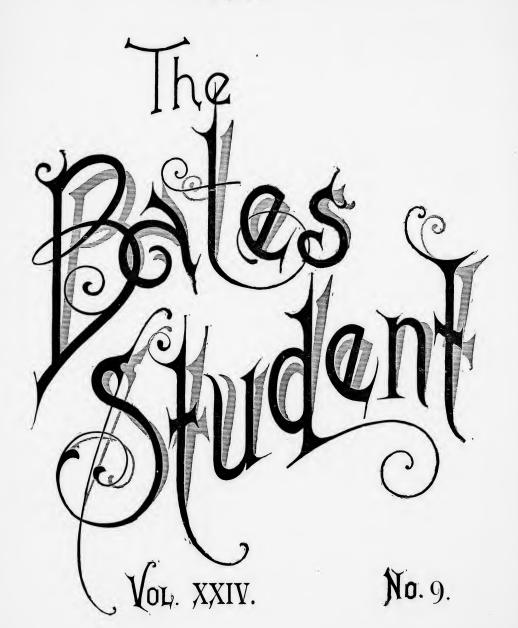
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THE

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EVERETT SKILLINGS.

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LIFE'S QUEST.

RIGHT was the world with youth and chivalry, when valorous knights sought the Holy Grail. Hoary-headed have grown the ages, faded the bues of romance, but still the quest goes on, as eager, restless pilgrims hasten o'er life's devious ways in search of that which satisfies.

See! where you river, blazing with the golden glory of the declining sun, rolls on its way among the hills like Pactoclus of old. Along its banks moves a mighty multitude; tiny children are there, crowned with the yellow daffodils of spring-time; maidens, whose tresses, touched by the god of day, dazzle with their borrowed brightness; and stalwart youths on steeds with jeweled trappings.

What seek they? In the dim distance gleams the gilded spires of the city whither they journey. Amid its sun-bathed temples and golden palaces they look to find their Holy Grail. But why seek they the living among the dead? In the bright city men call Wealth, life's purest pleasures, happiest hopes, and sweetest sympathies are slain on golden altars, while mighty monuments mark the mounds where lie in sleep eternal, youth's high ideals that love of gain subdued. Jeweled harps may play their dirges, priceless tears may fall for them; but they are dead. And think these pilgrims there to satisfy a living soul?

Other eyes are turned with longing vision to that fabled land where the laurel blooms. The glittering harmony of wealth allures them not. They seek for greatness, not for gold.

What though the way be long and weary? What though dark-winged failure hover o'er them with her song of evil omen? They behold the waving palm and the purple robe of glory that awaits them. So they hasten on. Unheeded is life's richest joy. time have they to bow before that wayside shrine erected to sweet sympathy and love. When they have reached the goal of their desires, they perchance may pause to scatter down a few faded laurel leaves on those who love them. But alas! should those fluttering leaves fall on pallid cheek and lips that join not in life's hymn of praise.

Many a deathless name Fame's baycrowned portal bears, but who will dare to write beneath them, "These were satisfied." But there is a land where come not summer nor winter, springtide nor the time of harvest, but the soft unfailing sun shines ever, and the sowing time is one with reaping; where birds carol merry lays, and silvery laughter ripples light from joyous lips, while crystal fountains play forever. Here together revel youth and age. They drink of the laughing fountain, and in its Lethean waters forget a brother's need; they pluck the fragrant flowers, and remember not that all must fade and die; they listen to the birds' sweet songs, till earth's wail of woe is lost in the merry melody. In this land of perpetual sunshine, who may not find his Holy Grail?

Life's pleasures pall; her flowers fade. Over the purest of earthly fountains, fingers divine have traced the legend, "He that drinketh of this water, shall thirst again," and the unsatisfied longing of human hearts still echo, "Shall thirst again."

O eager, earth-laden seekers, would ye find your Holy Grail, follow the rugged road through Gethsemane's dark shades.

'Tis a weary way. The children's tears, the sire's grief, the blasted hopes, the wasted life, the last "goodbye," the broken wreath that marks the cottage door, the silken pall, the sombre hearse, the church-yard mound and lonely home, all these are there.

As ye traverse this darksome highway the rippling gleam of gold will fade from view; another hand may grasp the laurel wreath ye might have won. Only an echo shall sound earth's revelry, but, as unto Him ye bear comfort to the sorrowing, and strength to the feeble and faint, though the river of Life mirror but the cross for you, yet ye shall be satisfied.

The key-note of all nature's harmony is sacrifice. The kernel of the spring-time gives life itself for the waving grain of autumn; the trees must yield their meed of moisture to the clouds, that weary earth faint not. Even the tiny being beneath the ocean wave plays its part in this symphony of sacrifice. It builds a shelly palace, stains it with its life-blood, and dies unheeded. Years pass, and a rainbow shell puts a poem on the poet's lips.

So he who seeks his Holy Grail by the way of sacrifice erects a wondrous structure, beautified, perchance, with the life-blood of his dearest hopes. He too must die, but his work remains to make a poem of some life. So journey on, ye knights, forgetting self. One day shall open wide for you the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, and in the benediction of the Saviour's smile ye shall find your Holy Grail; ye shall be satisfied.

Daisy M. Twort, '97.

THE APPEAL OF ARMENIA AND ITS RESPONSE.

PARADOX confronts the closing decade of the century. In days of peace, social order, and religious toleration, a civilized people is subjected to persecution and outrage surpassing a St. Bartholomew and worthy of a Nero or a Caligula. Ancient Armenia bleeds at the hand of the infamous Turk; imprisoned, robbed, maltreated, tortured, and murdered, when her only crime is loyalty to a faith dearer than life itself. The spiritual head of Mohammedanism, bent on a war of extermination, em-

ploys as his instruments, fanatical Kurds and a brutal Turkish soldiery, incited by plunder and passion.

As we look down from the heights of peace and prosperity, upon the once fair fields of Armenia, now stained with crimson; upon her once ideal home life, now destroyed; her homes smouldering ruins, and her people fugitives; as we witness the suffering, poverty, famine, and pestilence following in the wake of massacre, pillage, and conflagration, the sight were one to move the most stoic and harrow the bravest soul. Eighteen months of oppression and bloodshed have consummated centuries of misrule, and exhorbitant taxation of intelligence and thrift that sloth and laziness might thrive. Forty thousand of both sexes and all ages have met their death, and three hundred villages have been laid waste. Little wonder that the cry for help has softened into a wail of despair; little wonder that over the land where the torch of Christianity burned brightly, when Rome was pagan, a melancholy gloom has settled. Armenia languishes between life and death, powerless to cleave the silence with audible speech.

Yet from her slaughtered manhood, her outraged womanhood, her desolated homes, there goes up an appeal for redress and amelioration. In the name of a common humanity and a common faith, chastened by five centuries of persecution, she summons the Christian nations to lend the hand of succor to her starving and shelterless thousands, and to put an end to Turkish misrule. What nation, calling

itself civilized, what individual claiming to be human, is unmoved by the appeal?

The trend of our time towards a practical charity and a sense of human brotherhood, is evidenced by the endeavors of the English-speaking race to alleviate this suffering. story of the compassion awakened by the fortitude of these martyrs of the faith will make one of history's brightest pages. In Great Britain and America the pulpit and the press have exerted a potent influence. The many expressions of sympathy, verified by contributions to the relief funds, have spoken eloquently. England contributes her Christmas offering; Ireland gives from her poverty; and America from her prosperity. The name of Clara Barton will go down in history, linked with that of Florence Nightingale, as a conspicuous benefactor of humanity. Completing this bright picture is the heroism of Christian missionaries who are going about practicing, at the peril of their lives, the Christianity they preach.

But after all, this individual sympathy is small reparation for the tardiness of the civilized governments to punish the dreadful crime that caused these wrongs. Behold the spectacle which they present in Europe to-day. After a commendable unanimity of action, whereby their fleets sailed up the Dardanelles and elicited promises from Abdul Hamid, that the persecution should cease and reforms be instituted, they have sunken back into irrevocable apathy, when those promises have been proved worthless. Siam excites

their passion and the Soudan their apprehensions; yet when they should punish a palpable violation of the Berlin treaty and a shy disregard of their demands, they only equivocate; where they should cooperate, they hinder. Is not this toying with the Christianity they profess? What shall be said of Germany, which has not offered a single moral protest? Where is the stout heart and sensitive conscience of the England that stopped the persecution of the Vandois and helped struggling Greece? She persuades, demands, threatens, and then does nothing. 'Strange impotency this for the mistress of the seas. To be sure, the nations must act unitedly, if at all; yet this fact does not palliate their jealousy and selfishness, the sole obstacles to that union. Because the greatest blame attaches to Russia, the other nations are not exonerated. Though Armenia's hope of autonomy be chimerical, her sufferings are not less intense or the Turks' cruelty less revolting.

Conscious of the futility of appeal to those who need the spurs of national aggrandizement, before they will act, Armenia lifts her longing look across the Atlantic, to the people who once struggled for liberty, confident that there she will strike a responsive chord.

"Armenia call thee, Empire of the West, To play the Good Samaritan for God."

You have done much to bind up her wounds and soothe her pain; but your help has not been commensurate with your resources and your power. Your acknowledged disinterestedness

gives you the key to the problem of ending the Turks' misgovernment. Your missionaries have suffered and your interests are jeopardized. Yet while you dispute about another nation's boundary and kindle over injustice in Cuba, you ignore a call of humanity.

In the dark ages of the world's history, when the brotherhood of man was undreampt of, Christian knights, at the tidings of insults to their faith in a distant land, buckled on the armor and left their homes to avenge the wrong. Is the chivalry of the nineteenth century to fall below that of the eleventh? How long shall pillage and carnage devastate that Eastern land, ere a conscience is born to the Christian nations? May the day hasten, when they shall arise in their true might, as the guardians of justice and the enemies of oppression, law-abiding and liberty-loving, and strike the felling blow at the decaying fabric of the Ottoman Empire, already tottering with the weight of its own corruption!

EVERETT SKILLINGS, '97.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

IT was a little over one hundred years ago that the bold experiment of popular government was inaugurated upon this Western Continent. The foremost statesmen of Europe confidently prophesied that the experiment must end in failure, and gave us forty years for the shipwreek. But we have seen the proud old Ship of State ride

triumphantly through the angry billows of civil war. Through all the storms of internal dissension and party strife that have swept across our course, we have sailed securely on; and it is with hope and confidence that we gaze out upon the unknown ocean of the future.

As we look around us, however, we see many dangers in our course. We bribery and corruption have seen brought to light in the late Lexow investigations in New York City; we have seen trusts and monopolies threatening to crush all competition, and to bring within the grasp of their greedy outstretched hands every department of industry; we have seen the growing power of wealth in city government and in state and national legislature; we have seen the liquor saloon poisoning the political atmosphere and dragging down an annually increasing number of vietims into drunkards' graves. To whom must we look, then, for the future security of our popular institutions? Is it not to the scholars of our country? Upon the educated men of this Republic must rest the responsibility of deciding whether liberty, justice, and equality before the laws are to be the future watchwords of our policy, or whether we are to see our Republic perish through injustice, bribery, and corruption.

Every man who has received a liberal education owes a special debt to the age in which he lives. Every academy, every college, is a gift of the past to the young men and women of the present. It is only through the self-sacrifice and generosity of past generations that these institutions are possi-

ble. The college is the training field given to young men and women for preparation and discipline for the great battle of life. The college is the place where men learn to think quickly and clearly, the place where they should be preparing to act intelligently upon the great questions of the day.

But there is another and higher reason why the scholar has a responsibility to live for high and worthy ideals. All talents are given us to improve and to use for the good of others. As Wendell Phillips has said, "Power, ability, influence, character, virtue, are only trusts with which to serve our time."

A man, on leaving college, may say, "These things are all true; but I cannot afford to mingle in dirty politics. Leave such things to the ward-heeler and political boss." But what makes polities so corrupt? Is it not because the best men of the country stay out of them? If we are to see the rule of the Quays, and Brices, and Gormans, and Platts a thing of the past, let the thinking men of the country interest themselves in the political life of the nation. Let them be present at the party caucuses and see that good and true men are nominated for office. And let them be present at the polls and see that they are elected. Let educated men follow the example of Theodore Roosevelt in helping purify American politics. Surely nothing can be worthier of the best efforts of any one than to help in securing a free, just, and progressive government, free from all corruption and domination by wealth or any political machine. For

the government of any people is a test of its condition and place in civilization and progress. Turkey, one of the most fertile countries on the globe, is in a state of poverty, degradation, and ignorance because its government is so despotic and oppressive that there is no incentive to labor and progress, while England and the United States, with comparatively free and just systems of government, have advanced rapidly in wealth and civilization. Let us, then, see to it that our free institutions are maintained, and that our Republic perish not as Rome did through corruption and the tyranny of wealth.

When our country stood in danger in the dark days of the Civil War, and the call went forth for all the loyal sons of the North to take up arms for the preservation of the Union and the liberation of four millions of their fellow-beings, the college men of the country responded most nobly to the call. With equal courage and readiness let us now answer the call that comes to us so loudly to crush the liquor power and all the other corrupting influences of politics, and to make our country a beacon light to the nations of the earth to lead them on to the goal of perfect liberty, equality, and justice. A. W. Foss, '97.

MANUAL TRAINING.

THE tendency of modern life demands skilled and trained labor, both in the intellectual and manual callings. In the former the specialist is preëminent; in the latter the trained

laborer has the preference. By specialists and trained laborers, we do not mean those who know and can do only one thing; but of the many they can do there is one in which they specially excel.

Manual training is a discipline and an exercise in the mechanic or manual arts; therefore at the outset, do not understand that it is confined to digging ditches, hodding brick, washing, and the like. If we think a few moments, we shall see what a scope it has. For all the mechanical and many of the liberal arts which require systematic and comprehensive knowledge, are executed and brought to completeness by means of manual effort. We also discover that manual training is not, neither can be, independent of intellectual training, although we try to draw a line between manual and intellectual labor, which, in times past, were very closely connected. Then there lived such men as Watt, Inigo Jones, Hugh Miller, Newton, and others. These men had the discipline that comes from the training of the eye, ear, and hand, and their greatness is due more to this fact than to their high mental education. Watt, Stephenson, and Newton well demonstrated that whatever the mind could receive, the hands, if trained to obey it, could make a reality.

Why do we despise and avoid manual labor? It certainly is not detrimental to high intellectual development. Nay, rather, it assists it, by cultivating exactness, keenness of observation; by strengthening our reasoning powers, and bringing us in contact with the practical and concrete, rather than the theoretical and abstract.

The educational instruction of a hundred years ago will not suffice for the needs and tendencies of the present. Since the stability of a country depends on its individuals, shall our citizens be allowed to become and to grow up as paupers and idlers, thus producing restlessness, immorality, and crime? If so, how long shall the sun shine on us as the United States? Advancement must keep pace with the new and increased interests of the commonwealth. And it is the pressing state of affairs which demands that there shall be industrial advantages for the poor and laboring classes.

Manual labor is the lot of the majority, and never shall we get entirely beyond it. True, machinery of all kinds displaces much labor, yet there must be some to construct and superintend it. And as we need delicate and complex machinery, able and skillful machinists will be required. Shall the manual laborers finish a preparatory collegiate course-for the public and fitting schools tend toward this end-and then begin the training of their life work? What is the function of the school, unless it is to fit all of its pupils for their future work? Then in our public schools, where American principles are fostered, where the mind of the child is plastic and eager to make and handle the tangible, should manual training be taught; for we want our school training to bear some relation to the probable life work of all.

The cry is raised that children are already over-worked. True. We suffer much from misdirected acquisition of 'knowledge. If we could understand that the brain wears, and needs change of work as well as the body, and that useless labor destroys its energy and often impairs it; then we would awaken from our lethargy that "Whatever is, is right," and see the demanding importance of changing and omitting many things in the public school curriculums.

Think of the many orators our school elocutionary courses have produced; of the etymologists and scholars in English our grammar course has made. Did these studies give us Phillips, Webster, or Franklin? How much more do we know of English, after parsing and diagraming "Did, you ever see a saw saw a saw, as that saw saws a saw," and the like; but how much more lasting and practical good can we get in the same time, if

we only take that remarkable saw and make it saw.

Thus many of the subjects taught, and our methods of teaching them, kill independent thinking and are useless. Therefore, introduce in their stead the useful courses in manual training. We do not mean, at all, to turn the schools into work-shops. But we do want our schools of such a nature that they will give us healthful, active, and thoughtful pupils, who are not full of memorized and undigested thoughts-only ciphers-but those who are developed in the use of all of their God-given powers, "who are something, who know something, and can do something," not only for themselves, but also for their country. And manual training is the only agent in connection with our intellectual training, which can make the man complete and well educated, and at the same time give to all, the advantage of earning an honest livelihood. STELLA JAMES, '97.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

O Governor of the home State
Forget this year to pause,
A day of praising to proclaim
In accordance with the laws.

What is pumpkin pie or turkey
Even if your way they roam,
And who wants to have Thanksgiving
When a fellow can't go home?

"Speak in brain terms."

A few of the cold-blooded still haunt the tennis courts.

The bowling alleys have been repaired and are much used this fall.

The Freshman declamations are over and the college is in the old place.

The Sophomores are to have Physics as an elective next term instead of History.

W. O. Phillips, ex-'97, son of the late Dr. J. L. Phillips, the missionary, has sailed for India.

A class in missionary study has been organized by the Y. W. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. contemplates forming one next term to study the lives of Judson, Duff, McKenzie, and McKay.

The yellow mock programmes appeared on time. They were yellow in more senses than one.

Dr. Baldwin, Professor-elect of History and Economics, will be unable to assume his duties till April.

Main Street Church tendered a very cordial reception to Nineteen Hundred on the evening of October 23d.

The weather has left the chronic grumblers no peace this fall. The foot-ball team are thinking of building an ark.

Talking learnedly of stones, Drinking Psych. with many groans, Pondering o'er those vast unknowns. Overseeing the eleven, Soon to leave this earthly heaven, Don't you know that's '97?

Riding onward through the night, Giving Prexy such a fright, Ready for their way to fight. Banner stealing at a rate Never known to Bates till late, Bless your heart, that's '98.

Printing programmes for the show, Ducking Freshies as they go, Who would think to call them slow? Debate writing, oh, how fine! For that banner still they pine, Wicked, foolish '99.

Thinking they're the cream of Bates, Smiled on specially by the Fates, Born to rule o'er all the States. Smashing doors with money bought, Speaking "dees" as children ought, Freshman still is Naughty-Naught.

Bates men, in large numbers, sacrificed their studies at their country's altar, and went home to help elect McKinley.

Chency Hall was roused from its slumbers election night by the screnading of enthusiastic Republicans over their victory. Facetious Prof.—"I have left my record book at home this morning. All those who are absent may raise their hands."

President Chase is giving the Seniors lectures on literary criticism, and Professor Strong is giving the same class lectures on evolution.

What makes that youth so sour and sad When on this morn he should be glad; When earth is tuned to rhapsody, And every heart is filled with glee?

And soon the cause the youth laid bare— Oh! classmates do not mind me, I'm only mourning for the hair, The hair I've left behind me!

Professor Strong explained the workings of the X-rays to the Androscoggin County 'Teachers' Association at the laboratory on the night of November 4th.

Sampson, '97, is directing his energies to the reorganization of Bates's famous institution, the college band. Well, there are worse things, and better, too.

Mrs. L. A. DeMerritte, secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Free Baptists, spoke to the ladies of the college on Friday afternoon, October 30th.

The student attendance at Main Street Church, Sundays, is unusually large this term. All appreciated the new singing books which have been placed in the galleries.

Miss Grace and Ferris Summerbell, 1900, entertained their classmates at their home on Main Street, on the evening of October 29th. Games and amusements were indulged in, and refreshments served.

Hallowe'en parties were in order on the evening of October 31st. The Seniors were entertained by Misses Twort and Purinton, the Juniors by Miss Leader, and the Sophomores by Miss Edith Hayes. The Freshmen found their fun in watching the others.

Each of the societies has had its music meeting, at which a fine programme was carried out. Polymnia's occurred on Friday evening, October 30th, and Eurosophia's on Saturday evening, November 7th. The musical talent of the college is certainly considerable just now.

A determined movement is on foot towards the raising of the Athletic Association debt, which so hampers us. Money has been raised this fall, which will leave the debt smaller, after the foot-ball bills are paid, and this winter every student should make it a personal thing to do what he can to get this skeleton out of the closet.

Eurosophia resolved itself into a nominating convention on the evening of October 30th. The room was gaily and profusely decorated with bunting streamers and the Stars and Stripes. All the presidential candidates were nominated by different members of the society in able speeches characterized by prolonged flights of oratory and resistless logic.

Each of the societies will wind up its fall campaign with its customary public meeting. The Polymnians have voted to curtail the expenses of their meeting and give fifty dollars to the payment of the Athletic Association debt. It is to be hoped that, if the Eurosophian Society does not care to change its plans, it may still vie with the Polymnians in generosity.

We omitted to chronicle the excursion of the Seniors to the famous Mt. Mica, Paris Hill, where a tourmaline mine is being worked. Red, green, and black tourmaline crystals of great value are mined here. Mr. L. B. Merrill, the superintendent, conducted the party about the mine, and by his many courtesies, contributed much to the value of the trip. All who went, felt well repaid by the knowledge gained of this region and the specimens obtained.

Mr. Gilbert A. Beaver, college secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., made a visit to the Bates association, Saturday and Sunday, October 31st and November 1st. On Saturday evening he met the officers and committees. He conducted the Sunday morning meeting, which was largely attended. He spoke some earnest and helpful words on the need of Bible study in the individual's Sunday afternoon was devoted to a conference with the workers. On Monday morning, before his departure for Brunswick, he conducted chapel exercise, and at the close, spoke of the world-wide proportions the Association movement is assuming.

Lewiston and Auburn have responded well to the appeal for funds for the payment of our athletic debt. Few men were seen in vain; nearly all gave us something, and we are very grateful to them for their aid. Below are the names of those who subscribed.

Some may be omitted, but we have every name that we could get from the collectors. The whole amount from the city thus far is \$208. Of this, \$180.45 have been paid over to the treasurer of the Athletic Association. Our Faculty have been exceedingly generous; all connected with the college pledged comparatively sums, and the professors of the Divinity School did not hesitate to push the work ahead with generous subscriptions. The whole amount from the several members of both Faculties is \$170. The Polymnian Society has already pledged \$50, and Eurosophia will doubtless make an appropriation in the near future. We have not yet called on the alumni away from the two cities, except those in Gardiner, who have sent \$5. The total sum raised in cash and pledges is \$433.

Col. F. M. Drew; Mayor Noble; S. P. Robie; C. T. Towle; Leslie Reade; H. W. Oakes; Babbitt Bros.; F. A. Morey; W. H. Weeks; High Street Laundry; Rev. Mr. Wallace; A. M. Pulsifer; J. F. Boothby; Dr. M. C. Wedgwood; Lewiston Journal; Bearce & Wilson: Rev. H. R. Rose; Dr. Summerbell; Judge Cornish; Dr. W. J. Pennell; Professor Libby; H. A. Osgood; Dr. Sturgis; W. H. Putnam; Dr. H. H. Purinton; D. P. Moulton; D. F. Long; F. N. Saunders; Maines & Bonnallie; Ernest Saunders; Rufus Springer; I. L. Hammond & Co.; L. L. Small; Mr. Pratt; S. D. Wakefield; C. F. Hayden; Prof. M. F. Daggett; E. H. Gerrish; W. H. Newell; A. G. Lothrop; J. R. Little; Cook Bros.; Judge Knowlton; Fred G. Payne; J. Y. Clark; C. D. Lemont; Bagley & Small; George Smith; American Shoe Co.; J. F. Small; Addison Small; C. T. Nevens; Dr. Aurelia Springer; Dr. C. F. Penney; Charles Andrews; A. P. Norton; O. A. Norton; F. E. Tainter; Harry Mansur; F. H. Purinton; E. P. Samson; E. Howard; G. V. Turgeon; L. B. Atherton; G. A. Callahan; T. J. Murphy; Prof. N. E. Rankin; B. Peck & Co.; J. N. Wood & Co.; H. H. Hanson; Fred O. Watson; J. T. Hale; F. I. Day; A. E. Harlow; F. Penley; F. D. Merrill; J. H. Whitman; C. O. Morrell; Nealey & Miller; Oliver Newman & Co.; F. A. Perry; A. L. Grant; Chandler & Winship; C. L. Prince; Rev. G. M. Howe; Dr. Leader; Dr. S. E. Wentworth; Dr. H. E. Chase; Metropolitan Stock Exchange; W. M. Greenleaf; Flagg & Plummer; Dr. Donovan; Hayes & Co.; T. N. Brown; Robert Huntley; E. M. Briggs.

On Monday, October 26th, the Class of 1900 enjoyed their first class walk. The day, although not promising well at first, proved to be all that could be desired. The class took the electrics out to Lake Auburn. There they stopped about an hour, while some of the more earnest seekers after knowledge went over to study the construction of the machinery employed in the cider presses. It is only at this time of year that the machinery may be seen in operation, and the opportunity was the more readily grasped on that account. After leaving Lake Auburn, the class ascended to the summit of Mt. Gile. Through the clear air Mt. Washington could be plainly seen in the distance. When lunch had been taken on a slope in front of a farm-house, the fish hatcheries were visited. Through the kindness of the overseer and his assistants, an opportunity was granted of seeing the trout in all stages of development, from the egg to the full-grown fish. Some of the large and more handsomely colored trout were netted and displayed to the party. pleasant walk back to Lake Grove, the return home was made by electrics. Professors Stanton and Robinson accompanied the class.

Nineteen Hundred must be credited, among its other accomplishments, with the ability of public speaking. After four weeks of efficient training under Professor Robinson, the class was divided into five divisions for preliminary speaking. Out of these, fourteen were selected to compete for the prizes. On Thursday evening the prize contest occurred. The lady's prize was given to Miss True and the gentleman's to Mr. Davis. Music was furnished by the Eurosophian Orchestra. Following was the programme:

MUSIC.

PRAYER—Rev. M. Summerbell, D.D. MUSIC. *

Speech of Vindication.—Emmet. Ayer.

Taxation of Colonies.—Burke. Butterfield.

Mary, Queen of Scots. Miss Dresser.

Against the American War.—Chatham.

Davis.

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.—Everett.

Emrich.

Minute-Man of '75.—Curtis.
Grattan's Reply to Corry.
Virginia Virginia.—Rives.
Our National Curse.—Talmage.
Jim a Hero.—Overton.

Miss Ludwig.

MUSIC.

Oblivion and Its Defeats.—Talmage.
Pendexter.
The Death Bridge of the Tay.—Carleton.

Miss Sears.
Kit's Party.—Dickens. Miss True.
Unjust National Acquisition.—Corvin.
MUSIC. Powell.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF JUDGES.

Judges: Rev. Henry R. Rose, Hon. F. M. Drew, Mrs. A. W. Anthony.

In England, but one man in every 5,000 attends college; in Scotland, one man in 520; in Germany, one in every 213; and in the United States, one man in every 2,000.—Ex.

FOOT-BALL.

Two games have been played since our last issue, both of which have been disastrous.

On the morning of October 24th, Corbett took his flock to Orono. The journey was very hard, particularly the nine-mile ride in the open electrics from Bangor to Orono in foot-ball clothes. The day was a climax to the bad weather prevailing, and the M. S. C. clay ball field was a veritable sea of mud. Bates played Hinkley and Bean out of position behind the line, and both Sprague and Sturgis were newly recovered from injuries. M. S. C. was in good condition and stronger than the week before when a tie was played in Lewiston; her extra weight was more noticeable in the mud than in the previous game.

M.S.C. had the kick-off and Sprague muffed, Maine State getting the ball which she lost quickly on a fumble. Bates punted and never once had the ball again for offensive work during the game. M.S.C. punctured the line but gained little on end plays. Their gains were short but steady, and the work of Webber in not fumbling was remarkable. Purinton's tackling was Bates's best work. Maine State scored two touchdowns and a goal in the first half and three touchdowns and one goal in the second. The line-up was as follows:

M. S. C.		BATES.
Pierce.	Right End.	Stanley.
Libby.	Right Tackle.	Sturgis.
Gilman.	Right Guard.	Bruce.
Bird.	Center.	Saunders.
Lawrence.	Left Guard.	Wentworth.
Sturgis.	Left Tackle.	Sprague.
Palmer.	Left End.	Wright
Webber.	Quarterback.	Purinton.

Ellis. Hatch. Sawyer. Right Halfback. Left Halfback. Fullback. Bean. Hinkley. Pulsifer.

Time—20-minute halves. Umpire—Pierce, Bowdoin, '98. Referee—Horne, Bowdoin, '97. Linesmen—Collins, Bates; and Higgins, M. S. C. Score—M. S. C. 24, Bates 0.

The team left Lewiston for its Waterville game with Colby on November 4th. The men were in better condition than in the M. S. C. game. Colby had just beaten M. S. C., 4-0, and were a trifle lame from that game.

Colby had the kick-off; Sprague muffed and Bruce fell on the ball. Bates then started in with a rush that nearly landed her a winner. By clever running of Putnam and Pulsifer and an on-side kick of Hinkley's, she ran the ball to Colby's five-yard line, then she lost her nerve, and the ball on downs. Colby rushed well and worked the ball up the field till she fumbled and Stanley got the ball. Bates had the ball when time was called. No score.

Bates kicked to Putnam, and then, by criss-cross plays and bucking the left side of Bates's line, Colby speedily scored a touchdown. Tupper, however, muffed the punt-out and no goal could be kicked. Colby repeated her performance except that she exclusively battered Bates's left wing, Gibbons and Putnam doing the running and gaining at will. Putnam scored the touchdown and Brooks failed at the goal.

Bates kicked off to Scannell and Colby again started up the field, but Wright secured the ball on a fumble and Putnam of Bates ran forty yards on a criss-cross. Time was called with the ball Colby's at the center of the field.

Owing to the hard feeling of last year it might have been expected that Bates would have fared hard on the Colby field, but such was not the case. Colby men were courteous on the field and off it; the officialing was above criticism, and if men from neutral colleges could always be secured instead of coaches and alumni, there would certainly be much less wrangling and dissatisfaction. The line-up was as follows:

BATES.		COLBY.
Wright.	Left End.	Cotton.
Sprague.	Left Tackle.	Putnam.
Wentworth.	Left Guard.	Brooks.
Saunders.	Center.	Thompson.
Bruce.	Right Guard.	Scannell.
Sturgis.	Right Tackle.	Chapman.
Stanley.	Right End.	Lamb.
Purinton.	Quarterback.	Hook.
Pulsifer.	Left Halfback.	Alden.
Putnam.	Right Halfback.	Gibbons.
Hinkley.	Fullback.	Tupper.

Score—Colby 8. Bates 0. Touchdowns—Gibbons and Putnam. Time—20-minute halves. Referee — Brett. Bowdoin, '97. Umpire — Minot, Bowdoin, '96. Linesmen — Reade, Bates, '83; and Bates, Bowdoin, '96.

The Illinois College recently sent out a "Bryan number" of *The College Rambler*.

Mrs. Julia Bradley of Peoria, Ill., has just bequeathed \$2,000,000 to the University of Chicago with the proviso that the money be expended in erecting a technical school at Peoria.—Ex.

President Eliot of Harvard has submitted a petition to the overseers to allow duly-qualified students to complete the course and receive their degrees at the end of three years' residence.—Ex.

Around the Editors' Table.

THE movement that has materi-· alized in our midst the past month to liquidate the long-standing indebtedness of the Athletic Association merits the earnest support of every Bates student. Repeated attempts have been made in the last two years, to reduce the debt, but this is the first determined effort to end it. In another column will be found the result of a thorough and systematic canvass of Lewiston and Auburn. Every subscription has been made on condition that enough be raised to pay off the whole debt. The amount obtained, together with what the Faculty have subscribed, reduces the debt one-half. Certainly our friends right around us have proved that they have a real interest in our athletics. Four hundred dollars more are needed to place the Association on a firm financial The question now is: What are we willing to do to help ourselves? It has cost a great effort on the part of a few to raise the funds already subscribed; but as yet the rank and file of the students have done nothing. A still greater effort will be required to realize the balance. The way is clear to do this, if only all will co-operate heartily. The generous local support obtained will undoubtedly prove a great help to success in outside ap-We do not doubt that the alumni and friends of the college, outside the two cities, will gladly aid us, provided we will canvass them thoroughly. Obviously, the only feasible way to do this is by enlisting every

Bates student in the canvass. Let each of us consider it his duty, without waiting to be delegated by the Association, to present this matter during the coming winter vacation to those alumni and friends who live in his vicinity, or whom he will otherwise meet. Who doubts that half of the needed remainder may thus be obtained? Finally, we must prove our disposition to do as much as our friends, by going into our own pockets and contributing whatever balance may be necessary.

Let us meet squarely the plain facts of the case. We have been paying interest long enough on the present debt, without in the least bettering our: condition, but simply postponing the inevitable day of reckoning. every other debt, it becomes more burdensome with age. Every additional month that we carry it imperils the athletic interests of our college. For the present movement to be a success. it demands the hearty co-operation of every student. Shall this test of lovalty at a critical moment find any of us wanting?

MID all the rush of college life, and the multitude of thoughts which demand our attention, there should be left in each day some time of quiet, for meditation. We should never forget that our college days are spent, not to make athletic records; not to be known as a great player upon the diamond or the gridiron; not to leave our college home with the

name of having graduated; but our first aim, our real purpose is, to be scholars. There is a power in scholarly repose which outranks all other powers. It is to scholars that all the advancement of our world is due. Take out these beacon lights from history, these men who stood far in advance of their times, beckoning on the generations, and where were our boasted liberties to-day? and these men attained their position as much through meditation, through quiet, as through activity. The world lies at the feet of the scholar. Nothing is denied him. He wishes to travel through other lands. The "millions" have been denied him, but books have not. He can spend his mornings in Florence, and with Ruskin as guide, drink in his fill of the glory of painting and architecture; at evening he may float on the bay of Naples, or hear the strange singing of the gondola men along the water streets of Venice. The deep blue skies of sunny Italy may entrance him; the "land of the midnight sun" may give him strength. One by one he may visit the lands of the old world, see their beauty, hear their songs, and dream over their legends. He may hear Demosthenes thundering forth his Philippics; Alexander, weeping on the bankstof the Indus; Cato, making the Roman forum ring; Bismarck, welding his mighty empire; gay France, frowning Spain, somber Holland, sturdy England, dashing America,-all these may become to him known and loved.

Then, too, the scholar can associate with the greatest minds of all the ages.

He can have audience with the greatest scientists, the greatest philosophers, the greatest poets, the greatest theologians, and each of these will speak to him in choicest language and upon themes of deepest import. There can be no elevating power like that of noble thoughts. Associate with the good and wise, and the life of the scholar will take on the same hues.

There is also helpfulness to the scholar in the fact that he can not live to himself; all about him is one great union. In laboring for himself, he must labor for others. In elevating himself, he elevates others; and so recognizing that he is a living part of this great union, life for him takes on a new dignity; and yet his influence does not stop with his life. All good is eternal. His life becomes a part of the universal good, just as all lives have contributed to his life. He has walked in the footsteps of those great and good before him, felt their sorrows, glowed with their joys, and where they left the work he can, in a measure, build forward, leaving for another his unfinished plans. Thus considering himself a part of the great whole, he will not ask, How much have I done? How far have I succeeded in making my name prominent? But rather, Have I done well my part? Have I accomplished some good? part I contribute by my life, enter into the eternal good?

IN college life, music has a peculiar function. What can give the same good-fellowship as the hearty college song? How necessary to the celebra-

tion of a victory is the band, and what college associations cluster around the glee club. College music is the student's expression of enthusiasm and loyalty. How much we should miss out of these four years were there no distinctively college music.

Bates rejoices this year in many musical interests, some of them old ones revived, and others entirely new. The college band is again flourishing; music is a feature in the literary societies this fall; a guitar and mandolin club has been formed, and the chapel exercises are made much more impressive by the fine voluntary given while the students gather. In short music is in the ascendency this fall, and it seems that, if the enthusiasm will only continue, we shall reap some rich results this winter.

With so many fine male voices now in college, we certainly ought to have an excellent glee club. This would serve to bring together the musical talent of the two societies and would give us another college institution to be proud of. And should not the unusual musical interest inspire our poets and musicians to write college songs, and to publish that Bates Song Book we all want so much? We have confidence in their ability and we feel sure that they would have the hearty support of all the students in this enterprise. We want Bates to do herself honor in music, as well as in scholarship and athletics.

CCH is said and written of concentration as an essential in effective intellectual work. The importance of this need should come, as

indeed it does come with especial force to the college student, who is trying to give his mind the best possible training for the work of life. there is one condition of this power of concentration which is perhaps less often emphasized. The well-trained mind must have not only the power of taking hold with intensity of the object immediately before it, but also the power of letting go. One involves the other. The mind must drop one thing entirely before it can give undivided attention to something else. It is just in this respect that many students fail. Although capable of entering with enthusiasm into several branches of activity, yet they do not accomplish the greatest results, because they cannot banish one interest from their thoughts when another claims their attention. Society programmes thrust themselves between the paragraphs of the text-book; the prospects for the next foot-ball game intrude into the recitation room. College life with its various departments and diverse interests, may certainly be regarded as a miniature of that wider life for which it is the preparation. That student who gains, even in slight degree, the power of giving his whole attention in turn to the various departments of college life, without allowing them to intrude upon one another, has learned one of the most valuable lessons of his course.

But the perfectly disciplined mind has the power not only to let go of one subject, in order to take up another, but also to loose its hold entirely, when the time for rest arrives. Kant was accustomed, after a day of intense absorption in philosophic thought, to disperse his attention and compel his mind to loose its hold for a half hour before retiring. Agassiz once saved his life during an illness with nervous prostration, by absolutely and utterly dismissing from his mind the subjects which had occupied nearly every waking moment for more than That student is fortuforty years. nate who, during his college course, gains in some degree this power of taking up burdens and laying them down at pleasure; who succeeds even to a slight extent in thus making his mind the docile servant of his will.

IT is a noticeable fact that much hard feeling is caused and much dissatisfaction experienced among the students of the college every year, both in regard to preliminary decisions and awarding of prizes in literary and declamatory contests. According to the present method, the committee on decisions in such cases, consists either of one member from each of the two literary societies, and a third person from outside the college, or of three persons from outside, in either case all three being selected by the class whose work is to be considered. The objections to this method are numerous. First, it is difficult to find two competent judges among the students, who will consent to serve on such a committee; they realize that it is impossible to please all, and know that although they exercise their best judgment, there will be censure heaped upon them from some quarter, and in many cases, if not openly accused of partiality on society grounds, many mean little hints will be thrown out to that effect. In addition to this, there are few who are willing to give, out of their busy college life, the amount of time necessary for such work.

When, on the other hand, the committee is chosen entirely from outside of the college, an equal or greater difficulty arises in securing competent persons to serve, and this, too, for the very same reasons. Moreover, it often happens that a committee consisting of three ministers or three lawyers will be secured, and naturally a particular style of declamation or article will appeal to them, in which case the decision sometimes seems unfair to the majority of the students. It is often impossible, however, to have a committee made up of men of different professions on account of the difficulty in securing persons to serve. We have to take whom we can get.

We do not intend to expose an unsatisfactory state of affairs, without suggesting a remedy. No one, it seems to us, could be more competent to give decision in these prize contests than the professor in English, who has spent special study in the criticism of just such work, and who would be able to appreciate and judge on the merits of declamations of varied styles and on orations and essays on a wide range of subjects. In all institutions such a plan might not be advisable, but we feel sure that here at Bates it would be a great improvement on the present, both because of the great popularity of our professor of English, and the unlimited confidence which the students would have in his ability to judge and his impartiality.

Bates Verse.

BY MOONLIGHT.

'Tis only the dull and dusty street
That has wearied our eyes all day,
Yet its track of pearl might tempt the feet
Of the dream-folk gone astray.

'Tis only the bough of the apple-tree
That shines with a silver gleam,
Yet naught so fair could an artist see
In the tints of his purest dream.

'Tis only a wind-torn, empty nest In the shining bough that swings, Yet its silver down might lure to rest A wandering fairy's wings.

'Tis only the spell of the elfin moon
Thrown bright over lawn and street,
Yet though earth-born poet should think to
time

His heart for a rhapsody sweet

In praise of the night, the lyre would rest 'Neath the spell of the night, I trow, Songless and still as the empty nest That swings in the silver bough.

-M. S. M., '91.

A PROMISE.

Last year we strolled together Along the golden strand, Watching the tiny wavelets Ripple over the sand.

So young, and fair, my darling, With witching, winsome ways! Roll back, ye clouds of sorrow, Reveal again those days.

In jest she called me knight, And bade me ever care For the earth's sad and lonely, Their grief, their sorrow share.

This year, alone I wander, My soul is crushed with pain; No more we walk together, Ne'er on earth we meet again.

The sea that danced in sunlight To-day is gray and cold; The year was young and gay, Now grown—how sad and old! How can I hymn life's praises And chant Thanksgiving's song? The days are sad and weary, The nights so drear and long.

If I could hear thee speak, love, List to thy tones so dear, Would'st thou bid me hide my sorrow And other sad lives cheer?

And bid me still be happy Though above the skies be gray, Tune my life to joyous praise, When comes Thanksgiving Day?

The brooks in midst of winter Sing as in summer's reign, And hearts that throb with anguish Must sing in spite of pain.

So, for thy sake, darling, Here by the billowy sea, Where in golden days of yore We wandered in careless glee,

I'll bury selfish sorrow And strive as best I may To lighten others' burdens Upon Thanksgiving Day.

And e'en in that high heaven So far from mortal view Thou shalt know and realize Thy knight to his trust is true.

-D. M. F., '97.

Columbia recently celebrated her 142d anniversary.

Courses in Chinese are offered at the University of California.

The University of Chicago offers over one thousand courses for the present year.

Girard College, Philadelphia, is the richest college in the country, having over eleven and a quarter millions of endowments.

Alumni Department.

REV. JESSE BAILEY.

Editors of the Bates Student:

In response to your request I gladly send you a brief word, which must be of the nature of a personal testimony about my friend, the Rev. Jesse Bailey. Three years of intimate association with him in the Divinity School at Yale, together with the four years in college, gave me exceptional opportunity to know him; but to make a sketch of him that would adequately represent its original, beyond the rudest outline, would require me to go beyond the limits of time and space at my command.

To see Mr. Bailey truly one needs to look at him in his early setting. The superstructure of his character was true to its foundation stones. Born and reared on a farm, in a home of simple but vital piety and honest toil, in the little town of Woolwich, Me., he was in the truest sense nature's product. Naturalness and reality were bred into his character. Artificial standards had little part in shaping his tendencies. The simple life of hard labor for modest returns under conditions that build robust manhood instead of towering fortunes, adjusted his whole make-up to a scale of reality. As well expect the farm to renounce the laws of its own fruitage as expect Jesse Bailey to try to reap where he had not sown. I believe no professor in college ever suspected him of making an effort to get what he had not earned by hard study. He was a tireless worker, but he worked at the real tasks, not at schemes to get on by avoiding them.

If one were to make an analysis of his character I think these traits would stand foremost: A sunny and optimistic temperament, a strong will, a positive and aggressive nature, and a large humanity. These traits balanced one another and made him, guided as he was by the highest Christian purpose, a man of admirable type. He was not of the strongly intellectual cast, though his mind was active and progressive. His fellow-students would seldom seek him to aid them in unraveling knotty intellectual problems; but if they were discouraged, in low spirits, or struggling with practical moral difficulty, they could seek none more likely to help them. He had something better than mere intellectuality, a personality that was tonic and dynamic. He imparted hope, and faith, and courage to others, and braced them to their tasks.

Under other circumstances one can easily imagine that his strong will, with his positive nature, might have made him a man who, like many in the commercial world, would have controlled others in the interest of his own fortune. But, brought into captivity to Christ, his will and positive personality enabled him to control others for their own good and for the service of his Master.

Connected with this should be mentioned the way in which he grasped religious truth. It came to him in the concrete and on the side of experience. Christianity was not to him a system of truth to be thought about, but a fountain to drink from. He never would have made a theologian,

but he was already a preacher. He never would have made a great defender of the Gospel by learning and logic; but he would have made something better, an effective preacher of it as the remedy for human sin and need.

That his ministry should open with large promise was expected by those who knew him best. Many, for so short a time, were won by his preaching and personal persuasion to the Christian life. In both the churches he served, one in South Britain, Conn., while he was still in the seminary, and the other in Watertown, N. Y., over which he was installed soon after graduation, he was universally beloved, and many in those places will cherish him throughout eternity as the messenger to them of a new life.

The college loses in him an alumnus who embodied, in a high degree, her distinct ideals, and one can hardly refrain from uttering the prayer that his early death may be the seed for a large harvest of young men of like aim and spirit.

R. N., '87.

JAMES NELSON HAM.

[Reprinted from the Lewiston Journal].

N the death of James Nelson Ham of Providence, R. I., at Lewiston, October 2d, one of the most successful educators that Bates College has ever graduated is lost in the prime of his life and in the height of his career.

Mr. Ham was born at West Bath, August 16, 1847, and was the son of Hon. Nelson Ham of Lewiston. He came to Lewiston with his parents when very young and was educated in the schools of Lewiston, fitting for college in the Nichols Latin School and graduating from Bates in 1871. He taught two years in Augusta immediately after graduation, and from there was called to a position of more responsibility at Peabody, Mass.. where for nine years he was principal of the high school, and there his success was pronounced. From Peabody he went to Nashua, N. H., and thence to Lexington, Mass., as superintendent of schools and principal of the high school, making a distinct advance in each association and gaining reputation and position with each year.

After remaining in Lexington nine years, he went to Providence, R. I., as principal of the Oxford Street School, one of the largest in Providence, a training school embodying the most advanced theories in educational matter. Here Mr. Ham had charge of about 700 pupils, and his success has been distinct and unqualified. We have often heard of him as an advanced and advancing educator, a student as well as a teacher, and a man of the highest qualities of character and the purest and most conscientious views of life. He was taken ill in Providence with malaria, developing as it often does into typhoid fever, and came home to his father's farm in South Lewiston to Instead of gaining, he lost. It was finally thought best that he go to the hospital, and he was removed there in accordance with the advice of the physician. He failed rapidly and on Friday, October 2d, the end came to his useful, blameless life.

Personally, Mr. Ham was a charming gentleman of delightful and re-While impressive fined personality. and strong in his individuality and austere towards all sham and wrongdoing, he was yet gentle and kindly in every impulse. He was married soon after his graduation, and leaves one son, Roscoe James Ham, who graduated from Harvard last June. Mr. Ham also leaves three brothers and two sisters, as follows: Ham of Lewiston, Mrs. A. B. Russell of Salem, Mass., Mrs. William G. Snow of Lewiston, Mr. H. B. Ham of Lewiston, and Mr. Howard Ham of Lewiston.

The first dinner of the Bates Hub Club was held at Rooms 6 and 7, Young's Hotel, Boston, October 31st, at six o'clock. Reports from the college were read, and a warm discussion of college affairs followed. Those present were: Rev. O. H. Tracy, '82; R. W. Nutter, '84; Garcelon, '90; Plummer, '91; Howard, '92; Emery, '92; Hoag, '94; Woodman, '94; Brackett, '94; Campbell, '95; Hoag, '96; Boothby, '96; Eaton, '96; Thompson, '96; Thomas, '96. The next meeting will be held at the same place on Saturday evening, November 28th.

The annual dinner of the Bates College Alumni of Boston and vicinity, will be held at Young's Hotel on Friday, December 18, at 6 o'clock. All alumni are invited to attend, whether or not they receive a special invitation. Those intending to be present will con-

fer a favor by informing the secretary, C. C. Smith, Pemberton Square, Boston, before December 15th.

THE BATES HUB CLUB.

Boston, Nov. 5, 1896.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

The dinners of the Bates Hub Club last season proved so pleasant that it has been decided to hold similar gatherings the coming winter. Accordingly, arrangements have been made for a private room at Young's Hotel, on the last Saturday of each month at 6 P.M. The opening dinner occurred October 31st. These meetings are entirely informal, being intended for social intercourse and the discussion of college interests. It is hoped that the alumni near Boston will endeavor to attend regularly. Any Bates men who happen to be in Boston on these dates, are cordially invited to drop in. Remember, Young's Hotel, at 6 P.M., the last Saturday of each month.

At the annual meeting of the College Club in June, the Secretary reported that \$97 had been expended during the past year, of which \$40 had purchased books for the English department, \$17 had assisted in refurnishing a lecture room in Hathorn Hall, and \$40 had been expended on athletics. The committee on appropriations for the ensuing year is: W. F. Garcelon, '90; E. W. Emery, '92; L. J. Brackett, '94.

The following committee was appointed to make some arrangement for a public presentation of prizes in 1897:

W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95; E. W. Emery, '92; W. B. Cutts, '91.

The following committee was appointed to draw up rules to govern the wearing of "B" or "Bates" by students, and to present the same to the Faculty Athletic Committee and the Athletic Association, with the recommendation of the club that they be adopted: L. J. Brackett, '94; Scott Wilson, '92; H. V. Neal, '90.

The new members of the Club are: Rev. W. H. Bolster, '69; Rev. F. W. Baldwin, '72; E. J. Goodwin, '72; Hon. Nathan W. Harris, '73; F. L. Washburn, Esq., '75; John L. Reade, '83; Dr. W. B. Small, '85; Frank S. Pierce, '90; J. W. Leathers, '94; R. A. Sturges, '93; F. S. Wakefield, '95; R. F. Springer, '95; O. F. Cutts, '96; A. B. Howard, '96.

There are now 48 members. The officers are: President, Scott Wilson, '92; Vice-President, J. F. Fanning, '93; Treasurer, S. I. Graves, '94; Secretary, W. F. Garcelon, '90.

PERSONALS.

'78.—Mr. A. M. Flagg has returned to his home in Auburn, from Columbus, Ohio, where he was in attendance as a delegate at the convention of the National Carpenters' Union. Mr. Flagg was elected a member of the national executive committee, which meets every three months in Philadelphia.

'82.—In Challis, Idaho, September 14, 1896, was born to the wife of C. E. Mason, a daughter—Edith Palmer Mason.

'88.—The New Hampshire State Teachers' Association, at its fortythird annual meeting in October, reelected as president of the association, Charles L. Wallace of Lisbon, N. H.

'90.—Miss Jennie F. Pratt is engaged in mission work in Boston. Her address is 100 Waltham Street.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee will study at Harvard University during the coming year.

'90.—Herbert V. Neal will spend the year at Munich, Germany, in special research work in Zoölogy. He received the degree Ph.D. last June at Harvard. His thesis on "The Segmentation of the Vertebrate Head" will soon be published in pamphlet form.

'94.—J. C. Woodman received a prize of \$200 for his work in the Harvard Medical School during the academic year, 1895-6.

It has become the fashion of late to print some of the rules and regulations that were in force at Harvard during the eighteenth century. They are, indeed, amusing, and the glimpse which they give of college ways and customs at that time, as compared to our own, is very instructive. For instance, the list of things that were punished by fines, included: "Profanation of Sabbath, three shillings; graduates playing cards, five shillings-undergraduates, two and a half shillings, for the same offence; profanity, two shillings and a half; lying, drunkenness, and causing loud noises, one shilling and a half; rudeness at meals, and going skating, one shilling." These examples show the strict discipline and careful scruting the colleges exercised over the lives and actions of the students. - Ex.

College Exchanges.

N extremely long article in a college magazine is the worst kind of a bore. It finds few readers, challenges the patience of the exchange editor at the outset, and is obviously altogether out of place in a publication of the limited size of the average student magazine. We notice in a few of our exchanges this fault is quite glaring; articles are published which, though well written, are so long as to be positively objectionable.

Granted that the story, essay, and criticism should form the bulk of prose literary matter, it is yet true that some of the most readable portions of our exchanges are simply sketches, very short ones, too, which serve to offset the heavier matter and more lengthy articles. The College Rambler has an especially pleasing way of introducing these short sketches, and they are always most excellent, having a good literary tone; one of these appearing month, entitled "The New Quartet," shows a delightful view of humor, and we are almost tempted to quote it in spite of the brevity of our allotted space.

We wish to congratulate *The Dick*inson Union on the great merit of the literary articles of its current number.

The October *Tuftonian* opens with a well-written biographical sketch of one of the munificent benefactors of Tufts College. Such a sketch, treating the career of a truly generous, noble-hearted man, interested in educational advancement, can never help

appealing to students and furnishing inspiration.

Last month we clipped a poem and supposed it went to press signed "F. Putney, Jr., in Brunonian;" when the number came out, we noticed with regret that the words "in Brunonian" had been omitted, for which error we ask pardon. The bright verses of this writer are always among the best on our exchange table, and we consider the Brunonian fortunate in having such a gifted contributor.

In the Mountaineer, the poem, "The Song of the Nympholeptic," is a very pretty thing; the article on Spenser's "Faerie-Queen" is excellent as a review, but rather fails as a criticism.

We have selected the following bits of verse as being the most meritorious which have come to our notice:

FAITH.

As nightly I behold the heavens bedecked With myriad jewel-points so slight I scarce conceive each faintest gleam is yet

A sun-surpassing orb of light;

So, when the thronging cares of life crowd in And dim the light of God's great love, I know that He still leads through ways unseen

To unknown joys and endless peace above.

-University Cynic.

GHOSTS.

Are they voices that shriek in the darkness?
Gaunt faces we may not see,
Or white-robed shapes in the moonlight pale
Astride of the gallows tree?

My ghosts are only whispers,
That come like summer rain,
As soft and sweet, as sad and faint,
And lo! they are gone again.

These ghosts, they are ever with me,
They haunt me in open day,
The ghosts of all that my heart has loved
In the years that have passed away.

-Yale Courant.

THY HAZEL EYES.

Sweetheart of mine, thy hazel eyes
Look into mine in roguery,
Twinkling as stars in far-off skies,
Or as the lights far out at sea.

Now glance they up in mock surprise,
And glance they down to schemes device:
And now they innocently arise
To parry glances shot by me—

Sweetheart of mine.

Some talk of orators, so wise,
Who, speaking, gain the mastery,
Some tell of gestures in replies,
But far less potent can they be
Than one glance from they hazel eyes,
Sweetheart of mine!
—Tennessee University Magazine.

Courant.

These are not ink and paper! They are souls That strove in travail; they are lives of tears; The brain-throbs and the heart-beats of long years,

Books.

Joy's ocean deeps and pain's wreck-tossing shoals;

Here smiles the Hope whose wondrous current rolls

From deed to duty; here weep doubts and fears

In besoms tremulous, and Love endears. Disconsolate toil and all its hate controls.

Aye, they are inspiration! In the low
Sad hours of weakness they are stores of
might:

They treasure truths eternal, and they glow
With stars brought earthward from unmeasured night;

Somewhat of God's great verities they know, Somewhat of man's great future and his light!

-Bachelor of Arts.

Our Book-Shelf.

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—Alcott.

HE calendar tells us that we must 'again take up our pen and point out the strength and the weakness of the new books that have found their way to our shelf. However, Dame Fortune has been kind and we have little but words of praise to record this month.

Every lover of French will enjoy Mr. Benjamin W. Wells's fine discussion of *Modern French Literature*. This book reveals an appreciative student and an entertaining writer. The author writes with a warmth which shows that he has really absorbed the spirit of the French authors, whom he presents. The book is intended, not so much for French critics, as for

those who read French for culture and The first few chapters pleasure. briefly treat of the literature from the twelfth century to the nineteenth. Here the fine characterizations of the works of Corneille, Racine, and Moliere are worthy of special mention. The body of the book is devoted to our own century. After discussing the Romantic School, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo, Mr. Wells treats of modern literature in its different phases,-history, criticism, lyric poetry, the drama, and fiction. The two chapters dealing with Victor Hugo and his works are vivid, enthusiastic, and critical. last chapters furnish an able discussion of modern French fiction. Mr. Wells has an easy, pleasant style, and seems

master of his subject. This book, in our opinion, through its fine appreciation of the French authors, is much superior to the recent work by the same author on modern German literature.

A delightful little book of verses next comes to our notice. A Quiet Road, by Elizabeth Woodworth Reese, is a collection of about fifty short poems on nature, the emotions, memory, song, and other subjects that delight the poetic fancy. The poems are characterized by a certain reposefulness and a power of suggestion. Most of them make us feel more than is expressed. Too, there is an originality in the thought, and a quaintness of expression, that give a pleasant flavor to the verses. poems are artistic, rather than simple. The melody of the lines is sweet, especially in some of the songs. In many of the poems there is an undertone of sadness, while some few, like A Lyric on the Lyric, and Laughter, are joyous. Variety is one of the charms of the little book. We quote a few lines from The Crocus, as a characteristic poem:

"How yellow burns the crocus in the plot!

A little candle-light at a gray wall,

One dauntless moment snatched from the

March-brawl,

And like the candle-light to be forgot.
Stripped of the mellower days, the richer lot, It comes, it goes, an unremembered thing, And missing all the fullness of the spring, Thrust from her door, because the time is not."

A fund of quotations, anecdotes, and sprightly thoughts is contained in the

new books, by William Matthews, Nugæ Litterareæ3. This work is a collection of about two hundred short essays on subjects of all kinds. Each subject is treated in a bright way and is complete in itself. The work shows very broad reading and a wonderful power of remembering quotations and The author has a bright, piquant style and the ability of grasping at once the point in a subject. As in his other work, Mr. Matthews is not very original, but is always practical and concrete. He has a versatile mind, rather than a constructive one. As a cyclopædia of anecdotes or to aid one in finding interesting topics for conversation, this work must prove valuable. It is an entertaining book to read at odd moments.

¹ Modern French Literature, by Benjamin W. Wells. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; \$1.50.) ² A Quiet Road, by Elizabeth Woodworth Reese. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; \$1.00.)

³ Nugæ Litterareæ, by William Matthews. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; \$1.50.)

Harvard has adopted a new system with reference to the distribution of scholarships. Hereafter, they are not to be given to needy students as much, but rather as honors to the best men in the several classes, whether rich or poor.—Ex.

Harvard, at one time, practiced corporal punishment, and sometimes the students were actually whipped. Yale was not far behind.—Ex.

Clippings.

-Ex.

You may find a balm for the lover crossed,
Or the candidate who's defeated;
But the only balm for a ball game lost
Is to swear the unpire cheated.

—Ex.

UP TO DATE.

The melancholy days have come,
Which haunt us in our dreams,
The days when we must cease to "bum,"
And put in time on themes. -Ex.

"It seems to me," said Studiens,
"The only money question
Is how to hustle cash around
And so escape suspension."

THE MODERN CRAZE.

The foot-ball man is now the craze,
With his long and shaggy hair,
With his padded suit in the dirt to root,
With blood to spill and spare.

He has guards on his legs and muffs on his ears,

And a covering for his nose,
As he dives in the game for glory and fame,
And slaughters his college foes.

Then here's to the lad who's the latest fad,
Who's out for blood and gore,
May he vanquish his foes by kicks and blows,
For that's what he's living for.

—Ex.

Oh, talk not of the students' joy
The rapture in his look expressed;
His truest bliss is when he finds
A quarter in his cast-off vest. —Ex.

I love its gentle warble,
I love its fluent flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
And I love to hear it go.

—Ex.

Conductor—"Your ticket, please."
Passenger—"I'm travelling on my
face." Conductor—"All right; I'll
punch that."

Is Thomas Hardy now-a-days?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? Was Hermann Grim? Was Edward Young? John Gay? Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright? And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and was J. R. Green? Chief Justice Taney quiet? Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore? Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling vealy? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time? Did C. D. Warner? How? At what did Andrew Marvell so? Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke? Or Richard Boyle beside? What gave the wicked Thomas Paine? And made Mark Akenside?

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
Did Richard Steele, I ask?
Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
Did William Ware a mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?

John Horne Tooke what and when?

Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W.

Cabled his friends again?

—Brunonian.

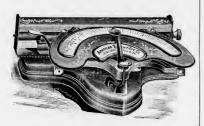
Harvard University is taking steps to build an infirmary for sick students. The running expenses of such an institution may be estimated between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year. A general assessment is proposed to meet this.

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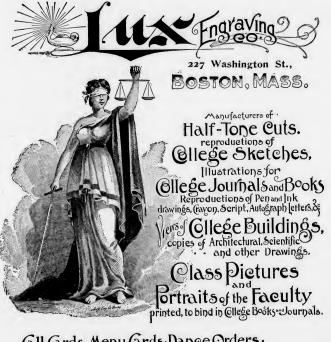
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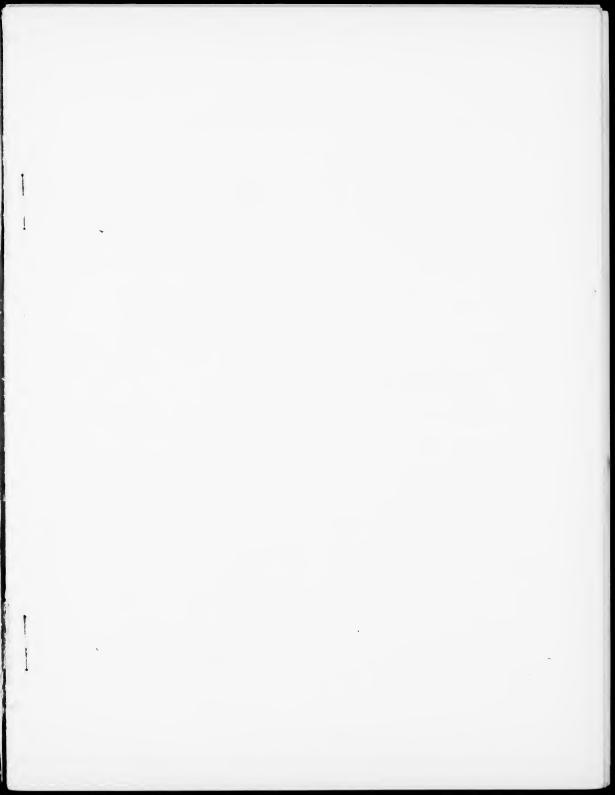
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FREDA HASBROUCH.

Τ.

HE last quivering tones of an old violin died away on the frosty air and one or two pennies fell into the little hand, blue with the cold, that reached eagerly for them. More pitying glances fell on the little figure, clad in its shabby clothes, and the pinched face with its great blue eyes and mass of tangled yellow hair; but they lacked the power to satisfy that even the few

pennies possessed, and were all but lost to the little street musician.

The few passers-by who had lingered a moment to listen to the boy, moved quickly away, and he gathered his one possession tenderly into his arms, and let one hand run caressingly over the strings. Then he suddenly put his hand into his pocket and took out all the pennies he found there. He counted them carefully, and his eye lighted up as he noticed that one five-cent piece

had found its way in with the coppers. "Eleven cents," he said. "It has been a good morning; perhaps the people like to give this morning because it is so near Christmas. I guess I'll try once more, then I can buy a whole loaf of bread to take home to Freda and some money besides. Won't she be glad and say, 'You're a good boy, Karl; what would sister do without you!'"

These bright thoughts seemed to inspire him, and the bright flush on his cheek and the sparkle in his eye made The violin, him look almost pretty. too, grew merry under his touch, and the music and the picture brought a smile to the face of more than one who passed the corner. All unconsciously, the little fellow was doing his part toward making the world brighter that morning. And when he stopped he found he had not played in vain; a shining ten-cent piece and half a dozen pennies dropped into his outstretched hand. With a shout of joy, he turned and ran down the street. 'Twas a long way home, he thought, and then he must stop at the "good baker's" and get some bread for his and Freda's breakfast. He had been over in the fashionable portion of the city, but he soon came down into the poorer quarter. On either side there were little shops, whose single windows were filled with motley assortments, second-hand shops and pawn-shops, junk shops, and once in a while one that tried to present a more respectable appearance than its neighbors. Karl turned in at one of these that even boasted a clean window and a small geranium. Near the door

stood an old glass case with several loaves of bread, some doughnuts, and one pie. The creaking of the door on its rusty hinges called a pleasant-faced German woman from the rear of the small room, where a faded curtain served as an apology to hide a dilapidated range and a few cooking utensils that had seen their best days.

"Well, and what will we have this morning?" she said with the air of one who owned an extensive establishment.

"A loaf of bread," Karl said, proudly.
"A whole loaf, sonny?" asked the yoman.

"Yes'm," and then, receiving his parcel, he rushed out of the store. A few blocks farther on and he turned up a dark alley. An old gentleman, who had been following the boy, found it difficult to avoid all the old boxes and barrels that obstructed the way. Karl, however, passed nimbly through them and disappeared through the door of a forbidding looking tenement house, long before his pursuer, puffing and panting, succeeded in reaching the house. When he did so he found the door closed, and he hesitated for a moment, for he hardly knew whether it were better to knock or to open the door himself. Two or three children were staring at him out of one of the lower windows nearest the door, and they decided him to knock. He heard a skurrying of feet and a few low-spoken words, and then the door was opened by a short, stout Irish woman, whose tousled gray hair hung down on either side of her face. "Does a little boy live here who plays a violin?" he asked.

"Do you mean the one what fiddles? Yes, he lives up on the third floor in one o' the back rooms; go right up, mister," she added hospitably.

The man entered and stumbled up one long flight of stairs and then another. "Back room," he thought, "it must be down to the other end of this hall." As he approached the farther end, he saw, within a half-open door, the object of his search. The little boy stood by a small table eagerly undoing the package he had. "See, Freda," he exclaimed joyfully, "a whole loaf!"

"Yes, Karl, and all this money, too; did they really give it to you?" said a pale, round-shouldered girl who sat by the window looking rather perplexed as she counted the few coppers again.

"Of course they did. You didn't suppose I'd steal it, did you?" in rather an injured tone. "No, dear, I didn't think my Karl would do that, only I couldn't quite understand it, that's all. It is so much more than usual, you know."

"Yes, but isn't it good?" and Karl's eyes began to sparkle.

Just then they both turned at the unusual sound of a rap.

"Come in," Karl said, and, although he was embarrassed at the appearance of this stranger, he hastened to remove his violin from one of the two chairs that the room boasted and offered it to his caller.

"Had good luck, did you, this morning?" smilingly said the gentleman.

Freda waited for Karl to answer, but he seemed suddenly to have grown bashful and stood fumbling the strings of his violin, so she said:

"Yes, sir, he got twenty-seven cents this morning; that's a good deal for a little fellow like him, isn't it? But folks are kind to my Karl," and she threw her arm lovingly around him.

"Yes, indeed, it is; and now, my boy, I want you to play to me."

"Come dear," said Freda, as he hesitated. Karl began with not half his usual confidence, but he soon forgot himself under the spell of his own playing, and wandered off from a familiar air that he had picked up to melodies of his own.

"Good!" exclaimed their guest, as he finished.

"Who taught you to play, my boy?"
"My father, sir," answered Karl, and
the soberness of both told him not to
question them more about their father.

"Where did you get this violin?" he asked, examining it carefully.

Karl looked puzzled. "I've always had it," he said.

"I have heard mother say that father brought it from Germany when he was a boy, and ever since Karl could play he has had it," added Freda.

A few more questions were asked and answered, and they had told him how they had lived here in this room for two years, "since father went away," Freda said hesitatingly; how she had obtained some coarse sewing to do because she was not strong enough to do mill or factory work; how there were some days when she could not work, and then the few coppers that Karl could collect by his playing were their only support; what a good boy Karl

was, and that Freda was the best sister in the world, and how happy they were together in spite of their poverty!

Then Mr. Schurch, for such he had told them was his name, sent Karl out to buy some oranges and told Freda that he had a proposition to make to her. He had heard Karl playing on the street several times and had been astonished at his remarkable ability, and had determined to follow him this morning and hear more of his playing. He was now firmly convinced that the boy's talent was remarkable. She had said he was only eight years old, and his training should begin immediately. He had money, and would be glad to give a musician to the world; was, in fact, himself a teacher of music, and would like to take Karl with him when he went to his home, in a distant city, and give him the advantages of a musical education.

"Of course," he said, as he noticed the expression of sadness that deepened every moment on Freda's face, "you will miss him at first, but then you will know he is better off than he ever could be with you," and he cast a sweeping glance around the neat but poor room. "I have really taken a liking to the little fellow, and if he prove himself worthy he shall never want for friends or money. I thought I would tell you first and then I would tell Karl," he said, as he heard Karl bounding along the passage way. He did not once think of any resistance to his plan. And Freda, too, never thought of resisting, although it seemed to her that her life would go with Karl. But it would be just what he needed. He loved his violin, too, and he would be happy with that anywhere, she thought. No, he was going, and she—she would be alone until—well, she couldn't think of that now. Perhaps she should after Karl was gone. She wondered how soon he would have to go, probably very soon, but it didn't matter much if he was going. She had thought she was always going to have him with her, but he would be happy, she was glad of that.

"Well, Karl, your sister and I have a surprise for you. What do you say to going away with me when I go home, and studying music, and becoming one day a great violinist?"

"Oh, that's grand! Isn't it, Freda?"

"And you'll go?"

"Yes, indeed, we will, won't we, Freda?"

"Sister can't go with you, dear, she must stay here, but you can go."

"Not without you!"

"Oh, yes, you can; you will find many kind friends, and then your violin, you know."

"But I want you, I don't want to go without you," said Karl, with tears

in his eyes.

"Well, I must be going now," said Mr. Schurch, who found this scene a little too affecting for comfort. "I shall not go for a week, and will give you a day or two to decide in. I shall expect Karl to be all ready to go then. In the meantime you need not play on the street any more, you can use this." And he put a bill into Karl's hand that made his eyes sparkle again.

No one will ever know how much Freda lived in that next week. She described to eager and excited Karl, as best she could, the new life to which he was going, and even let fancy add a few touches to the bright picture of the success that was in store for him, while her own heart was dulled with despair.

She never, for a moment, allowed herself to think of hindering him. Of course he must go; it must be right some way for him to go; and still, her mother had put him, a bright little fellow, into her care five years ago and told her she must always guard him. And she had always been faithful to her trust. She had kept him away from the other children of that neighborhood, and he had grown up untouched by the coarseness and rudeness of others, almost too old for his years she had thought. But he would be better off there, and so—he was going.

One night, near the end of the week, they sat-as they had for so many, many nights-Karl in Freda's lap, with his head resting against her and she supporting him with one arm, while with the other she played with his yellow hair. They were talking of Karl's future life just as they had, when Karl suddenly felt a tear fall on his head. "Do you cry, Freda, because I am going away?" he asked. Because if you are, I'd rather stay with you." "No, darling, you musn't do that; you are all that sister has and she will miss you, but you must go." But her heart said, "Stay with me; you are the only one that belongs to me; I can't let you go."

At last Karl had gone. It had been suggested that Freda should go to the same city with Karl and find work, and

then she could see him occasionally; but she said no, and told Mr. Schurch that she had a reason why she could not go. It would be better that he should not know. "It might hinder Karl," she had said. And Mr. Schurch was not sorry. He pitied Freda in his way, but, after all, it was only the boy he wanted, and he would do better work if he was entirely removed from his old influences.

п.

Fifteen years later, Freda was living in a poorer quarter even than where we left her. She looked paler and more frail than ever, still she lived and labored, not for herself alone any longer. Seven years ago she had gone to the prison door, to which she had made so many weary pilgrimages in the past ten years, and led her father away, a broken and wretched man. In his youth he had been intelligent and energetic. His wife had been a beautiful woman, and Freda remembered when home had been bright and happy. But it had been the same old story of the power of strong drink, and bit by bit mother and daughter had seen their loved possessions swept away. At last the mother had died and left the slender girl to fight the battle alone. One day the officers came and took the father away and brutally told the shrinking girl that he was a murderer. She knew that he had done the deed in a drunken frenzy, and she had lived on from one year to another, hoping that he would come out a sobered man. Karl had never known why his father did not come back, and she had always borne her shame and sorrow alone.

And now her father was free, but his mind was weakened, and he had drifted back into his old habits of drinking and gambling. He had promised her again and again that he would reform, but his will seemed useless; and night after night patient Freda led the father home, whom she had loved in her childhood, and whom, for memory's sake, she was trying to save now.

This night she went on through the crowded streets until she came to a low saloon. There she paused, looked in, A few of the and finally entered. loungers stared at her curiously, the others knew her. After a time, she led an old man out and passed back along the street. Suddenly she paused and caught her breath. There, on the billboard before her, was the name "Karl Hasbrouch, Violinist." She read the bill hastily. He had been there last night and was to play again to-night. Her Karl-here, in this city-she must see him and hear him, but how? She thought quickly and clearly. He must not know her-what a terrible thing it would be to him to find such a father, and she would be a poor sister now, she knew! But she must see him to-night. She went to her little secret hoard of money. There was scarcely two dollars, but enough to buy a ticket. Her clothes were terribly shabby, but he wouldn't know her, it wouldn't make any difference.

The ticket agent looked at her sharply, as she called for one of the highest-priced seats, but she had the money, so he supposed it was all right. What did it matter to her that the richly-clad ladies on either side drew their skirts

haughtily away from her! She hardly breathed from the time Karl stepped on the stage until the last note died away, and when the applause burst forth, the people might have seen a pleased, proud look on her face, had they not all been looking at the graceful young player. No one noticed her when the concert was finished; no one saw her pale face; and no one knew what this frail woman suffered, alone and in silence.

Freda knew from Karl's face that his heart was not less tender than it was years ago. She knew, too, that he would not turn her away, but would gladly welcome her as his sister. And, oh, how her heart yearned for that tender brother-love! But he had a successful life before him, and his father—no—he must never know.

Freda went back to her hard, dreary life, and gave her few remaining years to her father. But while she lived the brightest spot in her memory was that night when she saw and heard Karl.

And Karl—he never forgot his child-hood's sister, but he was told that she had died a few years after he had left her. Later he learned that he had not been told the truth, and then his search was useless.

M., '98.

DOMREMY-LA-PUCELLE.

F you find yourself at Paris and wish to take a look at a little of rural France, a pleasant excursion is to go to Domremy-La-Pucelle, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc.

We start from Paris by the Eastern Railroad, and for the journey we select an express train which, like a certain brand of hams and bacon, is "a little higher in price," but-we save time. The country in the neighborhood of Paris is a well-kept suburban district, with small towns rapidly succeeding each other, and chiefly notable for the stiff, gray, plastered stone-walls around every garden-plot. To my eyes, these stone-walls, unlike any I have seen elsewhere, seem the characteristic feature of a French landscape. Soon we enter a broad, natural highway, the valley of the Marne, stretching eastward between low, rounded hills. The towns along the way become smaller and scanter, but are more pieturesque, for they are seen at a distance, and nothing suffers so much by elose inspection as the average French village. It is usually either intolerably dirty and odoriferous, or else too artificially stiff.

We are riding through Champagne, a land of the vine, and on the hill-sides many vineyards appear. Canals and canal-boats also are seen, for France seems to make a specialty of that means A pleasant ride of of intercourse. four hours brings us to Toul, in the broad, fertile, undulating acres of Lorraine, not the Lorraine which Germany used to round out her dominion in 1871. That is beyond, to the north-east. The greater part of Lorraine is still in France, and in its midst is Toul. Toul would be an interesting spot to stop at, but we eannot spare the time. This was one of the three eities which the Protestants of Germany, in the wars of the Reformation, handed over to France as the price of her alliance. The other two were Verdun and Metz.

But we must take the slow train westward now for a few minutes, for the express train has carried us a little beyond the junction at Pagny-sur-Meuse, where we change cars for Domremy. We not only change cars, but we wait an hour for the train and have plenty of time for lunch. Then we proceed southward on the crookedest stretch of railroad I ever saw. The train goes at a rapid walk and stops to rest at frequent intervals. We come to Vaucouleurs, where Jeanne d'Arc first sought the king's officer, Robert de Baudricourt, and while we are waiting here for nothing in particular, we may as well examine the map. We are proceeding up the vallev of the Meuse, along which in the days of Jeanne d'Arc lay the eastern boundary of France for a eonsiderable distance. East of the Meuse up to the heights of the Vosges Mountains the most of the land was occupied by the Duchy of Lorraine, at that time a fief of the Holy Roman Em-West of the Meuse the territory was mostly in the French Royal Domain. The Duchy of Bar occupied parts of both banks of the river, but held its land on the western bank as a fief of France. The village of Domremy is on the western bank of the Meuse. In the fifteenth century the northern end of the village was in the royal domain of the king of France, while the south end was in territory belonging to the Duchy of Bar. The home of Jeanne d'Arc is near the middle of the village. There is a conflict of opinion as to whether the boundary of the duehy passed north or south of the house. All authorities are, however, agreed that the house was on one side of the line or the other. It is singular that this heroine of the French nation came from the very jumping-off place of France. To-day both banks of the river are counted a part of French Lorraine.

Vaucouleurs is already disappearing behind us, and we are again progressing up the valley. The view from the window is serene and charming. The bottom of the valley is a flat meadow, through which the Meuse meanders in a lazy, serpentine course. On each side rise low hills, partly covered with forests, just as they must have been in Jeanne's day, for this is a region that changes slowly. At intervals along the level land below the hills are villages and hamlets of the typical French dead grey color; often half hidden behind some wooded spur of the uplands. One cannot estimate the ages of these small houses. Forty years or forty centuries smile equally serenely in venerable youthfulness in this land of long ago.

At length we stop at Maxey-sur-Meuse, and here we must leave the train. An omnibus runs from Maxey across the valley to Domremy, and will convey one for the small sum of half a frane $(9\frac{1}{2}$ cts.). The polite proprietor apologizes for charging so much, but explains that the distance is three kilometers. It is a pleasant ride along a perfect highway across the flat hill-bordered valley of the Meuse. The driver is glad to impart information about America in return. He asks

about the weather in America, and I draw a thrilling picture of terrific heat in summer and deep snow in winter. I am informed that his mother has a brother in America. He is making money in the Argentine Republic. I have to explain that that is in South America and I come from North America. "Oh, then there is a North America and also a South America," is the surprised response.

Soon we have crossed the valley and are at Greux. We turn to the south, and a quarter of a mile brings us to Domremy, called Domremy-La-Pucelle in honor of the heroine and to distinguish it from other Domremies. If you wish to pronounce the name in the approved local fashion, you may practice by saying the English words door me with a strong pasal sound.

The village itself is a very quaint and picturesque collection of plastered stone houses built in the French fashion along one main street, with the houses snug together in low, irregular blocks. One or two side roads open into the village, but the main highway turns south-east across the Meuse, which flows close to the town. For a French village, Domremy is remarkably clean and is very well kept. Near the middle of the hamlet, on the west side of the main street, stands the home of Jeanne d'Arc, in a little garden back from the street but not a hundred yards from the sleepy Meuse and the stone bridge which carries the main road over the river. There was a bridge there, so it is said, in the time of Jeanne, and near by on an island in the river was formerly a small fortification in which the inhabitants sometimes took refuge from marauders.

The house in which Jeanne lived is a small, low building, with one story and an attic. We enter through a narrow doorway over which is the fleur-de-lys of France between two family escutcheons. The first room occupies a full quarter of the building. It was the living room of the family. A large open fire-place is on one side and in the center is a small bronze statue of Jeanne. It was presented by King Louis Philippe. By the side of this room, on the right of the entrance, is a small apartment called the room of Jeanne's brothers. Back of this, but opening out of the living room, is the room of Jeanne her-There is nothing in it now of a movable nature. It is quite bare. In the farther wall, however, is a large niche, in which, formerly, some of her relics were kept. They are all gone now. There is still a fourth room, a small store-room, and over all is a low attic. The house, as a whole, is small and cramped, with no arrangements for comfort of any kind. The people in the village at the present time live in houses of the same appearance, in many cases worse.

But the surroundings of the place are lovely, as seen on a pleasant autumn afternoon. The meadow of the Meuse is spread like a great green carpet across the valley, broken only by the crooked water-course, whose leisurely ways are reflected in the lives of the people. Beyond lies the village of Maxey, and still further to the east the gentle hill-slopes of Lorraine. Back of Domremy the western hills rear

their wooded crests, on which Jeanne d'Arc used to wander.

South of the village, somewhere on this wooded range, stood the tree called L'Arbre fée de Bourlemont, near the little chateau of Bourlemont. The children of the village used to play about this tree on festive days. The tree no longer stands. The Swedes destroyed it in a war many years ago. At least that is the tradition.

If we were to spend much time here, we should wish also to visit Neufchateau, still farther up the valley. There Jeanne and her neighbors once fled for safety from a band of freebooters who plundered Domremy. But our time is limited. We must leave this fascinating spot, and as the sun is setting we take the road back to Maxey. We enter the train and take a good-by look. In spite of the railroad, the district must appear just the same now as four or five hundred years ago. We seem to be gazing on some quaint old picture, somehow brought to life.

S., '93.

CELIA DeVERE.

HERE rugged cliffs reach down over the turbulent waves, waves that have dashed the shipwrecked mariner to a cruel death, stands a light-house. Sad though the fancies and recollections it awakens, it holds a charm of proud, wild grandeur. On the sea the boisterous surging of the breakers, on the land the mournful melody of the pines, blend in the storms and gales with a strange and mighty chorus. Some days the sunshine circles on the deep and tinges

the dancing scene to gladness; but on others, storm-clouds steal across the sky, as gloomy prophecies of woe and death.

It was such a day when the storm-clouds gathered in the early dawn. Towards evening, while the tempest was working havoc on the sea, Arnold Raughlie, the light-house keeper, looked out on the black and threatening waves with gloomy misgiving. He feared the storm might cause disaster. Having lighted the beacon early, he walked along the cliffs, gazing anxiously out to sea. Through the mist and darkness he could distinguish nothing, yet he uttered a silent petition that no ship might founder on the jagged cliffs.

Arnold Raughlie was a tall, strong man; his ruddy cheeks were tanned by the sun; his clustering locks were already turning grey from exposure and anxiety; his keen blue eyes betokened both courage and nobility; he was a man, although uneducated and ignorant, whom the world might be proud to honor.

The gloomy wildness of the tempest aroused sorrowful recollections for Arnold Raughlie. He was thinking of his youth and the beginnings of bright days; but like the mornings that dawn with sunshine, then, deepening, change to storm, were the days of his youth. Celia DeVere was not only beautiful, but good as she was fair. Descended from a Spanish princess, she inherited the romantic grace of her ancestry. One summer when roses were in bloom and all the land was fresh with verdure and fragrance, she came to pass the sultry months beside the sea. Arnold

could recall her as if it were vesterday when the daring winds would flutter her dainty draperies, and outline her fragile strands of curling hair. She used to sit on the jagged rocks and watch the far-off sails or sketch the shadowy scenes that rose against the distant blue; and once he showed her over the light-house, and she wondered at his lonely life, and once she sailed with him around the point; but she thought he was kind and that was all. She never knew herself as the lofty idol of Arnold Raughlie's dreams. Rough and untaught, yet his mind held the same longings, the same aspirations, as many a learned man's. His nature was beyond the sphere in which he lived; the bounds of destiny hemmed it in. He only felt, he might not know, the reason for his hopeless yearnings.

Before that summer ended, a stranger visited the coast. He was a handsome, dashing man, with all the polish of society and wealth. Yet there was something about him that Arnold Raughlie did not like. Nobility of purpose and true worth of character were not his. He could not change the lack of what he never felt, and even if he used his best powers, he might not rise above the limit of himself.

Celia DeVere seemed to admire Merton Symonds, for such was the stranger's name, from the first. Arnold Raughlie was deeply pained that such a man should win beautiful Celia DeVere. All the poetry in his soul revolted. He knew Celia DeVere could never be for him, but he hoped that some one worthy, some one who would appreciate her

lofty character, might win her affections; but this was not to be.

One morning when gleams of sunshine played on the deep, when no clouds floated in the azure sky, when the summer breezes sighed among the pines, Celia DeVère, robed in white with a wild rose in her hair, knelt before the rustic altar of that lonely parish beside Merton Symonds. Before the day was past, Arnold Raughlie viewed the wide white sail that bore them to distant lands. With tearless sorrow, that sorrow which sobs in soundless agony, he watched the ship plough her way through the splashing surge. The shadowy trace of her course floated in a darkened line across the nearer waves; and still she speeded on. At last she reached the far horizon, and the sunset dazzling him, when Arnold Raughlie opened his eyes, he knew not, of two white sails, which one bore Celia DeVere away. His heart sadly said, she is gone; the rugged cliffs showed lonely against the sky; and on the morrow the wild rose, blooming in the wood, almost bade him weep, for it whispered, "Celia DeVere will haunt these solitudes no more."

Through the long years that followed, Arnold Raughlie heard nothing of Celia DeVere. He could only wonder and imagine whether time had been kind or no. Often at sunset he would gaze over the waves, and the beautiful scene would summon all the sweet but bitter recollections of the past. He would watch the white sails in the distance and fancy that some time one would bring her back to the land of the rugged cliffs. He seemed to see the

sail that once had speeded out to the distant horizon, returning with a receding, darkly-floating shadow. It was only a dream, however; Celia DeVere did not come. Yet something seemed to whisper, some time perhaps, in the bright sunshine she shall return.

The fury of the blast aroused Arnold Raughlie from his reverie, and he slowly retraced his way to the light-house. All night long the wind howled and the Arnold Raughlie could sea roared. not sleep, and with anxiety listened for the booming of some hapless wreck. The first gleams of light were appearing in the sky when a shivery crash assured him of the fulfillment of his foreboding, and he hastened to the cliffs. The ship must have already sunk, for he could discover no trace of her; yet he watched and waited for the mournful tokens of the wreck. The fury of the storm had abated, and the sunrise in all its glory had followed the gloomy blackness of the sky. Suddenly a body, lashed to a spar, was washed ashore.

It was a woman. Her dark hair clung in wet curls about her pallid brow. Arnold Raughlie bent over the still form in sorrowful, surprised recognition. Celia DeVere, the idol of his dreams, was his in death, but not in life. The sparkling waves that bore her to the realm beyond the sea, had restored her to the land of the rugged cliffs.

The light winds were sighing through the pines. The dew-drops glistened on the land; the waves on the sea. The fragrance of the wild rose was wafted through the air. Summer sang the requiem of beautiful Celia DeVere.

MURIEL E. CHASE, '99.

College Dews and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Vacation.

Lonesome in Parker Hall.

The Lewiston poloteam excites much interest among the students.

The Seniors were given a candy-pull by the ladies of the class on Thanksgiving eve.

Durkee, '97, has been elected president of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League.

Miss Reynolds, of the Emerson School of Oratory, gave a fine rendering of Macbeth in Roger Williams Hall on the evening of December 4th.

Many of the alumni visited the college during the Thanksgiving recess. Among them were Garcelon, '90; Wilson, '92; Brown, '94; Farnham and Pettigrew, '95; and Misses Miller and Prescott, '96.

The Faculty, in conjunction with the executive committee of the debating society, have appointed Durkee, Milliken, and Skillings, all of '97, to represent Bates in the first debate of the intercollegiate debating league, with Colby.

The Reading-Room needs another shaking up. Periodically it falls into a state of *coma*, from which it as often spasmodically starts into a state of usefulness. A new board of officers was recently elected, and we hope to see them efficient.

The foot-ball game with Colby, scheduled for November 18th, was cancelled. This was brought about by the inability

of Colby to play on the day agreed and Bates's unwillingness to continue training beyond that day. The matter was settled without hard feeling.

The Debating League officers for next year are as follows: President, Sprague, '98; Secretary, Miss Tasker, '98; Treasurer, Dennison, '99. Executive Committee, Skillings and Cunningham, '97; Griffin, '98; Bassett, '99; Catheron, 1900.

Many of the students went home on Thanksgiving day; others were entertained in the city by classmates and friends. The Misses Farnham, '98, entertained a small party at their home in New Gloucester. In the evening the Faculty of the Divinity School and the College tendered a reception to the students who did not go away.

We should like to call the attention of the Lewiston Journal to its enthusiastic and long-drawn-out account of a recent sparring exhibition in this city, and to its repeated scoring of foot-ball on the ground of brutality. We will venture the assertion that Maine football players are not more brutal than the average Maine prize-fighter.

Owing to misunderstanding between the Faculty and the members of '99, the Sophomore debates were given in private. Those who were privileged to hear them report them of high excellence. The six prize winners were Foster, Bassett, Pomeroy, Miss King, Merrill, and Calhoun. In addition to these, the following were put over to compete in the champion debate at Commencement: Misses Chase, Whittum, Albee, and Rounds.

An innovation this fall have been the two hare and hound races arranged by Grover, '99. These were run on November 14th and 21st. In the first, Grover, '99, and Tukey, '98, were hares; and Courser, 1900, and Summerbell, 1900, were first of the hounds to finish, the hares winning the race. In the second, Grover and Foss, '97, were hares; and Conant, '98, led the hounds, the hares winning again by a good margin. There is no doubt that such runs, conducted regularly through the fall, would be of the greatest benefit to the track team in the spring.

Judge F. M. Drew has given fifty dollars to the college to be put at the disposal of the Faculty, to encourage debating among the young men of the college. The Faculty have offered twenty-five dollar prizes for team debating in the Junior and Sophomore classes and have picked competitors as follows: From the Junior Class, Pearson, Toothaker, Knowlton, Griffin, Woodside, and Costello; from the Sophomore Class, Palmer, Wagg, Small, Hutchins, Churchill, Pulsifer. These debates will occur in the spring term.

The following is a partial list of the teachers who have engaged to teach school this winter:

Miss Houghton, '97,			Monson
Miss Winn, '97,			. Falmouth
Miss Sleeper, '97, .			Sabatis
Miss Michels, '97, .			. Brunswick
Cunningham, '97, .			. So. Sebec
Miss Knowles, '97, .			Cumberland
Marr, '97,			Sullivan

Foss, '97,					Wilton
Burrill, '97,					Winter Harbor
Vining, '97,					Danforth
Foss, '97, Burrill, '97, Vining, '97, Brackett, '98, Stickney, '98, Knowlton, '98, Landman, '98, Miss Hicks, '98,					Limington
Stickney, '98					Garland
Knowlton '98	Ť			Rο	ck Bottom, Mass.
Landman '08	•	•			Buckfield
Mina Higher 100	•	•	•	•	Progress Harbon
MISS TICKS, 90,	•	•	•		District Transfer
Hinkley, 98,	.00	•	٠	•	· · · Fininps
Miss F. Farnham,	98,		٠	٠	Durnam
Costello, '98,		٠	٠		Wells
Hawkins, '98,					Sullivan
Miss Maxim, '98,					Wilton
Miss Morrison, '98,					Harrison
Tucker, '98					Sullivan
Miss Flanders, '99.			Ċ		Lancaster, N. H.
Miss Hight '99	•	•		Ţ.	Lancaster, N. H.
Miss Hicks, '98, Hinkley, '98, Miss F. Farnham, Costello, '98, Hawkins, '98, Miss Morrison, '98, Tucker, '98, Miss Flanders, '99, Miss Flanders, '99, Wheeler, '99, Dutton, '99, Miss Monrocker, '7 Nason, '99, Miss Monroc, '99, Lary, '99,	•	•	•	•	Paria
Dutton 200	•	•	•	•	Buckfield
Miss Dannes lean 20	v.	•	•	•	Foreste
Miss Donnocker, 1	ю,	•	•	•	rayette
Nason, '99,	٠		٠	٠	Henderson
Miss Monroe, '99,		٠	٠		Hartford
Lary, '99,		٠			Dexter
Wagg, '99,					Lubec
Palmer, '99,					Harrington
Roberts, '99					Wells
Foster, '99					Wilton
Scammon '99		Ċ	Ċ		West Harnswell
Stevens '00	•	•	•	•	Plymouth
Miss Deserter 1000	•	•	٠	•	Cilead
Miss Procter, 1900,		•	•	•	Gileau
Littleneld, 1900, .	٠	٠	٠	•	Newport
Glidden, 1900,		٠	٠	•	Liberty
Powell, 1900,			٠		Palermo
Richardson, 1900,					North Newport
Davis, 1900,					Morrill
Miss Monroe, '99, Lary, '99, Vagg, '99, Palmer, '99, Roberts, '99, Scammon, '99, Stevens, '99, Miss Procter, 1900, Littlefield, 1900, Glidden, 1900, Richardson, 1900, Davis, 1900, Healy, 1900, Miller, 1900,					. Chesterville
Miller, 1900.					Rockport
Miller, 1900, Butterfield, 1900,			į.		Wilton
- de como (1000)					

The public meetings of the literary societies were unusually interesting this year. Monday evening, November 23d, the Eurosophian meeting occurred, and the following Friday evening the Polymnian. On both occasions the chapel was prettily decorated and filled to its utmost capacity. An innovation was tried of admission by ticket, and was so satisfactory that it will probably become a custom. Following was the Eurosophian programme:

Vocal Solo.	Horace W. Fernald.
Declamation-Signing	the Declaration of In-
dependence.	Frederick R. Griffin.
Literary Topic-His F	irst Public Speech.
	Daisy M. Twort.
Cornet Solo.	Frank H. Miller.

Eurosophian Orchestra.

Overture.

Discussion—Resolved, That Congress Should Pass an Act Establishing Federal Control over National Elections.

Affirmative, Frank Pearson.
Negative, Alvin W. Foss.
Music.
Male Quartette.

Recitation—The Brides of Enderby.

Adah M. Tasker.
Carl E. Milliken.
Cantata—The Wreck of the Hesperus.

The Polymnian programme was as follows:

Overture. Polymnian Orchestra. Piano Solo. Miss Angie M. Starbird. Sketch—Long Pond Episodes.

Sadie M. Brackett. Vocal Solo, with Obligato.

Annie M. Roberts (Pearl M. Small, violinist).
Discussion—Was Howard a Greater Philanthropist than Wilberforce?
Affirmative, Oliver H. Toothaker.

Negative, J. Perley Sprague.

Vocal Solo.
Poem.
Reading.
Recitation.
Chorus.

New Hail Columbia.
Oration—In the Realms of Thought.

James A. Marr.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 22; Bates, O.

THE foot-ball season came to a close on the fourteenth of November. when Bowdoin administered her annual defeat to us. The day was cold, but the ground in good condition. The game was played on Lee Park and was the first appearance of the Bowdoin team in Lewiston. A large crowd was in attendance and was impartial in applause. The teams were evenly matched in respect to weight and the game pluckily contested by the Bates eleven, who played better as the game pro-The great superiority of Bowdoin lay in her punting, which was far ahead of Bates's. Her general play, while better than Bates's, was, however, not much to her advantage.

The game opened with Bowdoin's kick-off. Clark sent the ball to Put-

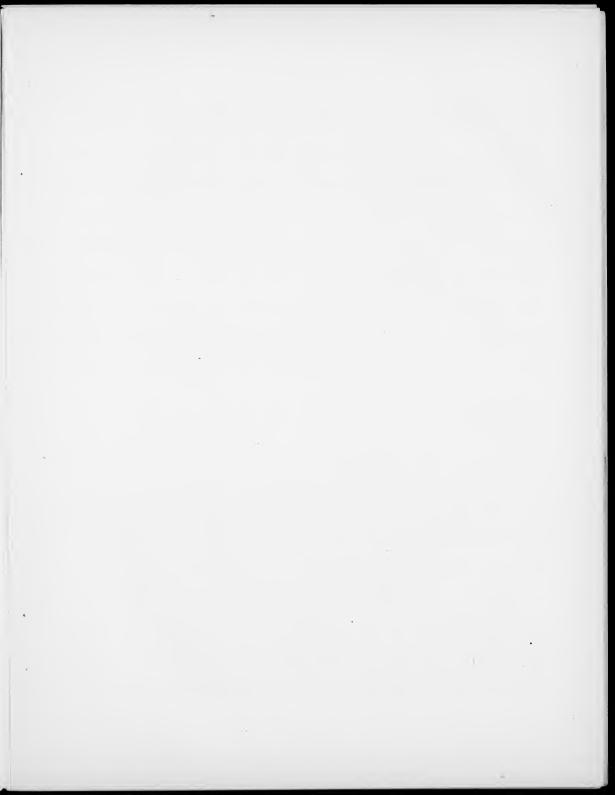
nam, who advanced ten yards. Bates rushed the ball, but soon lost it on downs, and Bowdoin returned the compliment by fumbling. Bates again lost the ball and Bowdoin started up the field and by a twenty-yard run of Stanwood and ten yards for off-side play by Bruce, took the ball over for the first touchdown.

The second touchdown came after ten minutes more of play. Bowdoin resorted to punting, driving the ball up the field, stopping Bates's rushes and blocking Hinkley's kicks, then rushing awhile and punting again. The third touchdown came in the same way. Bowdoin depended on her gains on the line bucking of Clark and the massing of her men on tackle or just outside. Her end plays and tricks gained her little ground.

In the second half, Bates held her opponents much better, keeping the score down to four points, and coming very near scoring herself. Bates worked her tricks to good advantage, in particular, a fake kick and a double pass on the end; Pulsifer did the running in these plays, and was the only Bates man to gain ground materially. The line-up was as follows:

Bowdoin.		BATES.
Veazie.	Right End.	Stanley.
Gould.	Right Tackle.	Sturgis.
Spear.	Right Guard.	Bruce.
Shute.	Center.	Saunders.
French.	Left Guard.	Wentworth.
Stockbridge.	Right Tackle.	Tetley.
Stearns.	Left End.	Wright.
Moulton.	Quarterback.	{ Purinton,
	•	Pulsifer.
Stanwood.	Right Halfback.	Putnam.
Kendall.	Left Halfback.	Pulsifer, N.
Clark.	Fullback.	Hinkley.

Time—2 25-minute halves. Score—Bowdoin 22. Touchdowns—Bowdoin 4. Goals—Bowdoin 3. Umpire—Chapman, Colby. Referee—Sawyer, M. S. C. Linesmen—Coggan, Bowdoin, '97; Reade, Bates, '83.





Bean, sub. Murphy, r.h.b. Putnam, r.h.b. Bruce, r.g. Wentworth, l.g. Nason, r.h.b. Wright, l.e. Sturgis, r.t. Pulsifer, l.h.b. Foss, sub. Saunders, c. Stanley, r.e. & Man. Hinkley, f.b. & Capt. Corbett, Coach. Pulsifer, sub. Purinton, q.b. Tetley, sub. Sprague, l.t.

BATES FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1896.

According to the constitution of the Athletic Association, the election of captain of the foot-ball team for the fall of '97, occurred in the band room, Thursday noon, November 22d. Nathan Pulsifer, '99, was the unanimous choice of the team. Pulsifer, or Nate, as he is better known, has played on the Bates team for three years, and has put a uniformly good game at halfback. His speed and dodging ability, together with his good interference, make him specially strong on offensive, and on the defence he breaks interference well for his end. Greatest confidence is felt that under his leadership the team of next year will better the record of this year's team.

The following were the men entitled to a vote in the election of captain: Hinkley, Pulsifer, Nason, Murphy, Putnam, Purinton, Stanley, Wright, Foss, Sturgis, Sprague, Saunders, Bean, Bruce, Wentworth. All of these men have played in two or more scheduled games, while four only have played in every game, Hinkley, Purinton, Stanley, and Wentworth.

The Athletic Association, on Friday, November 27th, elected J. P. Sprague, '98, to manage the foot-ball team for the fall of 1897.

Bates Verse.

THE MINSTREL.

An ancient eastle skirts a mere, A lake with aspect wild and drear, Where shivery reeds the winds whiz o'er, While in the sky the storm clouds lower. The castle grounds are trim and fair, The clustering vines are trained with care. 'Twas here one dreamy day in June The wafting breezes bore a tune Of mournful melody.

"The woodland is strewn with the rose,
Her fragrance the summer wind blows,
I sigh and I moan.
Fair summer is stealing away,
The songster is ceasing his lay,
I'm weeping alone.
Soft zephyrs whisper low
Dim strains of weary woe
Through every wood and dale,
Till from the northern snow
Where silvery icebergs glow,
There floats an echoing wail."

The plaintive notes were scarcely still,
When rose a merry little trill
Of joyful melody.
"Ripple, tiny wavelets,
O'er the sparkling mere,

Rustle, little leaflets, Summer now is here. Sunbeams on the dancing wave, Sunbeams in my breast, Where the golden light of love Glimmers with the rest."

Ere silence stole across the air The lattice framed two faces fair, And one was sadder than the sigh That shivers when grim death is nigh. Her golden ringlets softly shone Around her face, like rose fresh blown. Her starry eyes were wet with tears Like dew-drops that pale morning wears. Elaine they called her through the land, And many suitors sought her hand. But sleeping 'neath a nameless grave Her lover lies 'neath surging wave. Her sister was a merry maid, Around her lips the dimples played. Her raven locks soft clustered o'er A face that ne'er a shadow wore. Ione, the sweet one, with a smile, The merry maid with winning wile! Her fame was spread o'er distant seas As wafted thither with the breeze. And as the twain were glancing down Across the mere by zephyrs blown,



Bean, sub.

Murphy, r.h.b. Foss, sub.

ny, r.h.b. Putnam, r.h.b. Bruce, r.g. Wentworth, l.g. Nason, r.h.b. Wright, I.e. Sturgis, r.t. Pulsifer, I.h.b. Saunders, c. Stanley, r.e. & Man. Hinkley, f.b. & Capt. Corbett, Coach. Pulsifer, sub. Purinton, q.b. Tetley, sub. Sprague, I.t.

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Where shivery reeds the winds whiz o'er,
While in the sky the storm clouds lower.
The castle grounds are trim and fair,
The clustering vines are trained with care.
'Twas here one dreamy day in June
The wafting breezes bore a tune
Of mournful melody.

"The woodland is strewn with the rose,
Her fragrance the summer wind blows,
I sigh and I moan.
Fair summer is stealing away,
The songster is ceasing his lay,
I'm weeping alone.
Soft zephyrs whisper low
Dim strains of weary woe
Through every wood and dale,
Till from the northern snow
Where silvery icebergs glow,
There floats an echoing wail."

The plaintive notes were scarcely still,
When rose a merry little trill
Of joyful melody.
"Ripple, tiny wavelets,
O'er the sparkling mere,

Rustle, little leaflets, Summer now is here. Sunbeams on the dancing wave, Sunbeams in my breast, Where the golden light of love Glimmers with the rest."

Ere silence stole across the air The lattice framed two faces fair, And one was sadder than the sigh That shivers when grim death is nigh. Her golden ringlets softly shone Around her face, like rose fresh blown. Her starry eyes were wet with tears Like dew-drops that pale morning wears. Elaine they called her through the land, And many suitors sought her hand. But sleeping 'neath a nameless grave Her lover lies 'neath surging wave. Her sister was a merry maid, Around her lips the dimples played. Her raven locks soft clustered o'er A face that ne'er a shadow wore. Ione, the sweet one, with a smile, The merry maid with winning wile! Her fame was spread o'er distant seas As wafted thither with the breeze. And as the twain were glancing down Across the mere by zephyrs blown,

A strain was wafted to their ears, A strain, attuned to unshed tears.

- "Sad is the heart that sings, The heart that's alone, alone. Wailing, the west wind wings Her way with a moan, a moan."
- "Some minstrel mourneth with that moan, Pray let us greet him, sweet Ione," Elaine with glistening teardrops cried, And ope'd the castle casement wide.
- "I would he sang a joyful strain, Yet we will welcome him, Elaine." And where with sunset gleamed the sky, Ione, half-smiling, turned her eye Along the margin of the mere. A lonely minstrel, drawing near, A stranger from some land afar. Was sadly playing his guitar. Stern age was written on his face In lines no mortal might erase. His falling locks were snowy white, Eternal darkness dimmed his sight, And while he paused the tower beside, Elaine, above him, faintly sighed. Then softly sang the bard a strain That moved to tears the fair Elaine.
- "I'm a minstrel sad and lonely, Wandering o'er a weary way, With a couch of wild boughs only, When the mournful moonbeams stray."
- "Pity have we for thee, stranger,
 O'er the woful world a ranger,"
 With sparkling teardrops spoke Elaine,
 As some sweet goddess of the rain.
- "'Bide with us till dawns to-morrow,
 We will rob thee of thy sorrow.
 Sing us now a stirring lay,
 Sing of warrior blithe and gay,"
 Ione, half musing, softly said,
 While almost sadly drooped her head.

The bard, complying, sang a tune That stilled Ione to silence soon.

"Sir Guy is off to the wars,
He rides a sable steed.
Sir Guy is off to the wars
Across the mere and mead.
Sir Guy is a warrior bold,
He bears a gleaming lance,
Sir Guy is a warrior bold,
Beware his smile and glance.
He enters the contest singing

Some wild and rousing song. The song he last rode singing Was sounded loud and long. ' Heigho, heigho for the fray! We'll meet the host to-day, The vanquished foe shall stray To weary wilds away. Heigho, heigho for the fray!' A princess in a palace Around him wove a spell. A princess in a palace Once loved Sir Guy full well. Sir Guy, he is a warrior, He bears a gleaming dart. Sir Guy, he is a warrior, He pierced her loving heart. A princess in a palace There sleeps with death-pale face, A princess in a palace, With fragile, flower-like grace. Sir Guy, he weeps no teardrops, He is a warrior bold. Sir Guy, he weeps no teardrops, He seemeth grey and old."

"Pray, minstrel, cease this sad, sad lay, I bade thee sing a strain more gay," Reproachful, softly spoke Ione.

Then answering with grievous moan, The minstrel, bowing his grey head, With plaintive accents, slowly said:

"Fair lady, I'll a strain more gay,
If such thy careless wishes say."
But ere the minstrel strove to sing
Some joyous, bright, and stirring thing,
Elaine, with sorrow in her voice,
Sighed, "I would weep and not rejoice:
Sir minstrel, tell some tale of woe,
Thy lonely life I fain would know."
A moment, since her accents died,
And mournfully the bard complied.

"Thy speech displays the fibre of a mind Endowed with keen discernment. Sorrow placed

Her nerveless hand in mine while I was young,

And since hath led me on through grievous paths.

My early life would shudder at the form Which later years have left himself. In youth I was not lacking manly grace, if praise My friends bestowed was merited. I tuned A richer instrument to song than this Guitar which simply echoes silly lays My fancy shapes to life. An Alpine height Is where my early years were whiled away. The scenes of those fair days are burned into Mysoul. The glorious sunrise and the flowers Were whispering sweet melodies, and when I drew my bow across the strings, the strain Would bid my listening comrades weep. Oh, happy childhood! Could life hold thy charms

The earth had been a Paradise, but now A vale of tears.

The vision o'er me steals of one I loved. A maiden with a beauteous face. Her smile Was not as other smiles. Her voice was like Sweet harmony. She seemed to me the flower Of perfect womanhood. I worshiped at Her shrine. The power of genius ever urged My soul to song. 'Twas mine to bow the world

In admiration and amaze. But one Brief moment, ere a chilling frost of grief Had blighted all my hopes, and she was worse Than dead to me. In death there is a light Beyond the grave. I would that she had died. For me the form I loved was half Creation of the mind. Aye, blindly had My vision framed a soul as lovely as Her face. Those kindly mists were vanished, and

Sweet Fancy stole away to die.

'Tis sorrow leads some mortals on to fame,
While others need the healing balm of joy.
I felt the native power of genius in
My soul, till sorrow broke the melody
In discords. Saddest of the things on earth
Is when a man might rise to some vast height,
But destiny, or weakness of the will,
Is dragging him below the level of
A man—and such am I.
My life hath worn away in weary paths
Of wandering. A shadow of the youth
Who smiled in days that since have passed
to naught.

The wasted years stand as a host of friends Whom I have wronged. The silent cry is oft Most grievous of them all."

The minstrel ceased. His outlined face "Twixt shadows dim, the soundless trace Of weeping showed. While silence seemed To shape herself to life, and gleamed The western sunset, pale and still. The lingering daylight kissed the hill Beyond the gloomy, deepening mere, And over all a secret fear

Of some grim dread there seemed to rise. The fading azure of the skies Was paling into eve. Ione Was weeping, but Elaine a moan Of woe was wailing to the wind That sadly toyed the fluttering blind. Ere many moments passed, Ione Had ushered in with pitying tone The minstrel; while outside, the breeze Was singing plaintive through the trees. The pensive shadows o'er the mere Were rocking on the wavelets drear. Dark Evening called the world her own, While one by one the starlets shone. Beyond the distant marge, the moon, A fiery flame, arose, and soon Her silver rays shone on the deep Where silence lulled the stream to sleep. The mystic moonlight softly strayed Around the gloomy tower, and played Across her moss-grown walls. The trace Of cruel time, a shadowy lace Of swaving trees disguised. The light Athwart the casement, robed the night Without in silvery garb. The room Within was glorified; for gloom Away to some dark corner crept, And peacefully the minstrel slept The sleep of death, that timeless trance That bounds the great beyond. A glance Of moonlight played around his smile, Half turning it to joy, and while The silvery rays and shades of night Were flickering in pensive light, A harmony, as seeming song Of rest, was borne the breeze along.

-MURIEL E. CHASE, '99.

SONNET.

Where is the king of song? We lack not those

That sweetly pipe of field and flower and bird; Nor many a voice with subtly magic word To hint elusive joy, delightsome woes; In random flashes some will e'en disclose Far heights, depths fathomless;—dust sleeps unstirred

On Shakespeare's throne, no strain sublime is heard

Like our last Laureate's, hushed in his repose.

Yet heaves humanity's hoarse, billowy main As wild, mysterious, awful as of old; Still passion rages, sin o'erpowers the weak, Virtue endures, love reaps his deathless gain— Dumb fears, and doubts, and yearnings manifold

Wait for the master who shall bid them speak.

—C., '93.

LONGING.

[From the German.]

A lonely pine was standing On a barren northern height, While the snow and ice spread o'er it A mantle, cold and white.

It slept and dreamed of a palm-tree In a far-off eastern land, Lonely and silent, grieving Mid the burning, sun-parched sand.

-L. D. T., '96.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

Ι.

Somewhat back in the hills of Maine Stretches a clearing wide and brown; Many a mile from the busy town, Lone and silent it used to stand, Girt with forests on every hand; And a grassy wheel-track thro' the wood Led to the gray old house, that stood Down at the end of the narrow lane.

11

When we were little, years ago,
We rode there many a summer's day
With the crew of men that cut the hay;
Rode away in the morning dew,
On toward the mountains far and blue,
Till the road-side maples with wide-spread
arms

Shut out the hills, and the neighbors' farms, And the river winding far below.

III.

Still on, in the narrow country road,
Past the elder-bush, with its blossom-load,
Past the little brook that laughed as it flowed
Under the alders and far away,
Past the town-house, little, and low, and gray,
Looking as if it had lost its way
At the fork of the road in this quaint old town,
And, tired of wandering, had settled down.

ıv.

And on thro' groves where the hermit-thrush Poured out his soul on the listening air, And, like slender maidens with flowing hair, The shimmering, white-stemmed birches stood; And on through growths of dark, dense wood; Thence into a chopping half-grown with brush, Where some lone bird on a skeleton tree Whistled his sad note plaintively.

v.

Thro' many a beauteous scene we went,
Past rocks grown fragrant with twin-flowers'
breath.

Past wrinkled lichens that sprung from death, Past thickets of cedar, and hemlock trees Looped with long moss that swung in the breeze.

Through patches of fern and of club-moss vines,

And under the shadow of wind-swept pines, All overarched by the sky's blue tent.

VI.

Out into the lane we came at last,
. Where, between the tracks for wheels and feet,
The timothy blossomed tall and sweet,
And the horses walked through its purple

Parting the stalks to make them room. So, came we out of the shadowed wood, And when the wide-swung gate was passed Before us the worn old farm-house stood.

VII

All the children that used to play 'Round its door-stone, had gone away;
Only a tiny cast-off boot
That under the lilacs we found one day,
And a home-made cradle up in the loft,
Showed that at some time a baby's foot
And a baby's laugh made the old house gay,
And that some one had rocked her darling oft
In the rooms that were grown so gray and
mute.

VIII.

Out in the yard a few brave flowers Lifted their cups to the sun and dew, But higher than all, the thistles grew, And tangled vines went wandering; And the juniper, half way down to the spring, Was carved with names and a true-love knot, For once, in this long-neglected spot, Some one had spent life's sunniest hours.

IX.

The place was full of mysteries,
And we—we rambled from morn to night
Thro' meadow and orchard, loft and shed—
There was a grave-lot just in sight
Fenced from the orchard with slabs of white,

And a blossoming tangle of roses red Clung to the marbles, and hid from sight The words that were brief life-histories.

x.

And up and down we roamed at will,
We chased the broad-winged butterflies
And tried to mimic the wild birds' cries;
We walked the fence to the garden-wall
And stripped from the raspberry-briars tall
Their ruddy fruit. From the smooth-stoned
brink

Of the bubbling spring we stooped to drink, And we gathered plums on the rocky hill.

VΤ

Sometimes we fled from the sun's warm kiss To the shade of the ever-whispering trees, Wading thro' ropes of clematis
That tripped us, winding about our knees.
But, whate'er our wanderings, the sunset ray Brought us at last to the door-yard gate

Almost too lonely and tired to wait

For the loaded teams to pass that way.

XII.

And best of all was the long, long ride
After the close of the summer day.
When, cradled high in a clover nest,
Jolting and swinging from side to side,
Lazily watching the stars, we lay.
A yellow glimmer was in the west,
And the trees stood black against the sky,
And the cool leaves brushed us as we rode by.

XIII.

Mile upon mile of country road,
Fathomless depths of starlit sky,
Fragrant nest on the swinging load,
Cool night zephyrs rustling by!
Sweet home welcome, and mirth, and light,
Shining out from the twilight gray!
Backward, O Time, to the summer night
And the long ride home on the load of hay!
—SUSAN MERRILL, '97.

Alumni Department.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

T the larger universities, during the past ten years, the athletic problem has been thoroughly discussed and the attempt has been successfully made to purify and elevate college athletics by placing a ban upon professionalism and questionable practices in securing athletes, and by the introduction of stringent rules to govern the men representing the universities. This attempt has been since continued by some of the smaller institutions. Some have, however, totally disregarded the prevailing sentiment and still resort to disgraceful and disgusting methods to win games and to strengthen their athletic resources. One or two prominent New England colleges are to-day held in great disfavor among college men because of their continuance of these practices. If the end and aim of athletic contests in our colleges is to win victories over rival institutions, at any cost, then it may be policy for a college to pay men to wear its colors on the athletic field or to allow men who are not bona fide students to represent it.

The influence of college athletics is far-reaching. It may be debasing and demoralizing, or it may be uplifting. This depends upon the class of men who represent the colleges and upon the management of the college teams. There is not space here to treat of the responsibility of the individual athlete of his duty to his fellow-students and to his college, or of his great opportunity, by reason of the prominence into which his athletic abilities bring him, to exert a great influence for good.

The evils connected with the man-

agement of our college athletics de-Many men seem to serve a word. think that there is one standard of honor for the class-room and another for the athletic field. The student lauds honor and honesty from the rostrum and prates of the duty of the college man, and later, winks at and becomes a participant in the dishonest policy of managers of athletics in matters that affect the reputation of his college. This policy is nearly always the result of keen competition and sharp rivalry. Everything, even honor, succumbs to that intense desire for victory, and managers and captains in their anxiety are led to adopt plans that could never receive the sanction of their deliberate judgment. The sooner we discard the idea that the victory is all, the better for our college, and the better for the cause of athletics. have the college represented by a body of strong and vigorous athletes, each man doing his best, and the team working together with an energetic will, is what should be desired. Suppose that Bowdoin or Colby or Maine State does happen to have more muscle and sinew in her line! Suppose that we are defeated! Is that a disgrace? Honorable defeat, where pluck and the best efforts have failed, is never a disgrace; it may be a disappointment. A victory won by dishonorable and underhanded methods is a cause of shame.

Bates men, or some of them, it seems, have not yet been able to conquer that pernicious inclination to pass beyond the proper bounds in their efforts to win. I cannot regret the recent defeat on the foot-ball field in view of the fact

that two men played on the Bates team who are not students in the insti-Under such circumstances, a victory would have won no glory for our college, and the exposure that would inevitably have followed, would have placed Bates in a most undesirable position before the public. mistake should not be repeated. would hardly dare to suggest that Bates should be represented in the intercollegiate debates by others than bona fide students of the college. Why not apply the principle as strictly on the gridiron and diamond? College athletics should rise above the sphere of professional prize-fighting. Eleven strong men could be hired to play foot-ball for the col-Would they represent Bates? The playing of outsiders can have only a harmful effect upon the team itself. It removes the incentive of the men on the second team and discourages men who work hard and for a long time to "make" the first team, only to be displaced by a chance comer. Better a long succession of defeats than to sail under false colors!

In years past it was deemed legitimate to offer pecuniary inducements to athletic young men about to enter college. This custom has been discarded in nearly all the colleges with any athletic standing, and with very good results. Bates has been free from this evil for some time, and will be wise if she continues to avoid it. The men who were thus secured were, in many cases, turbulent, unruly, and unreasonable in their demands. Their presence had a demoralizing effect upon the team, and as a matter of fact, Bates

has had as good, if not better athletes, since the practice ceased.

Bates wants men on her teams who enter contests for the purpose of winning glory and honor, not for themselves, but for their college.

We want men to represent her who will not disgrace her in any way, either on or off the field, and who will not hazard victory by dissipation in any form. We want honest, earnest, faithful, and energetic men, who will spare no legitimate efforts to win, and who will, if it is necessary, go down in honorable defeat with colors flying and unstained.

WILLIAM F. GARCELON, '90.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, GARDINER, ME., Dec. 17, 1896. \{ Editors of Student:

N looking over some papers to-day, I found the list of participants who represented our college in a spelling match with the Lewiston High School girls in 1875. I send you the inclosed, and if you see fit to publish it, all right; if not it is equally right. I took part in about everything that was going on in college, from hazing to baseball, but I never was so thoroughly frightened as I was the night I went upon the platform, with the rest of the boys, to contest with the bright young ladies who represented the Lewiston High School, in a spelling match. My knees trembled, I knew I could not spell CAT, and, to add to my discomfort, my brother, Burr, and other classmates, whom I knew to be better spellers than myself, and who had escaped

the battle by claiming that they were going to be out of town, very coolly marched into one of the galleries, with young ladies, and took a seat in the front row to enjoy the fun. If they could have known my thoughts then, and the opinion I had of them, just for that evening, it might have made a lasting coolness.

Truly yours,

O. B. Clason.

On the evening of April 21, 1875, there was a famous spelling-match contest between twenty-five of the Lewiston High School girls and an equal number of students from Bates College. Lyceum Hall was the scene of the fray, It is needless to say that the young ladies were the aggressors, and boldly challenged the college boys to meet them, and try out the issue, in a spelling match. It goes for the saving that the college boys were frightened. If they did not accept, they would be branded cowards; and if they accepted and were defeated, the result was equally as disastrous. After mature deliberation, and a thorough discussion of the pros and cons, the challenge was boldly accepted. The "Little Red Book" of three thousand words was to be first exhausted, and after that, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and other standard works were to be thrown at the survivors. Mayor Russell, of Lewiston, presided; Rev. W. T. Chase was enunciator; Hon. Thomas Tash, Superintendent of Lewiston Schools, acted as referee for the young ladies, while President (then Professor) Chase acted in the same capacity for the young gentlemen. Never did twenty-five boys in Bates College put in more study for a week than did the twenty-five participants the week just prior to the contest. The boys won by a very narrow margin, Tracey, '78, being the last one to fall.

In looking over some papers in my possession, I found a list of the students who took part in that famous spelling match, and I also have the order in which they fell outside the breastworks, but hardly think it safe, at this late day, to publish them in that order. I, however, will give them by classes, as it will be interesting for those in college at that time to look over the names.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, George Oak, L. M. Palmer, F. H. Smith, and A. M. Spear.

'76.—E. C. Adams, W. H. Adams, R. J. Everett, C. S. Libby, A. L. Morey, G. L. White, Edward Whitney.

'77.—O. B. Clason, B. T. Hathaway, A. B. Merrill (captain), N. P. Noble, J. R. North, H. W. Oakes, J. W. Smith, C. M. Warner.

'78.—F. H. Bartlett, C. E. Brockway, C. F. Peasley, H. A. Rundlett, and C. R. Tracey, the winner.

The boys were highly elated over the result, and, although the margin was small, they recognized and appreciated the fact that they had narrowly escaped a Waterloo.

I doubt if the survivors of that band of twenty-five college students now could spell down an equal number from the Lewiston Grammar School, at least I know they would never undertake it.

PERSONALS.

'67.—A recent number of the *Vermont Chronicle* contains, upon its first page, a poem by Rev. A. H. Heath.

'67.—The illustrated lecture on Egypt, by Rev. Mr. Wood of Bath, at the Elm Street Universalist Church in Auburn, Monday evening, closed a very successful series of entertainments at this church, under the auspices of the ladies' circle. The course has been both interesting and profitable. Everybody was pleased Monday evening with Rev. Mr. Wood's lecture. Mr. Wood, as many of our people know, has traveled extensively in foreign lands, and many of his stereopticon views are of places he has visited.—Lewiston Journal, December 8th.

'67.—George S. Ricker has, in the Sunday-School Times, an article entitled "A Successful Teachers' Meeting."

'72.—The December number of the Educational Review contains a very able article by E. J. Goodwin, entitled "Some Characteristics of Prussian Schools." Mr. Goodwin spent a considerable portion of last year in Germany, and occupied his time chiefly in studying the Prussian school system. For this reason what he has to say on this subject is peculiarly interesting. In many respects Mr. Goodwin believes that the Prussian system is superior to that of the United States, but in some essential things he thinks our own methods are better. Below we quote some brief extracts from the article:

"But the advantage is not wholly on the side of the Germans. Our boys undoubtedly show less about the subject-matter of books; but they are more independent in their thinking, more self-reliant in their methods of work,

[&]quot;My smoking friends are few, Yet with them I'm perplexed; But I'd rather have them smoke In this world than the next."

and, as Dr. Harris has already pointed out, have unequaled power of getting usable information from books.

"While we clearly see and freely admit the fact that the organization of the Prussian schools is more scientific and effective and that the Germans surpass us in teaching ancient and modern languages, yet it is gratifying to believe that there is at least one group of subjects that are taught with more skill and vigor in our own country.

"It was my good fortune to witness, in a Gymnasium, a Real Gymnasium, a Realschule and a Gemendeschule, several class exercises in physics, chemistry, and natural history, but in no case did their methods of instruction compare favorably with ours. Their plan of work was well executed, but the scheme was the poor one which we abandoned years ago. It was the old-fashioned lecture illustrated by objects, models, apparatus, and experiments. The teacher made his demonstrations skillfully, but the pupils sat at a respectable distance, looking on indeed with evident interest, but taking no part in the experiments.

"In the higher education of girls there is a marvelous difference between the schools of Prussia and those of the United States. With the exception of a private school of about forty girls, recently established under the patronage of the Empress Victoria, there is no school in Berliu where a girl may study Latin or Greek, or take what we call advanced High School courses in mathematics and science."

'71.—Jesse M. Libby is mentioned as a possible member of the Governor's Council.

'73.—George E. Smith was elected to the Massachusetts State Senate at the last election.

'76.—F. E. Emrich, D.D., has received a call to the pastorate of a Congregational church in Brockton, Mass.

'77.—F. F. Phillips was elected a member of the Massachusetts House from Somerville, at the last election, receiving the largest vote ever given a candidate for representative from that city.

'81.—The friends of Rev. E. T. Pitts

will be pained to learn of the sudden death of his wife, which occurred December 8th.

'82.—Rev. John C. Perkins of Portland is secretary of the "Clericus" Club, an organization recently formed in that city.

'86.—F. E. Parlin has an article in a recent number of the *Journal of Education*, on "The Requisites for a Teacher."

'87.—H. E. Cushman has just been awarded a scholarship in the department of Philosophy at Harvard.

'88.—Charles W. Cutts and Miss Isadore M. Musgrove were married at Bristol, N. H., November 17th.

'91.—Dartmouth Medical College sent out its one hundredth class of doctors the evening of November 24th. The oration at the graduating exercises was by Mr. Frank W. Larrabee of Auburn, son of ex-City Marshal W. F. Larrabee. Mr. Larrabee's numerous friends in this section will be pleased to learn of his honors. He is a graduate of Bates, and for a time was submaster of the Auburn High School.

-Lewiston Journal.

'92.—Roscoe A. Small has been awarded a scholarship in Modern Languages at Harvard.

'94.—Miss Cora B. Pennell has been obliged, on account of ill health, to withdraw temporarily from her work as assistant in Cumberland Institute.

'96.—H. L. Douglas is principal of the High School at Columbia Falls, Me.

'96.—Miss Edith E. Peacock is having excellent success as assistant in the Gardiner High School.

Around the Editors' Valle.

ITH this issue, the board of editors from the Class of '97, lays aside the responsibility of editing our college magazine.

It was with much hesitancy that we undertook such an important work. We felt that the magazine would represent its college, and people would judge of the institution by the excellency of its publication. We have done our best for the paper. More short college stories have appeared during the year than in any other volume. We have had some articles from the ablest writers. Great enthusiasm has characterized each department. Each editor has felt that the success of the Student rested upon him (proportionally). While other magazines have sometimes so far forgotten themselves as to find fault with their own editors-a fault to be kept in the editorial roomwe have been silent, but from perfect harmony. No one of us but will look back to this year of close intimacy with great pleasure.

To '97 is due the honor of this successful year. Each member has heartily responded to the calls for matter, and the STUDENT speaks for itself of the excellency of the contributions. We also wish to thank the alumni and friends of Bates for the many kind words in regard to our work. Kind words have two effects—they encourage the workers, and bless the speakers. The year has sped rapidly; we hardly realize that to others must come the burdens which we lay down.

We wish the new board great success. Keep the honor of good old Bates always first. Let enthusiasm rise as we cheer, "Boom, Bates, Boom." And now our farewell bow,—and then forward to the work of the great, wide future.

E hesitate to suggest at this Editors' Table the formation of a new organization, for in these days of excessively organized college life each new organization is at once sternly summoned to show cause for its existence.

But would it not be for the advantage of those college students who correspond for weekly and daily papers to form a Press club or Contributors' club. which should meet informally at regular intervals to discuss college news and the best methods of presenting it to the public through the newspapers? In our opinion too little attention is paid in the average college to the proper representation of the college in the current newspapers. On the one hand a correspondent may misrepresent and sometimes seriously injure his college by reporting frivolous doings of the students and sensational "scrapes," to the exclusion of the serious work, with which the majority of the students are engaged. On the other hand he may misrepresent his college by reporting always the most favorable news possible, regardless of the demands of truth and candor. An instance of this latter failing is found in the correspondent of a Maine college who not many years ago made out his college football team to be the second in New England, with the exception of Harvard and Yale, although it had defeated only one Maine college team.

The college correspondent has to some extent the reputation of his Alma Mater in his keeping, for the majority of people get their only knowledge of college from the newspapers. It behoves him, therefore, to improve every advantage which will help him to faithfully fulfill his trust.

An organization like the one proposed would be no burden or expense to any of its members, and could hardly fail to help the college correspondents in their endeavor to give to the public through the press a truthful, complete, discriminating, and withal interesting report of Bates College news.

THE crowded condition of the literary societies presents to the students of Bates College a serious problem—a problem which, unless the interests of the societies are to suffer, must be solved early in the year 1897.

There have been few Friday evenings during the past term when both societies have been able to hold their meetings with closed doors. Often both societies have been obliged to overflow into the corridor, and fully a score of those in attendance upon many of the meetings have been compelled to sit outside the door. One of the societies at the present time has a membership of one hundred and forty, or about forty more than the room will hold. Thus the need is evident and urgent.

The only question is, what shall be the remedy?

Clearly only two remedies are possible. Either the room must be made larger or the societies must be made smaller. The former would be impossible in the near future at least, as it involves the construction of a new Moreover, it is doubtful building. whether it would be the best solution of the problem, even if it were feasible. Those who are most active in the society work are convinced that the membership at present is larger than is consistent with the best interests of the At present the members have to take part on the average only two or three times during the year. While the pressure of other duties upon the busy student makes society work sometimes seem burdensome, yet it is probable that a smaller membership, bringing more responsibility on each individual member, would result in a larger aggregate benefit.

A decrease in the membership of the two existing literary societies by the formation of a third society is therefore the true solution of the problem. Moreover, it is evident that for many reasons the winter term is the best time and in fact the only time when such a project can be successfully carried out. We must, then, regard the formation of a third society at the opening of the coming term as an absolute necessity.

Laying aside personal preference, then, let us come back next term prepared to push to a successful issue this project, which is so clearly demanded by the best interests of the college and the literary societies.

" MAN may write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it," is a line from the pen of Ben Jonson. This 'manner of performing literary work "doggedly" is a characteristic one among college students. To get up a respectable part as often as the curriculum requires an article, really seems sufficient to many who claim no natural gifts in the way of writing and never expect to become literary men or women. Yet, looking at it fairly, is it not doing an injustice, an actual harm to our own selves, to write only when obliged to do so? There is no surer road to culture than through the art of composition; no better means of learning the value of our great literary works than by laboring to acquire a good, clear, vigorous style for ourselves.

Surely youthful essays are generally painful to hear and to read, and we do not advocate reading or publishing them; we simply wish to emphasize our belief that students should practice writing for its own sake, and that the true scholarly mind is moved by impulses to do this. An eminent educationalist has expressed our thought in saying: "Writing is not merely a graceful accomplishment; it is a fundamental necessity. It is not demanded only by those who look forward to the pursuit of journalism or of literature, but by all who wish to live a life that moves to gracious ends."

It should be a matter of honest pride with alumni and undergraduates that Bates's growth, decided as it has been the last few years, is a symmetrical growth. The college catalogue for

1896-97, just issued, contains many changes, all in the line of improvement. It discloses that along with an increase in the student body, has come a curriculum of studies broader and more in harmony with educational tendencies of to-day. Those tendencies are towards greater freedom for the individual student to pursue those studies for which he has a natural bent; in brief, a multiplication of elective studies. With us, they will be considerable the coming year. Electives will begin with the first term of Sophomore year and increase in number in the upper years. Psychology will be the only prescribed study of Senior year. For the first time in its history, Bates will offer a progressive course in history, covering the last three years, and in economics, covering the last two years, a sufficient endowment for a chair of history and economics having been secured. The efficiency of the mathematics department has been increased by placing trigonometry and surveying in Freshman year, and making the latter optional. An entire year is thus secured for the strictly advanced math-Certainly this is no more ematics. than their due. Physics will hereafter come earlier in the course, and will be elective after one term. Latin will be extended into Junior year. The new feature of required outside reading in the English department has already proved its popularity and success.

In addition to such advances as these, the number of students has increased by thirty over last year. The present enrollment is 246. Next July our college will send forth the largest class it has ever graduated, numbering over forty. This, we repeat, is matter for honest pride. These two lines of growth—increase in student-body and broadening in curriculum—are the chief factors in a college's progress. Their combination is the real test of such progress.

E have just finished another football season, and for the first time since the game was started in college, four years ago, Bates is at the foot of the list of Maine colleges. The reason for this is not hard to find. In the first place, Bates lost, in the Class of '96, her centre, one guard, both tackles and quarterback; then Burrill, last year's right end, was incapacitated by lameness. Again, Nason was put out of the important games by sickness, and Murphy, who showed great promise, by the wishes of his parents. There were so many injuries that the unusual number of fifteen men were eligible to vote for captain, and only four of these played in every game. The team was light, averaging 158 pounds.

On the other hand, Colby and M. S. C. had exceptionally strong teams, and Bowdoin was fully up to her standard. All the Maine teams were coached well and played the most scientific foot-ball ever seen in Maine. Thus at a time when Bates was particularly weak, she was called upon to meet particularly strong opponents. This may explain, in part, her defeats.

There is, however, another reason for our weak team. Corbett, when asked by a member of the college to what he attributed the team's defeat by Colby, said: "It was not Colby, but the second eleven, that beat Bates yesterday." In this answer is summed up the whole situation, that there has not been an efficient second eleven, no sharp regular practice, and consequently a team weak, especially on the defensive, where second eleven practice counts for most.

We do not present these reasons for defeat in a spirit of the men who began to make excuses, but merely to emphasize them to Bates men, that the faults may be remedied another year. A manager has been elected, a player of experience—though he will not play next year-and thoroughly enthusiastic. From present indications there will be plenty of new material next year, including Young and Hoag, of the '95 team, who return to college. The two vacancies at end can be easily filled. A matter which will receive due attention is the arranging of a training table, which will meet a long-felt need.

There is no time like the present, when we feel the sting of disappointment, to brace up and put a team on the field next year which shall be the best Bates ever had, and we shall hope, a pennant winner.

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College Exchanges.

N taking our farewell of this department of "College Exchanges" there comes the realization of the abundant pleasure and profit derived from it. We do not deplore the uselessness of the department, but are more than ever convinced of the stimulus which comes from the practice of exchanging college papers and reviewing and comparing their contents. During the course of the year we have been impressed by the general improvement in college papers, although with some of the best there was little chance for improvement. At least twelve of our exchanges have recently appeared in new and more attractive form; all show a decided tendency toward the highest order of literary work. Advancement is undeniably the watchword of college journalism.

"The Contributor's Club" is the title of a unique department which we find making its appearance in many of our best exchanges. The contributions are generally brief and show a variety in subject and style; here the bit of scenic description, the character sketch, and numerous anecdote find their places as well as do scraps of verse and short discussions.

A new exchange, *The Dickinsonian*, lies before us; the uniform excellence of its articles is noteworthy.

The Wellesley Magazine and Smith College Monthly are two valuable additions recently made to our exchange list. They represent college journalism at its best, and are attractive in general make-up. The November number of

the latter contains a "Contributors Club," under which head appears a most excellent collection of brief articles, both in prose and verse. However, the most praiseworthy feature of the magazine's contents is the editorial which is a much-needed exhortation to students, written in true scholarly style. In a forcible way it calls attention to the abuse of language, and closes with the following paragraph:

It is incumbent upon us all to make ourselves masters of our mother tongue, to hold so intimate an acquaintance with its words that we can express ourselves purely, delicately, and forcibly. thereby maintaining for the English language that subtle, mysterious, and varied beauty which is its heritage, always remembering that it is the expression of the dignity, the passion, the fervor of a nation.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

In every language and in every clime,
By orator and poet, seer and sage,
By priest and prophet, down from age to age,
Through all the chronicles of tide and time,
A mother's love—oh, marvelous, sublime—
Hath been proclaimed, recorded, chanted, sung
With pen of fire, and with seraphic tongue.
Thanks be to God therefor; yet would my
rhyme

Lisp up a father's love and beg that ye Remember how the prodigal did say, "I'll go unto my father," and how he kan out to meet him, and how, when ye pray, Ye say, "Our Father," and his love so free Doth lead you heavenward in the higher way.

-William and Mary College Monthly.

MA MIGNONNE.

A little, sweet, beseeching face, With deep gray eyes and childlike grace,— The world has ever been to her The echo from a dulcimer.

A dainty bit of flesh and blood,
That God has set above the flood
Of human griefs and human cares
To lead us to unconscious prayers.
—Dartmouth Lit.

Our Book-Shelf.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.
—W. R. SPENCER.

As the Christmas time approaches, all the world is gay. Even the books seem to feel the influence of this glad season, and some of the most delightful ones of all the year have found their way to our shelf.

We little knew what a treat awaited us when we took up Sarah Orne Jewett's little book, The Country of the Pointed Firs. 1 Miss Jewett describes a summer spent in a small sea-port town among the fir-trees on the coast of Maine, and she does it to perfection. The charm of the book consists in her fine characterization of the people she introduces. They seem as real to us as if we had seen them. And she paints them with such a kindly, sympathetic touch that, while we smile at their many oddities, we love them. Mrs. Elmira Todd looms up before us as large as life; her large, strange figure and her herb-gathering, her kindly heart and her brusque ways are all realities. Some of the scenes are beautiful and pathetic. What could be more simple and yet more charming than the scene at the home of Mrs. Todd's mother, Mrs. Blackett, on the lonely island? We have a vivid picture of the dear little old lady, with her bright eves and her perfect hospitality and self-forgetfulness, as she lives there on that desolate island, with her fisherman son her only companion. And, too, how full of strange pathos is that other scene at the home of Elijah Tilly, the fisherman who, though he says few words, has great depth of feeling! We can seem to see him living alone in his cheerful little home, always cherishing the memory of his wife who died eight years since, and always keeping things just as "poor dear" liked them. Simplicity and a certain vivacity and aptness of expression join to make this little book one of the most attractive we have come across.

All who admire Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and who wonder at her strong personality and her power as an author, will be interested in her autobiographical work, Chapters from a Life.2 In the first pages, after telling us a little about her ancestors, in her inimitable way, Miss Phelps describes her early home in Andover, her gifted mother who died when she was but a child, and her own girlish life. Exceedingly fine is her characterization of Andover, its people, and its half-religious atmosphere. She tells us of her first attempts as an author, how little she expected a literary career, and how much surprised she was at the success of her Gates Ajar. Some of the most interesting parts of the book are those devoted to personal reminiscence of New England's greatest authors. At different times in her life Miss Phelps has been fortunate in meeting nearly all of our literary geniuses. She pays each a tender tribute and gives us a characteristic sketch of each. Especially happy is she in her descriptions of Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, Whittier, Lucy Larcom, and Phillips Brooks.

We wonder if one conversation she speaks of in connection with Bishop -Brooks did not help her in her Supply at St. Agatha's. Much prominence is given to Miss Phelps's life at Gloucester. Very interesting is her description of her beautiful home by the sea, and of her temperance work among the poor fishermen. Her favorite among her longer stories, A Singular Life, was suggested by her intimate acquaintance with the people of Gloucester. We are glad of these few chapters out of Miss Phelps's individual life, and can say that she has accomplished the difficult task of writing of herself without being egotistic.

We have at hand a bright little volume from the pen of Laura E. Richards. It contains two short stories, Some Say,3 and Neighbors in Cyrus. The first of these is a humorous story, being a satire on inveterate gossiping. The plot is unique and well managed. The scene is laid in a country village and the characters are few-Mrs. Mellen, Rose Ellen, her daughter, Mr. Lindsay, the minister who boards with Mrs. Mellen and who finally marries Rose Ellen, and two gossips, one living on either side of Mrs. Mellen. The humor of the story centers about Mrs. Mellen and the gossips. This excellent lady resolves to have some amusement out of these troublesome talkers, and through pretended deafness and other schemes leads them on to talk freely to one another from their respective windows and causes them to appear most ridiculous. The second story is rather a pathetic one. Here, a kind-hearted,

self-forgetful woman is brought into marked contrast with a grumbling, discontented one. The moral is almost too conspicuous.

A book telling the life of a woman who has done so much for science and for the higher education of woman as Maria Mitchell,4 is valuable. We are glad to notice that such a one has been compiled by her sister, Mrs. Kendall. Written in a simple way and made up mostly from the journal and letters of Miss Mitchell, this book inspires us by the noble purpose of her life, her energy, directness, and scholarly ability. In her quiet Nantucket home, from a little child, Miss Mitchell helped her father in his astronomical investigations. As she grew older she became very much interested in astronomy, and for many years, while librarian in the Nantucket library, she spent all her spare time in original investigation. Thus she was unconsciously preparing herself for her later noble work as professor of astronomy in Vassar College. All through her life Miss Mitchell seems to have had the same helpful, wholesome influence over young people that was so marked in her years at Vassar. Mrs. Kendall speaks especially of her control over the reading of the boys and girls of Nantucket.

A revised edition of the second volume of American Orations⁵ has recently been published. This edition, like the former one, is devoted to the slavery controversy. It has certain additions, a few more orations, and historical and textual notes by James A. Woodburn.

& Lauriat, Boston; \$0.50.)

⁴ Maria Mitchell. By Phebe Mitchell Kendall. (Lee & Shepard, Boston; \$2.00.

⁵American Orations, Vol. II. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.25.)

¹The Country of the Pointed Firs. By Sarah Orne Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.25.)

²Chapters from a Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$2.00.) ³Some Say. Ry Laura E. Richards. (Estes

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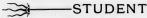
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two books of Homer's Hiad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar.
MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH:
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Tales (second volume).

All candidates foradvanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

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